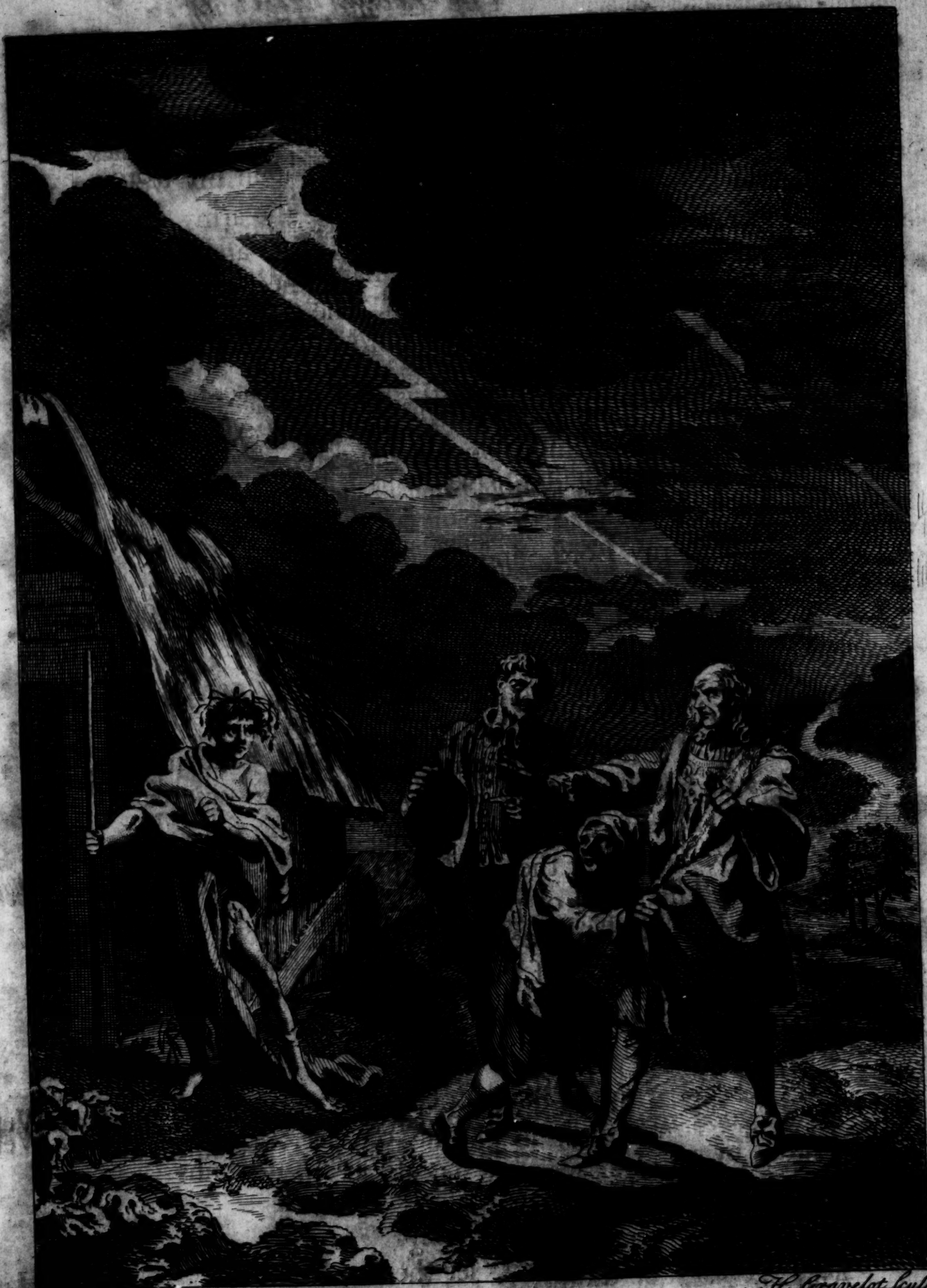








J. Hayman Inv.

H. Gravelot sculp.

KING LEAR. Act 3. Sc. 6.

7968

THE
WORKS
OF
MR WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME the THIRD.
CONSISTING OF
HISTORICAL PLAYS.

O X F O R D:
PRINTED AT THE THEATRE.
MDCCXLIII.

PLAYS *contain'd in this Volume.*

KING *LEAR.*

KING *JOHN.*

KING *RICHARD II.*

KING *HENRY IV. Part I.*

KING *HENRY IV. Part II.*

KING *HENRY V.*



THE
LIFE and *DEATH*
OF
KING *LEAR*.

Dramatis Personæ.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Glo'ster.
Earl of Kent.
Edgar, *Son to Glo'ster.*
Edmund, *Bastard Son to Glo'ster.*
Curan, *a Courtier.*
Doctor.
Fool.
Oswald, *Steward to Gonerill.*
An old Man, Tenant to Glo'ster.
Two Gentlemen, Servants to Glo'ster.

Gonerill, }
Regan, } *Daughters to Lear.*
Cordelia, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers
and Attendants.*

SCENE *lyes in Britain.*

KING



K I N G L E A R.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Palace.*

Enter Kent, Glo'ster, and Edmund the Bastard.

KENT.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany* than *Cornwall*.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values most; for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had indeed, Sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, Sir, by order of law, some years elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came somewhat sawcily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whorson must be acknowledg'd. Do you know this nobleman, *Edmund*?

Bast. No, my Lord.

Glo.

Glo. My Lord of *Kent* ;
Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Bast. My services to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Bast. Sir, I shall study your deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.
The King is coming.

S C E N E II.

*To them, Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan,
Cordelia, and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the Lords of *France* and *Burgundy*.

Glo. I shall, my Liege.

[*Exit.*

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the Map here. Know, we have divided
In three, our kingdom ; and 'tis our intent,
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl tow'rd death. Our son of *Cornwall*,
And you, our no less loving son of *Albany*,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters sev'ral Dow'rs, that future strife
May be prevented. The Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
Long in our Court have made their am'rous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, daughters,
Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Int'rest of territory, and cares of state ;
Which of you shall we say doth love us most ?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*
Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. I love you, Sir,
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare ;

No

King L E A R.

7

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour :
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* do? love and be silent. [Aside.

Lear. Of all these bounds, ev'n from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champions rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albany's* issue
Be this perpetual ---- What says our second daughter,
Our dearest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*? speak.

Reg. I'm made of that self-metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true Heart
I find she names my very deed of love ;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
My self an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious spirit of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love.

Cor. Then poor *Cordelia* ! [Aside.
And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confer'd on *Gonerill*. ---- Now our joy,
Although our last, not least ; in whose young love,
The vines of *France*, and milk of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be int'res'd : what say you to draw
A third, more opulent than your sisters? speak.

Cor. Nothing, my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your Majesty

Ac-

According to my bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, *Cordelia*? mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? hap'ly when I shall wed,
That Lord whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all ----

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of *Hecate*, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever. The barb'rous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege ----

Lear. Peace, *Kent*!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my sight! ----
So be my grave my peace, as here I give

[To *Cor.*

Her

Her father's heart from her; Call *France*; who stirs?
 Call *Burgundy* — *Cornwall* and *Albany*,
 With my two daughters dowres, digest the third.
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Preheminance, and all the large effects
 That troop with Majesty. Our self by monthly course,
 With reservation of an hundred Knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns: only retain
 The name and all th' addition to a King;
 The sway, revenue, execution,
 Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm
 This Coronet part between you. [Giving the Crown.

Kent. Royal *Lear*,
 Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
 And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs —

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
 The region of my heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,
 When *Lear* is mad: what would'st thou do, old man?
 Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
 When pow'r to flatt'ry bows? to plainness Honour
 Is bound, when Majesty to folly falls.
 Reserve thy State; with better judgment check
 This hideous rashness; with my life I answer,
 Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least,
 Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
 Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
 To wage against thy foes; nor fear to lose it,
 Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, *Lear*, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by *Apollo* —

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King,
Thou swear'st thy Gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal! miscreant! — [*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease; revoke thy doom,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet; and with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear;
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom; if the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: away! By *Jupiter*,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, King; fith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here;
The Gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid, [*To Cor.*]
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
And your large speeches may your deeds approve!

[*To Gon. and Regan.*]
That good effects may spring from words of love:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

King LEAR.

II

SCENE III.

Enter Glo'ster, with France and Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,

We first address tow'rd you, who with this King
Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at least
Will you require in present dowre with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal Majesty,
I crave no more than what your Highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*,
When she was dear to us we held her so,
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands,
If ought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dowr'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sir.
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. — For you, great King, [To France.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
T' avert your liking a more worthy way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, who ev'n but now was your best object,

Your praise's argument, balm of your age,
Dearest and best, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! sure th' offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
As monsters it; or your fore-voucht affection
Could not fall into taint; which to believe
Of her must be a faith reason without
A miracle should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty, (if so
I want that glib and oily art, to speak
And purpose not, since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But ev'n the want of that, for which I'm richer,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I've not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the Lady? love's not love
When it is mingled with regards, that stand
Aloof from th' intire point. Say will you have her?
She is her self a dowry.

Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which your self propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutchess of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing --- I've sworn.

Bur. I'm sorry then you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon,
Be't lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, Gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to enflam'd respect.
Thy dowreless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France*:
Not all the Dukes of wat'rish *Burgundy*,
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, *Cordelia*, though unkind;
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, *France*, let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again; therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison:
Come, noble *Burgundy*. [*Flourish. Exeunt Lear and Burgundy.*]

SCENE IV.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are,
And like a sister am most loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your professing bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms; you have obedience scanted,

And

And well are worthy to want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who cover'd faults at last with shame derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair *Cordelia*. [*Exeunt France and Cor.*]

S C E N E V.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I've to say,
Of what most nearly appertains to us both;
I think our father will go hence to-night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the observation we
have made of it hath not been little; he always lov'd our sister
most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, ap-
pears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but flen-
derly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash;
then must we look from his age to receive not alone the imperfe-
ctions of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly way-
wardness, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as
this of *Kent*'s banishment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking between *Bur-
gundy* and him; pray you, let us sit together: if our father carry
authority, with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of
his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' th' heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

*A Castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.**Enter Bastard with a letter.*

Bast. **T**HOU, *Nature*, art my Goddess, to thy law
 My services are bound; wherefore should I
 Stand to the plague of custom, and permit
 The courtesy of nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
 Lag of a brother? ^a and why *bastard?* *base?*
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
 As honest Madam's issue? why brand they us
 With *base?* with *baseness?* *bastardy?* *base,* *base?*
 Who in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition and fierce quality,
 Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween a-sleep and wake? Well then, good brother,
 Legitimate *Edgar*, I must have your land,
 Our father's love is to the bastard *Edmund*,
 As to th' legitimate; fine word ---- *legitimate* ----
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed
 And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the base
 Shall toe^b th' legitimate: I grow, I prosper;
 Now, Gods, stand up for bastards!

(a) *Edmund is here inveighing against the tyranny of custom of which he produces two distinct instances, one with respect to younger brothers, the other with respect to bastards. In the former he must not be understood to mean himself though he speaks in the first person, but according to a common mode of speech to suppose the case his own, and as in his own person to exclaim against the unreasonableness and injustice of the thing: the argument thus becomes general implying more than is said, namely wherefore should I or any man &c.*

(b) *As the treading upon another's heels is an expression used to signify the being not far behind him; so to toe another means to come up to and be upon even ground with him.*

S C E N E VII.

To him, Enter Glo'ster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the King gone to-night! subscrib'd his pow'r,
Confin'd to exhibition! all is gone
Upon the gad! ---- Edmund, how now? what news?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none. [*Putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Bast. I know no news, my Lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing, my Lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide it self. Let's see; come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Bast. I beseech you, Sir, pardon me; it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Bast. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it; the contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Bast. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my virtue.

Glo. *reads.*] *This policy in reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; which sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother. Edgar. ---- Hum ---- Conspiracy! ---- sleep 'till I wake him ---- you should enjoy half his revenue ---- My son Edgar! had he a hand to write this! a heart and a brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?*

Bast.

Bast. It was not brought me, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Bast. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Bast. It is his hand, my Lord; I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before founded you in this business?

Bast. Never, my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that sons being at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as a ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, Sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

Bast. I do not well know, my Lord; if it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Bast. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster. *Edmund*, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Bast. I will seek him, Sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good

to us; though the wisdom of mankind can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds it self scourg'd by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's son against father; the King falls from bias of nature, there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time. Machinations, hollownests, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, *Edmund*; it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully ---- and the noble and true-hearted *Kent* banish'd! his offence, Honesty. 'Tis strange.
[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the world; that when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon and stars; as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treacherous by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an forc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master Man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! my father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Ursa major*, so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

S C E N E IX.

To him, Enter Edgar.

Bast. Pat! ---- he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous Melancholy, with a sigh like *Tom o' Bedlam* ---- O, these eclipses portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, me ---
[*Humming.*]

Edg. How now, brother *Edmund*, what serious contemplation are you in?

Bast.

Bast. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busie your self with that?

Bast. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily. When saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Bast. Parted you in good terms, found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Bast. Bethink your self wherein you have offended him: and at my intreaty forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that without the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Bast. That's my fear; I pray you, have a continent forbearance 'till the speed of his rage goes slower: and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my Lord speak: pray you go, there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Bast. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

[*Exit.*

S C E N E X.

Bast. I serve you in this business:
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easie: I see the business.

Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E XI.

The Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. **D**ID my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds; I'll not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him, say I am sick.
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well, the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows: I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one.
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among you:
What grows of it no matter, and advise
Your fellows so: I'll write strait to my sister
To hold my course. Go and prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE XII.

An open place near the Palace.

Enter Kent disguis'd.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow
And can my speech diffuse,^a my good intent
May carry thro' it self to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness. Banish'd *Kent*,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master whom thou lov'st
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise, to say little, to fear judgment, to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou beest as poor for a subject, as he's for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

(a) To diffuse here signifies to disorder, to put out of a regular course. It is used in the same sense in other places in this Author; diffused attire, diffused sounds.

Lear.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsels, ride, run, marr a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly : that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in, and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for fingering, nor so old to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me ; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee. Yet no dinner ho? dinner ---- where's my knave? my fool? go you and call my fool hither. You, you, Sirrah, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So please you ----

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? call the clotpole back: where's my fool? ho? ---- I think the world's asleep; how now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He says, my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my judgment, your Highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your Highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of

of unkindness; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young Lady's going into *France*, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my daughter, I would speak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. O you, Sir, come you hither, Sir, who am I, Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lady's father.

Lear. My Lady's father? my Lord's knave, you whorson dog, you flave, you cur!

Stew. I am none of these, my Lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be struck, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base foot-ball player?

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, arise, away, I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away, go to; have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes out the Steward.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service.

SCENE XIII.

To them, Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how do'st thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that is out of favour; nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind fits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow

follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle?
would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb my
self; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel, he must be whipp'd out,
when the lady brach may stand by th' fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

[To Kent.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;
Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest:
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave
me nothing for't; can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to:
he will not believe a fool. ^a

[To Kent.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast
born with.

(a) ----- believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad: teach me.

Fool. That Lord that counsel'd thee to give away thy Land,
Come place him here by me, or do thou for him stand.

The sweet and bitter fool will presently appear,
The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call, &c.

Kent.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my Lord.

Fool. No, 'faith; Lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all fool my self, they'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg: when thou clovest thy crown i' th' middle and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt; thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away: if I speak like my self in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

*Fools ne'er had less grace in a year,
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.* [Singing.

Lear. Since when were you wont to be so full of songs, Sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.* [Singing.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, Sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' th' middle; here comes one o' th' parings.

S C E N E XIV.

To them, Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i' th' frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now, I am a fool, thou art nothing — yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, [*To Gonerill.*] so your face bids me, tho' you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor crust nor crum, [Singing.
Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a sheal'd peascod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licenc'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots, Sir.
I thought by making this well known unto you,
T' have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful
By what your self too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young;
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away

These

These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an Afs know when the cart draws the horfe?
whoop, *Jug*, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not *Lear*:
Does *Lear* walk thus? speak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied ---- Ha! waking ---- 'tis not so;
Who is it that can tell me who I am? ^a

Lear's shadow? I would learn; for by the marks
Of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.
Your name, fair gentlewoman? ----

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o' th' favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
You, as you're old and rev'rend, should be wife.
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and 'Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
That this our Court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. Shame it self doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
Of fifty to disquantity your train;
And the remainders that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darknes and devils!
Saddle my horses, call my train together ----
Degen'rate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

(a) ----- who I am?

Fool. *Lear's* shadow.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman? ----

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

S C E N E XV.

To them, Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe! that too late repents — oh, Sir, are you come?
Is it your will, speak, Sir? prepare my horses. — [To Alb.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

Alb. Pray you, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest. [To Gonerill.

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their names. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew!
Which like an engine wrencht my frame of nature
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear!*
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [Striking his head.
And thy dear judgment out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I'm guiltless, as I'm ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord —
Hear, Nature, hear, dear Goddesses, hear a father!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey sterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart disinatur'd torment to her;
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,

With

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel,
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child. --- Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, Gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict your self to know of what,
But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage gives it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight? ---

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee --- life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast pow'r to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them --- blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweepe her once again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you with the waters that you lose
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so: I have another daughter,
Who I am sure is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolvisk visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever. [Ex. Lear and Attendants.

SCENE XVI.

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, *Gonerill*,
To the great love I bear you ---

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, *Oswald*, ho!
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle *Lear*, nuncle *Lear*, tarry, take the fool with thee:
A Fox,

A Fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should fure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [Exit.]

Gon. This man! hath had good counfel, --- a hundred Knights!
Is't politick and safe to let him keep
A hundred Knights? yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy. *Oswald*, I say.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far; ---

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be harm'd. I know his heart;
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she'll sustain him and his hundred Knights,
When I have shew'd th' unfitness ---

Enter Steward.

How now, *Oswald*?
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, away to horse,
Inform her full of my particular fears,
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. So get you gone,
And hasten your return. [Exit Steward.]

--- No, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet under pardon
You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmless mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay then ---

Alb. Well, well, th' event. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE XVII.

Re-enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to *Glo'ster* with these letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter; if your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my Lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, wer't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit shall not go flipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Canst thou tell why one's nose stands i' th' middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong!

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature: so kind a father! be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em; the reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes indeed; thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce! ---- monster ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, 'till thou hadst been wife.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heav'n!
Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.
How now, are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my Lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [Exe.]

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.*

*Enter Bastard and Curan, severally.*

BASTARD.

SAve thee, *Curan*.

*Cur.* And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Dutcheſs, will be here with him this night.

*Bast.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad, I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

*Bast.* Not I; pray you, what are they?

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany*?

*Bast.*



*Bast.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may then in time. Fare you well, Sir. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Bast.* The Duke be here to-night! the better! best!  
This weaves it self perforce into my business.  
My father hath set guard to take my brother,  
And I have one thing of a queazy question  
Which I must act; briefness, and fortune work!  
Brother, a word: descend, brother, I say.

To him, Enter Edgar.

My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,  
Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;  
You've now the good advantage of the night ----  
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*?  
He's coming hither, now i' th' night, in haste,  
And *Regan* with him; have you nothing said  
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?<sup>a</sup>  
Advise your self.

*Edg.* I'm sure on't, not a word.

*Bast.* I hear my father coming. Pardon me ----  
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you ----  
Draw, seem to defend your self.  
Now quit you well ----  
Yield ---- come before my father ---- light ho, here, ----  
Fly, brother ---- Torches! ---- so, 'farewel ---- [Ex. Edg.  
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [Wounds his arm.  
Of my more fierce endeavour. I've seen drunkards  
Do more than this in sport. Father! father!  
Stop, stop, no help? ----

(a) Meaning, upon the party engaged by him against the Duke of Albany.



## SCENE III.

*To him, Enter Glo'ster, and Servants with torches.*

*Glo.* Now, *Edmund*, where's the villain?

*Bast.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,  
Mumbling of wicked charms, conj'ring the moon  
To stand his auspicious mistress.

*Glo.* But where is he?

*Bast.* Look, Sir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villain, *Edmund*?

*Bast.* Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could ----

*Glo.* Pursue him, ho! go after. By no means, what? ----

*Bast.* Persuade me to the murder of your Lordship;  
But that I told him the revenging Gods  
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend,  
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond  
The child was bound to th' father. Sir, in fine,  
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood  
To his unnat'ral purpose, in fell motion  
With his prepared sword he charges home  
My unprovided body, launch'd mine arm;  
And when he saw my best alarmed spirits,  
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter;  
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,  
Full suddenly he fled.

*Glo.* Let him fly far;

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught:  
And for dispatch the noble Duke my master,  
My worthy and arch-patron, comes to-night;  
By his authority I will proclaim it,  
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,  
Bringing the murth'rous coward to the stake:  
He that conceals him, death.

*Bast.* When I dissuaded him from his intent,  
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech



I threaten'd to discover him ; he replied,  
 Thou unpossessing bastard, do'st thou think,  
 If I would stand against thee, the reposal  
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee  
 Would make thy words faith'd? no, what I'd deny,  
 (As this I would, although thou did'st produce  
 My very character) would turn it all  
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice ;  
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
 If they not thought the profits of my death  
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs  
 To make thee seek it.

[*Trumpets within.*]

*Glo.* O strange, fasten'd villain!  
 Would he deny his letter, said he? hark!  
 Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes —  
 All ports I'll bar, the villain shall not 'scape,  
 The Duke must grant me that; besides, his picture  
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom  
 May have due note of him; and of my land  
 (Loyal and natural boy) I'll work the means  
 To make thee capable.

SCENE IV.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.*

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,  
 Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short  
 Which can pursue th' offender; how does my Lord?

*Glo.* O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

*Reg.* What, did my father's godson seek your life?  
 He whom my father nam'd, your *Edgar*? He?

*Glo.* O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid.

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous Knights  
 That tended on my father?

*Glo.* I know not, Madam; 'tis too bad, too bad.



*Bast.* Yes, Madam, he was of that consort.

*Reg.* No marvel then, though he were ill-affected;  
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,  
To have th' expence and waste of revenues.  
I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,  
That if they come to sojourn at my house,  
I'll not be there.

*Corn.* Nor I, assure thee, *Regan*;  
*Edmund*, I hear that you have shewn your father  
A child-like office.

*Bast.* It's my duty, Sir.

*Glo.* He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd  
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Corn.* Is he pursued?

*Glo.* Ay, my good Lord, he is.

*Corn.* If he be taken, he shall never more  
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,  
How in my strength you please. As for you, *Edmund*,  
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend it self, you shall be ours;  
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:  
You we first seize on.

*Bast.* I shall serve you, Sir,  
Truly, however else.

*Glo.* I thank your Grace.

*Corn.* You know not why we came to visit you  
Thus out of season thredding dark-ey'd night.

*Reg.* Occasions, noble *Glo'ster*, of some prize,  
Wherein we must have use of your advice ---  
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,  
Of differences, which I best thought it fit  
To answer from our home; the sev'ral messengers  
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,  
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow  
Your needful counsel to our businesses,

Which



Which crave the instant use.

*Glo.* I serve you, Madam;  
Your Graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*Enter Kent, and Steward, severally.*

*Stew.* Good dawning to thee, friend; art of this house?

*Kent.* Ay.

*Stew.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* I' th' mire.

*Stew.* Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

*Stew.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Stew.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy woosted-stocking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking, whorson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd in way of good service; and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mungril bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

*Stew.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee!

*Kent.* What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou to deny thou knowest me! is it two days since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? draw, you rogue; for tho' it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' th' moonshine of you; you whorson, cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*]

*Stew.* Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.*



*Kent.* Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the King, and take Vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks --- draw, you rascal, come your ways.

*Stew.* Help, ho! murther! help! ---

*Kent.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand, you neat-slave, strike!  
[*Beating him.*]

*Stew.* Help, ho! murther! murther! ---

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, and Servants.*

*Bast.* How now, what's the matter? Part ---

*Kent.* With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

*Glo.* Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies that strikes again; what's the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the King?

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.

*Stew.* I am scarce in breath, my Lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour; you cowardly rascal, nature disclaims all share in thee: a tailor made thee.

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

*Kent.* A tailor, Sir? a stone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him so ill, tho' they had been but two hours o' th' trade.

*Corn.* Speak you, how grew your quarrel?

*Stew.* This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard ---

*Kent.* Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter! my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wag-tail! ---

*Corn.* Peace, Sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

*Corn.*



*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a slave as this shou'd wear a sword,  
Who wears no honesty: such smiling rogues  
Like rats oft bite the holy cords in twain  
Too intrinick t' unloose: sooth ev'ry passion  
That in the nature of their Lords rebels;  
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;  
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters,  
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.  
A plague upon your epileptick visage!  
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?  
Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum* plain,  
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.<sup>a</sup>

*Corn.* What, art thou mad, old fellow?

*Glo.* How fell you out? say that.

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy,  
Than I and such a knave.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave? what is his fault?

*Kent.* His countenance likes me not.

*Corn.* No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;  
I have seen better faces in my time,  
Than stand on any shoulders that I see  
Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow,  
Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect  
A sawcy roughness, and constrains the garb  
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he;  
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;  
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness  
Harbour more craft, and far corrupter ends,

(a) In the parts of Somersetshire near Camelot there are many large Moors upon which great numbers of Geese are bred, so that many other places in England are from thence supplied with quills and feathers.

Than



Than twenty filky/ducking observants,  
That stretch their duties nicely.

*Kent.* Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,  
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,  
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire  
On flickering *Phæbus*' front —

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much;  
I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; but he that beguil'd you in a plain  
accent, was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though  
I should win your displeasure to intreat me to't.

*Corn.* What was th' offence you gave him?

*Stew.* Never any:

It pleas'd the King his master very lately  
To strike at me upon his misconstruction;  
When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his displeasure,  
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,  
And put upon him such a deal of man,  
That worthied him, got praises of the King,  
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd,  
And in the fleshment of this dread exploit  
Drew on me here again.

*Kent.* None of these rogues and cowards,  
But *Ajax* is their foil.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks.

You stubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,  
We'll teach you.

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn:  
Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King;  
On whose employment I was sent to you.  
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice  
Against the grace and person of my master,  
Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the Stocks;  
As I have life, there shall he sit 'till noon.

*Reg.* 'Till noon! 'till night, my Lord, and all night too.

*Kent.*



*Kent.* Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,  
You could not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will. [Stocks brought out.]

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same nature  
Our sister speaks of. Bring away the Stocks.

*Glo.* Let me beseech your Grace not to do so;  
His fault is much, and the good King his master  
Will check him for't; your purpos'd low correction  
Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches  
For pilf'rings, and most common trespasses,  
Are punish'd with. The King must take it ill  
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,  
To have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.* I'll answer that.

*Reg.* My sister may receive it yet much worse,  
To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted  
For following her affairs. Put in his legs ----

[Kent is put in the Stocks.  
Come, my Lord, away. [Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.]

S C E N E VI.

*Glo.* I'm sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's pleasure,  
Whose disposition all the world well knows  
Will not be rubb'd nor stop'd. I'll intreat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd hard,  
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle:  
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;  
Give you good morrow.

*Glo.* The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken. [Exit.]

*Kent.* Good King, that must approve the common saw,  
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st  
To the warm sun.<sup>a</sup> All weary and o'er-watch'd,

(a) An old proverbial saying applied to those who are turn'd out of house and home, deprived of all the comforts of life excepting the common benefits of the Air and Sun.

----- warm sun.

Approach thou beacon to this under globe,

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[Looking up to the moon.

That



Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold  
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night, smile once more, turn thy wheel!

[*He sleeps.*]

SCENE VII.

*SCENE changes to a part of a Heath.*

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* I'VE heard my self proclaim'd,  
And by the happy hollow of a tree  
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place  
That guard and most unusual vigilance  
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape  
I will preserve my self: and am bethought  
To take the basest and the poorest shape  
That ever penury in contempt of man  
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth,  
Blanket my loins, else all my hair in knots,  
And with presented nakedness out-face  
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.  
The country gives me proof and president  
Of bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices  
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms  
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;  
And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,  
Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with pray'rs,  
Inforce their charity; poor *Turlurù!* poor *Tom!*  
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am.

[*Exit.*]

That by thy comfortable beams I may  
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles  
But misery. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,  
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
Of my obscured course. I shall find time  
From this enormous state, and seek to give  
Losses their remedies. All weary, &c.

SCENE



SCENE VIII.

*Changes again to the Earl of Glo'ster's Castle.*

*Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'TIS strange that they should so depart from home,  
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,  
The night before there was no purpose in them  
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master.

Lear. Ha, mak'st thou shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my Lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horses are ty'd by the  
heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' loins, and men  
by th' legs; when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden  
nether stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,  
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,  
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. But I say, yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter*, I swear no.

Kent. By *Juno*, I swear ay.

Lear. They durst not do't.

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,  
To do upon respect such violent outrage:  
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way  
Thou might'st deserve or they impose this usage,  
Coming from us?

Kent. My Lord, when at their home  
I did commend your Highness' letters to them,



Ere I was risen from the place, that shew'd  
 My duty kneeling, came a reeking post,  
 Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth  
 From *Gonerill* his mistress salutation;  
 Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission  
 Which presently they read: on those contents  
 They summon'd up their meiny, strait took horse,  
 Commanded me to follow and attend  
 The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;  
 And meeting here the other messenger,  
 Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,  
 Being the very fellow which of late  
 Display'd so sawcily against your Highness,  
 Having more man than wit about me, I drew;  
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:  
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth  
 The shame which here it suffers.

*Fool.* Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.  
 Fathers that wear rags  
 Do make their children blind,  
 But fathers that bear bags  
 Shall see their children kind.  
 Fortune, that arrant whore,  
 Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.  
 But for all this thou shalt have as many dolours<sup>a</sup> from thy dear  
 daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

*Lear.* Oh, how this mother swells up tow'rd my heart!  
*Hysterica passio*, down, thou climbing sorrow,  
 Thy element's below; where is this daughter?

*Kent.* With the Earl, Sir, here within.

*Lear.* Follow me not, stay here.

[*Exit.*

*Gent.* Made you no more offence  
 But what you speak of?

*Kent.* None;  
 How chance the King comes with so small a number?

(a) *A quibble intended between dolours and dollars.*

*Fool.*



*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i' th' Stocks for that question, thou'dst well deserv'd it.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an Ant, to teach thee there's no lab'ring i' th' winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking — let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following; but the great one that goes upward, let it draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That Sir which serves for gain,  
And follows but for form,  
Will pack when it begins to rain,  
And leave thee in a storm:  
And I will tarry, the fool will stay,  
And let the wise man fly:  
The knave turns fool that runs away,  
The fool no knave, perdy.

*Kent.* Where learn'd you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i' th' Stocks, fool.

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Lear and Glo'ster.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? they're sick, they're weary,  
They have travell'd all the night? meer fetches,  
The images of revolt and flying off.  
Bring me a better answer —

*Glo.* My dear Lord,  
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,  
How unremoveable and fixt he is  
In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion! —  
Fiery? what fiery quality? why, *Glo'ster*,  
I'd speak with th' Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

*Glo.*



*Glo.* Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them? dost thou understand me, man?

*Glo.* Ay, my good Lord.

*Lear.* The King would speak with *Cornwall*, the dear father  
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:  
Are they inform'd of this? ---- my breath and blood! ----  
Fiery? the fiery Duke? tell the hot Duke that ----  
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,  
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,  
Whereto our health is bound; we're not our selves,  
When nature being oppress'd commands the mind  
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear,  
And am fall'n out with my more heady will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,  
For the sound man. ---- Death on my state! but wherefore  
Should he sit here? this act persuadeth me,  
That this remotion of the Duke and her  
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth;  
Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd speak with them:  
Now presently ---- bid them come forth and hear me,  
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,  
'Till it cry, sleep to death.

*Glo.* I would have all well betwixt you.

[*Exit.*

*Lear.* O me, my heart! my rising heart! but down.

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the Eels, when  
he put them i' th' Pasty alive; he rapt 'em o' th' coxcombs with  
a stick, and cry'd down, wantons, down; 'Twas *his* brother, that  
in pure kindness to his horse buttered his hay.

## SCENE X.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, and Servants.*

*Lear.* Good morrow to you both!

*Corn.* Hail to your Grace!

[*Kent is set at liberty.*

*Reg.* I am glad to see your Highness.

*Lear.* *Regan*, I think you are, I know what reason



I have to think so ; if thou wert not glad,  
 I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,  
 Sepulchring an adult'ress. O, are you free? [To Kent.  
 Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*,  
 Thy sister's naught : oh *Regan*, she hath tied  
 Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here ; [Points to his heart.  
 I can scarce speak to thee, thou'lt not believe  
 With how deprav'd a quality --- oh *Regan* ! ---

*Reg.* I pray you, Sir, take patience ; I have hope  
 You less know how to value her desert,  
 Than she to scan her duty.

*Lear.* How is that ? ---

*Reg.* I cannot think my sister in the least  
 Would fail her obligation. If perchance  
 She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,  
 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,  
 As clears her from all blame.

*Lear.* My curses on her !

*Reg.* O Sir, you are old,  
 Nature in you stands on the very verge  
 Of her confine ; you should be rul'd and led  
 By some discretion, that discerns your state  
 Better than you your self : therefore I pray you,  
 That to our sister you do make return,  
 Say you have wrong'd her, Sir.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness?  
 Do you but mark how this becometh us :  
*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;* [The King kneeling.  
*Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg,*  
*That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.*

*Reg.* Good Sir, no more ; these are unsightly tricks :  
 Return you to my sister.

*Lear.* Never, *Regan* :  
 She hath abated me of half my train ;  
 Look'd black upon me, struck me with her tongue  
 Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.

All



All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall  
On her ingrateful head! strike her young bones,  
You taking airs, with lameness!

*Corn.* Fie, Sir! fie!

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames  
Into her scornful eyes! infect her beauty,  
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'ful fun  
To fall, and blast her pride!

*Reg.* O the blest Gods!  
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

*Lear.* No, *Regan*, thou shalt never have my curse:  
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give  
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine  
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,  
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,  
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,  
Effects of courtesie, and dues of gratitude:  
Thy half o' th' kingdom thou hast not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good Sir, to th' purpose. [Trumpet within.]

*Lear.* Who put my man i' th' Stocks?

*Enter Steward.*

*Corn.* What trumpet's that?

*Reg.* I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,  
That she would soon be here. Is your Lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easie-borrowed pride  
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.  
Out, varlet, from my sight!

*Corn.* What means your Grace?

SCENE



## SCENE XI.

*Enter Gonerill.*

*Lear.* Who stockt my servant? *Regan*, I've good hope  
Thou didst not know on't. — Who comes here? O heav'ns!  
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
Hallow obedience, if your selves are old,  
Make it your cause; send down and take my part!  
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?  
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by th' hand, Sir? how have I offended?  
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,  
And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O sides, you are too tough!  
Will you yet hold? how came my man i' th' Stocks?

*Corn.* I set him there, Sir: but his own disorders  
Deserv'd no less advancement.

*Lear.* You? did you?

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being 'wake, seem so.  
If, 'till the expiration of your month,  
You will return and sojourn with my sister,  
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;  
I'm now from home, and out of that provision  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

*Lear.* Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?  
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,  
To wage, against the enmity o' th' air,  
Necessity's sharp pinch — Return with her?  
Why! the hot-blooded *France*, that dow'rless took  
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought  
To knee his throne, and 'Squire-like pension beg,  
To keep base life a-foot; — Return with her?  
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter  
To this detested groom.



*Gon.* At your choice, Sir.

*Lear.* I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad,  
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel:  
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;  
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,  
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,  
A plague-fore, or imbossed carbuncle  
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.  
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.  
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure,  
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,  
I and my hundred Knights.

*Reg.* Not all together,  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome; give ear to my sister;  
For those that mingle reason with your passion,  
Must be content to think you old, and so ---  
But she knows what she does.

*Lear.* Is this well spoken?

*Reg.* I dare avouch it, Sir; what, fifty followers?  
Is it not well? what should you need of more?  
Yea, or so many? since both charge and danger  
Speak 'gainst so great a number: how in one house  
Should many people under two commands  
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almost impossible.

*Gon.* Why might not you, my Lord, receive attendance  
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

*Reg.* Why not, my Lord? if then they chanc'd to slack ye,  
We could controll them; if you'll come to me,  
(For now I spy a danger) I intreat you  
To bring but five and twenty; to no more  
Will I give place or notice.

*Lear.* I gave you all ---

*Reg.*



*Reg.* And in good time you gave it.

*Lear.* Made you my guardians, my depositaries,  
But kept a reservation to be follow'd  
With such a number; must I come to you  
With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

*Reg.* And speak't again, my Lord, no more with me.

*Lear.* Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd  
When others are more wicked. Not being worst  
Stands in some rank of praise; I'll go with thee, [To Gonerill.  
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;  
And thou hast twice her love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my Lord;  
What need you five and twenty? ten? or five?  
To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?

*Reg.* What needs one?

*Lear.* O, reason not the need: our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous;  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beasts'. Thou art a Lady;  
If only to go warm were gorgeous,  
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps thee warm; but for true need,  
You heav'ns, give me that patience which I need!  
You see me here, you Gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age, wretched in both.  
If it be you that stir these daughters hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely: touch me with noble anger;  
O let not womens weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,  
I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall — I will do such things, —  
What they are yet I know not, but they shall be  
The terrors of the earth: you think I'll weep:  
No, I'll not weep. Though I have full cause of weeping;



This heart shall break into a thousand flaws  
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Glo'ster, Kent, and Fool.]

## S C E N E XII.

*Corn.* Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm. [*Storm and Tempest.*]

*Reg.* This house is small, the old man and his people  
Cannot be well bestow'd.

*Gon.* 'Tis his own blame, he'ath put himself from rest,  
And must needs taste his folly.

*Reg.* For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,  
But not one follower.

*Gon.* So am I purpos'd.  
Where is my Lord of *Glo'ster*?

*Enter* Glo'ster.

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth; --- he is return'd.

*Glo.* The King is in high rage.

*Corn.* Whither is he going?

*Glo.* He calls to horse: but will I know not whither.

*Corn.* 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

*Gon.* My Lord, intreat him by no means to stay.

*Glo.* Alack, the night comes on: and the high winds  
Do forely ruffle; for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O Sir, to wilful men,  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their school-masters: shut up your doors;  
He is attended with a desp'rate train,  
And what they may incense him to, being apt  
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

*Corn.* Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild night.  
My *Regan* counsels well: come out o' th' storm. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT





ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE A Heath.

*A storm is heard with Thunder and Lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.*

KENT.

WHO's there besides foul weather?  
*Gent.* One minded like the weather, most unquietly.  
*Kent.* I know you: where's the King?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful elements;  
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,  
 That things might change or cease: tears his white hair,  
 Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage  
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of.  
 This night, in which the cub-drawn bear<sup>a</sup> would couch,  
 The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf  
 Keep their furr dry, unbonneted he runs,  
 And bids what will, take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool, who labours to out-jest  
 His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you,  
 And dare upon the warrant of my note  
 Commend a dear thing to you. There's division  
 (Although as yet the face of it is cover'd  
 With mutual craft) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:<sup>b</sup>

(a) By cub-drawn bear must be understood the she-bear drawn dry by the sucking of her cubs, and thence most ravenous and greedy of prey.

(b) ----- 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:

Who have (as who have not, whom their great stars  
 Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less,  
 Which are to *France* the spies and speculations



And true it is from *France* there comes a pow'r  
 Into this shatter'd kingdom, who already  
 Wise in our negligence, have secret sea  
 In some of our best ports, and are at point  
 To show their open banner ---- Now to you:  
 If on my credit you dare build so far  
 To make your speed to *Dover*, you shall find  
 Some that will thank you, making just report  
 Of how unnatural and madding sorrow  
 The King hath cause to plain.  
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,  
 And from some knowledge and assurance of you,  
 Offer this office.

*Gent.* I'll talk further with you.

*Kent.* No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more  
 Than my out-wall, open this purse and take  
 What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,  
 (As fear not but you shall) shew her that Ring,  
 And she will tell you who this fellow is,  
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!  
 I will go seek the King.

*Gent.* Give me your hand, have you no more to say?

*Kent.* Few words, but to effect more than all yet;  
 That, when we have found the King, (for which you take  
 That way, I this:) he that first lights on him,  
 Holla the other.

[*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool.*

*Lear.* Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!  
 You cataracts and hurricanoes spout

Intelligent of our state. What hath been seen,  
 Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes,  
 Or the hard rein which both of them have born  
 Against the old kind King; or something deeper,  
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings ---

*Gent.* I will talk.

'Till



'Till you have drencht our steeples, drown'd the cocks!  
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,  
Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world,  
Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once  
That make ingrateful man!

*Fool.* O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry house is better than  
the rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, ask thy daughters  
blessing; here's a night that pities neither wife men nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain!  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
You owe me no submission. Then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure; ---- here I stand your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man!  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foul.

*Fool.* He that has a house to put's head in, has a good head-piece:  
The cod-piece that will house, before the head has any:  
The head and he shall lowse; so beggars marry many.  
That man that makes his toe, what he his heart should make,  
Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his sleep to wake.  
For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

SCENE III.

*To them, Enter Kent.*

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all patience,  
I will say nothing.

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Fool.* Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece, that's a wife man and  
a fool.

*Kent.*



*Kent.* Alas, Sir, are you here? things that love night,  
Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies  
Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark,  
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry  
Th' affliction, nor the force.

*Lear.* Let the great Gods,  
That keep this dreadful thund'ring o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes  
Unwhipt of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;  
Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,  
That art incestuous! caitiff, shake to pieces,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practis'd on man's life! Close pent-up guilts,  
Rive your concealing continents, and ask  
These dreadful summoners grace! ---- I am a man,  
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

*Kent.* Alack, bare-headed?  
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a hovel,  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:  
Repose you there, while I to this hard house  
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;  
Which even but now, demanding after you,  
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force  
Their scantied courtesie.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.  
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?  
I'm cold my self. Where is this straw, my fellow?  
The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;  
Poor fool and knave, I've one string in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool.



Fool. *He that has and a little tiny wit,  
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain,  
Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
Though the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy: come, bring us to this hovel. [Ex.

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a courtezan.  
I'll speak a prophecy or e'er I go;  
When priests are more in words than matter,  
When brewers marr their malt with water;  
When nobles are their tailors tutors;  
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches suitors;  
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,  
That going shall be us'd with feet.  
When every case in law is right,  
No 'Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;  
When flanders do not live in tongues,  
And cut-purses come not to throngs;  
When usurers tell their gold i' th' field,  
And bawds and whores do churches build:  
Then shall the realm of *Albion*  
Come unto great confusion.  
This prophecy *Merlin* shall make, for I do live before his time. [Ex.

SCENE IV.

*An apartment in Glo'ster's Castle.*

*Enter Glo'ster and Bastard.*

Glo. **A**Lack, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing;  
when I desired their leave that I might pity him, they  
took from me the use of mine own house, charg'd me on pain of  
perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or  
any way sustain him.

Bast. Most savage and unnatural!

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H

Glo.



*Glo.* Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the King now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; we must incline to the King, I will look for him, and privily relieve him; go you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiv'd; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no less is threatned me, the King my old master must be relieved. There are strange things toward, *Edmund*; pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

*Bast.* This courtesie forbid thee shall the Duke  
Instantly know, and of that letter too.  
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me  
That which my father loses; no less than all.  
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

## S C E N E V.

*Part of the Heath with a Hovel.*

*Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.*

*Kent.* **H**ere is the place, my Lord; good my Lord, enter;  
The tyranny of th' open night's too rough  
For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my Lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?

*Kent.* I'd rather break mine own; good my Lord, enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm  
Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee;  
But where the greater malady is fixt,  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;  
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,  
Thou'dst meet the bear i' th' mouth; when the mind's free,

The



The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to't? ---- But I'll punish home;  
No, I will weep no more ---- in such a night,  
To shut me out? ---- pour on, I will endure:  
In such a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill*,  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all ----  
O, that way madness lies, let me shun that,  
No more of that.

*Kent.* Good my Lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, go in thy self, seek thine own ease,  
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
On things would hurt me more ---- but I'll go in;  
In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty ----  
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep ---- [*Ex. Fool.*  
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these? ---- O, I have ta'en  
Too little care of this: take physic, pomp!  
Expose thy self to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,  
And shew the heav'ns more just.

*Edg.* [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor *Tom*!

*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit, help me, help me.  
[*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*

*Kent.* Give me thy hand, who's there?

*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit, he says his name's poor *Tom*.

*Kent.* What art thou that do'st grumble there i'th' straw? come forth.



## SCENE VI.

*Enter Edgar, disguis'd like a Madman.*

*Edg.* Away, the foul fiend follows me. Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

*Lear.* Didst thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this?

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor *Tom*? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire, that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halts in his pue; set ratsbane by his porridge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse, over four inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor, ---- bless thy five wits, *Tom's* a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de, ---- bless thee from whirl-winds, star-blasting, and taking; do poor *Tom* some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. *[Storm still.*

*Lear.* What! have his daughters brought him to this pass? Could'st thou save nothing? didst thou give 'em all?

*Fool.* Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

*Lear.* Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, Sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor, nothing could have subdu'd nature To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters. Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

*Edg.* Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill, alow, alow, loo, loo.

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools, and mad-men.

*Edg.* Take heed o' th' foul fiend, obey thy parents, keep thy word justly, swear not, commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. *Tom's* a-cold.

*Lear.*



*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heav'n. One that slept on the contriving lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the *Turk*. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders books, and defie the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Sessey*: let him trot by. [*Storm still.*]

*Lear.* Thou wert better in a grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it self; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings: come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his cloaths.*]

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old letcher's heart, a small spark, and all the rest on's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks 'till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creatures of the earth.

*S<sup>t</sup>.* Withold footed thrice the wold;  
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,  
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,  
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!

*Kent.* How fares your Grace?

SCENE



## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Glo'ter with a torch.*

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? what is't you seek?

*Glo.* What are you there? your names?

*Edg.* Poor *Tom*, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tod-pole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for fallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear:

*But mice, and rats, and such small geer  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year;*

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin, peace, thou fiend!

*Glo.* What, hath your Grace no better company?

*Edg.* The Prince of darkness is a gentleman, *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

*Glo.* Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is grown so vile,  
That it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* *Tom's* a-cold.

*Glo.* Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer  
T' obey in all your daughters hard commands:  
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,  
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,  
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,  
And bring you where both fire and food are ready.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this philosopher;  
What is the cause of thunder?

*Kent.* My good Lord, take his offer,  
Go into th' house.

*Lear.* I'll talk a word with this fame learned *Theban*:  
What is your study?

*Edg.*



*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

*Lear.* Let us ask you one word in private.

*Kent.* Importune him to go, my Lord,  
His wits begin t' unsettle.

*Glo.* Canst thou blame him?

[*Storm still.*

His daughters seek his death: ah, that good *Kent*!

He said it would be thus; poor banish'd man!

Thou say'st the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I'm almost mad my self; I had a son,

Now out-law'd from my blood, he fought my life

But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,

No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!

I do beseech your Grace.

*Lear.* O cry you mercy, Sir:

Noble philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my Lord.

*Lear.* With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

*Kent.* Good my Lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

*Glo.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirrah, come on; along with us.

*Lear.* Come, good *Athenian*.

*Glo.* No words, no words, hush.

*Edg.* <sup>a</sup> Child *Rowland* to the dark tower came,  
His word was still, fie, foh, and fum,  
I smell the blood of a *British* man.

[*Exeunt.*

(a) The fables of such a turn as that from which these lines are quoted being generally taken from books of Spanish Chivalry, it is probable the word stood there *Infante Orlando* for which the translator ignorantly put *Child Rowland*: whereas *Infante* meant a Prince, one of the King's sons.



## S C E N E VIII.

*Glo'ster's Castle.**Enter Cornwall and Bastard.**Corn.* I Will have revenge, ere I depart his house.*Bast.* How, my Lord, I may be censur'd, that nature thus gives way to loyalty; something fears me to think of.*Corn.* I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death: but a provoked spirit set a-work by a reprobable badness in *him*.*Bast.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! this is the letter which he spoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France*. Oh heav'ns! that this treason were not; or not I the detector!*Corn.* Go with me to the Dutchess.*Bast.* If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.*Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earl of *Glo'ster*: seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.*Bast.* If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. [*Aside.*] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood. [*Aloud.*]*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E IX.

*A Chamber in a Farm-house.**Enter Kent and Glo'ster.**Glo.* H Ere is better than the open air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*]*Kent.*



*Kent.* All the pow'r of his wits has given way to his impatience:  
the Gods reward your kindness!

*Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.*

*Edg.* *Fraterreto* calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an angler in the  
lake of darkness: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentle-  
man, or a yeoman?

*Lear.* A King, a King.

*Fool.* No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son: for  
he's a yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits  
Come hissing in upon 'em.

*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

*Fool.* He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, the health  
of a horse, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

*Lear.* It shall be done, I will arraign 'em strait.  
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer, [To the Fool.]  
Thou sapient Sir, sit here — now, ye she foxes! — [To Edgar.]

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor *Tom* in the voice of a nightin-  
gale. Hopdance cries in *Tom's* belly for two white herrings. Croak  
not, black angel, I have no food for thee.

*Lear.* I'll see their tryal, bring me in the evidence.  
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place,  
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,  
Bench by his side. You are of the commission,  
Sit you too. Arraign her first, 'tis *Gonerill*.

*Fool.* Come hither, Mistress, is your name *Gonerill*?

*Lear.* She can't deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a Joint-stool.

*Lear.* And here's another whose warpt looks proclaim  
What store her heart is made of. Stop her there.  
Arms, arms, sword, fire, corruption's in the place:  
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

*Edg.* 'Bless thy five wits!

*Kent.* O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,



That you so oft have boasted to retain?

*Edg.* My tears begin to take his part so much,  
They mar my counterfeiting.

[*Afide.*

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,

*Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart*; see, they bark at me ----

*Edg.* *Tom* will throw his head at them; avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,

Hound or spaniel, brache, or lym;

Or bob-tail tike, or trundle-tail,

*Tom* will make him weep and wail:

For with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: *Sessy*, come, march to wakes and fairs,

And market towns; poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry.

*Lear.* Then let them anatomize *Regan* ---- see what breeds about her heart ---- Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are *Persian*; but let them be chang'd.

*Re-enter Glo'ster.*

*Kent.* Now, good my Lord, lye here, and rest a while.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise, draw the curtains:  
So, so, we'll go to supper i' th' morning.

*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.

*Glo.* Come hither, friend, where is the King, my master?

*Kent.* Here, Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

*Glo.* Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms;  
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready, lay him in't,

And drive tow'rd *Dover*, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand



Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,  
And follow me, that will to some provision  
Give thee quick conduct. Come, away, away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X.

Gloster's Castle.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard, and Servants.*

Corn. **P**ost speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this  
letter, the army of *France* is landed; seek out the  
traitor *Gloster*.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. *Edmund*, keep you our  
sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your  
traiterous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke,  
where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound  
to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us.  
Farewel, dear sister; farewel, my Lord of *Gloster*.

*Enter Steward.*

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of *Gloster* hath convey'd him hence.  
Some five or six and thirty of his Knights,  
Hot questers after him, met him at gate,  
Who, with some other of the Lord's dependants,  
Are gone with him tow'rd *Dover*; where they boast  
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet Lord, and sister. [Exeunt Gon. and Bast.]

Corn. *Edmund*, farewel: — go seek the traitor *Gloster*,  
[To the Servants.]

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:  
Though well we may not pass upon his life



Without the form of justice ; yet our pow'r  
Shall do a court'fie to our wrath, which men  
May blame, but not controul.

## S C E N E XI.

*Enter Glo'ter Prisoner, and Servants.*

Who's there? the traitor?

*Reg.* Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

*Corn.* Bind fast his corky arms.

*Glo.* What mean your Graces? Good my friends, consider  
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

*Corn.* Bind him, I say.

*[They bind him.]*

*Reg.* Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!

*Glo.* Unmerciful Lady as you are! I'm none.

*Corn.* To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find ---

*Glo.* By the kind Gods<sup>a</sup>, 'tis most ignobly done  
To pluck me by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor?

*Glo.* Naughty Lady,

These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin  
Will quicken and accuse thee. I'm your host;  
With robber's hands, my hospitable favour  
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come, Sir, what letters had you late from *France*?

*Reg.* Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confed'racy have you with the traitors  
Late footed in the kingdom?

*Reg.* To whose hands have you sent the lunatick King?  
Speak.

*Glo.* I've a letter gueffingly set down,  
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,  
And not from one oppos'd.

*Corn.* Cunning ---

(a) By the kind Gods is not here meant a general title given to all the Gods, but this is intended as a particular appeal to those which were distinguish'd by the name of the Dii hospitales.

*Reg.*



Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glo. To Dover, Sir.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Wast thou not charg'd, at peril ---

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? let him answer that.

Glo. I am ty'd to th' stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails  
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister  
In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.  
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell-black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up  
And quench'd the stellar fires:  
Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.  
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,  
Thou should'st have said, good porter, turn the key;  
All cruels else subscribe; but I shall see  
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.  
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[Gloster is held down while Cornwall treads out one of his eyes.]

Glo. He that will think to live 'till he be old,  
Give me some help. --- O cruel! O you Gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; th' other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance ---

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord:  
I've serv'd you ever since I was a child;  
But better service have I never done you,  
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,  
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[Fight, in the scuffle Cornwall is wounded.]

Reg.



*Reg.* Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus? [*Kills him.*]

*Serv.* Oh, I am slain ---- my Lord, you have one eye left  
To see some mischief on him. Oh ---- [*Dies.*]

*Corn.* Left it see more, prevent it; out, vile gelly!  
Where is thy lustre now? [*Treads out the other eye.*]

*Glo.* All dark and comfortless ---- where's my son *Edmund*?  
*Edmund*, enkindle all the sparks of nature  
To quit this horrid act.

*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain!  
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: It was he  
That made the overture of thy treasons to us:  
Who is too good to pity thee.

*Glo.* O my follies!  
Then *Edgar* was abus'd. Kind Gods, forgive  
Me that, and prosper him.

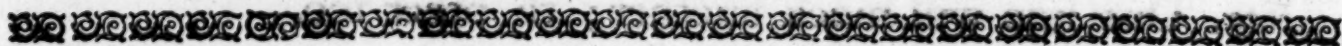
*Reg.* Go thrust him out  
At th' gates, and let him smell his way to *Dover*.

[*Ex. with Glo'ster.*]

How is't, my Lord? how look you?

*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, Lady. ----  
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave  
Upon the dunghill. ---- *Regan*, I bleed apace.  
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *An open Country.*

*Enter Edgar.*

EDGAR.

**Y**ET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,  
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be *worst*,  
(The lowest, most dejected thing of fortune)

Stands



Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.  
The lamentable change is from the *best*;  
The *worst* returns to laughter. Welcome then,  
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!  
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the *worst*,  
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

*Enter Glo'ster, led by an old man.*

But who comes here?  
My father poorly led? World, world, O world!  
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,  
Life would not yield to<sup>a</sup> age.

*Old Man.* O my good Lord, I have been your tenant,  
And your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

*Glo.* Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone;  
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,  
Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* You cannot see your way.

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:  
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,  
Meanness secures us, and our meer defects  
Prove our commodities. O dear son *Edgar*,  
The food of thy abused father's wrath;  
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
I'd say I had eyes again.

*Old Man.* How now? who's there?

*Edg.* O Gods! who is't can say I'm at the worst?  
I'm worse than e'er I was.

*Old Man.* 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

*Edg.* And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,  
So long as we can say, this is the worst.

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glo.* Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman, and beggar too.

(a) Yield to signifies no more than give way to, sink under, in opposition to the struggling with, bearing up against the infirmities of age.



*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.  
 I' th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw;  
 Which made me think a man, a worm. My son  
 Came then into my mind, and yet my mind  
 Was then scarce friends with him. I've heard more since.  
 As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods;  
 They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* How should this be?  
 Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,  
 Anguishing't self and others. — 'Bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.* Ay, my Lord.

*Glo.* Get thee away: if for my sake  
 Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain  
 I' th' way tow'rd *Dover*, do it for ancient love;  
 And bring some covering for this naked soul,  
 Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, Sir, he is mad.

*Glo.* 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind:  
 Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleasure;  
 Above the rest, be gone.

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,  
 Come on't what will.

[*Exit.*

*Glo.* Sirrah, you, naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poor *Tom*'s a-cold. I cannot dally further.

[*Aside.*

*Glo.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg.* And yet I must:

[*Aside.*

'Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to *Dover*?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path: poor *Tom*  
 hath been scar'd out of his good wits. 'Bless thee, good man, from  
 the foul fiend. Five fiends have been in poor *Tom* at once; of lust,  
 as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididen*, Prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing;  
*Mobu*, of murder; *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who  
 since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.

*Glo.* Here take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have



Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched  
Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still!  
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,  
That braves your ordinance, that will not see  
Because he do's not feel, feel your power quickly:  
So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough. Do'st thou know *Dover*?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glo.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head  
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:  
Bring me but to the very brim of it,  
And I'll repair the misery thou do'st bear  
With something rich about me: from that place  
I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm;  
Poor *Tom* shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter Gonerill and Bastard.*

*Gon.* **W**elcome, my Lord. I marvel our mild husband  
Not met us on the way.

*Enter Steward.*

Now, where's your master?

*Stew.* Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:  
I told him of the army that was landed;  
He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,  
His answer was, the worse. Of *Glo'ster's* treachery  
And of the loyal service of his son  
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,  
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.  
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;  
What like, offensive.

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K

*Gon.*



*Gon.* Then shall you go no further. [To Edmund.  
 It is the cowish terror of his spirit  
 That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs  
 Which tie him to an answer; that our wishes  
 On th' way may prove effects, back, to my brother,  
 Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers.  
 I must change arms at home, and give the distaff  
 Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant  
 Shall pass between us: you ere long shall hear,  
 If you dare venture in your own behalf,  
 A mistress's command. Wear this; [*Gives him a ring.*] spare speech;  
 Decline your head, this kiss, if it durst speak,  
 Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:  
 Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Bast.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear *Glo'ster*! [Exit Bastard.  
 Oh, the strange difference of man, and man!  
 To thee a woman's services are due,  
 My fool usurps my body.

*Stew.* Madam, here comes my Lord.

*Enter Albany.*

*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.

*Alb.* Oh *Gonerill*,  
 You are not worth the dust which the rude wind  
 Blows in your face. — I fear your disposition.  
 That nature which contemns its origine,  
 Cannot be border'd certain in it self;  
 She that her self will fliver and dis-branch  
 From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,  
 And come to deadly use.

*Gon.* No more, 'tis foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;  
 Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?  
 A father, and a gracious aged man,  
 Most barb'rous, most degenerate, have you madded.

Cou'd



Cou'd my good brother suffer you to do it,  
A man, a Prince by him so benefited?  
If that the heav'ns do not their visible spirits  
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,  
Humanity must perforce prey on itself  
Like monsters of the deep.

*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;  
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
Thine honour, from thy suffering: that not know'st  
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd  
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?  
*France* spreads his banners in our noiseless land,  
With plumed helm the slayer begins his threats:  
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still and cry'st  
Alack! why does he so?

*Alb.* See thy self, devil:

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend  
So horrid as in woman.

*Gon.* Oh vain fool!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwall's* dead,  
Slain by his servant, going to put out  
The other eye of *Glo'ster*.

*Alb.* *Glo'ster's* eyes?

*Mes.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,  
Oppos'd against the act; bending his sword  
To his great master: who thereat enrag'd,  
Flew on him; they amongst them fell'd him dead,  
But not without that harmful stroke which since  
Hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shews you are above,  
You Justices, that these our nether crimes  
So speedily can venge. But O poor *Glo'ster*!  
Lost he his other eye?



*Mef.* Both, both, my Lord.  
This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answer:  
'Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* One way I like this well;  
But being widow, and my *Glo'ster* with her,  
May all the building in my fancy pluck  
Upon my hateful life. Another way  
The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer. [Exit.

*Alb.* Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

*Mef.* Come with my Lady hither.

*Alb.* He's not here.

*Mef.* No, my good Lord, I met him back again.

*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness?

*Mef.* Ay, my good Lord, 'twas he inform'd against him,  
And quit the house of purpose, that their punishment  
Might have the freer course.

*Alb.* *Glo'ster*, I live  
To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the King,  
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,  
Tell me what more thou know'st. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

#### DOVER.

*Enter Kent and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* **T**HE King of *France* so suddenly gone back!  
Know you the reason?

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the state,  
Which since his coming forth is thought of, which  
Imports the kingdom so much fear and danger,  
That his return was most requir'd and necessary.

*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him General?

*Gent.* The Mareschal of *France*, Monsieur le Far,

*Kent.*



*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?

*Gent.* I, Sir, she took 'em, read 'em in my presence, And now and then an ample tear trill'd down Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a Queen Over her passion, which most rebel-like Sought to be King o'er her.

*Kent.* O, then it mov'd her.

*Gent.* But not to rage. Patience and sorrow strove Which should express her goodliest; you have seen Sun-shine and rain at once. Those happy smiles That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence, As pearls from diamonds dropt ---- in brief, Sorrow would be a rarity most lov'd, If all could so become it.

*Kent.* Made she no verbal quests?

*Gent.* Yes, once or twice she heav'd the name of *Father* Pantingly forth, as if it prest her heart. Cry'd, sisters! sisters! what? i'th' storm of night? Let Pity ne'er believe it! there she shook The holy water from her heav'nly eyes, And then retir'd, to deal with grief alone.

*Kent.* The stars above us govern our conditions: Else one self-mate and mate could not beget Such diff'rent issues. Spoke you with her since?

*Gent.* No.

*Kent.* Was this before the King return'd?

*Gent.* No, since.

*Kent.* The poor distressed *Lear* is in town, Who sometimes in his better tune remembers What we are come about, and by no means Will yield to see his daughter.

*Gent.* Why, good Sir?

*Kent.* A sov'reign shame so bows him: his unkindness, That stript her from his benediction, turn'd her

To



To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
To his dog-hearted daughters; these things sting him  
So venomously, that burning shame detains him  
From his *Cordelia*.

*Gent.* Alack poor gentleman!

*Kent.* Of *Albany's* and *Cornwall's* pow'rs you heard not?

*Gent.* 'Tis so, they are a-foot.

*Kent.* Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our master *Lear*,  
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause  
Will in concealment wrap me up a while:  
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve  
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*A Camp.*

*Enter Cordelia, Physician and Soldiers.*

*Cor.* **A**Lack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now  
As mad as the vext sea, singing aloud,  
Crown'd with rank fumitory, and furrow-weeds,  
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckow-flowers,  
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry,  
Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
And bring him to our eye. What can man's wisdom  
In the restoring his bereaved sense?  
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

*Phys.* There are means, Madam:  
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,  
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,  
Are many simples operative, whose power  
Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cor.* All blest secrets,  
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,

Spring



Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate  
In the good man's distress! seek, seek for him,  
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
That wants the means to lead it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* News, Madam:  
The *British* pow'rs are marching hitherward.  
*Cor.* 'Tis known before. Our preparation stands  
In expectation of them. O dear father,  
It is thy business that I go about:  
Therefore great *France* my important tears hath pitied.  
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,  
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:  
Soon may I hear, and see him!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*Regan's Palace.*

*Enter Regan and Steward.*

*Reg.* BUT are my brother's powers set forth?  
*Stew.* Ay, Madam.

*Reg.* Himself in person there?

*Stew.* With much ado.

Your sister is the better foldier.

*Reg.* Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lady at home?

*Stew.* No, Madam.

*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter to him?

*Stew.* I know not, Lady.

*Reg.* 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ign'rance, *Glo'ster's* eyes being out,  
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves  
All hearts against us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,  
In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His



His nighted life : moreover, to descry  
The strength o' th' enemy.

*Stew.* I must needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow : stay with us :  
The ways are dangerous.

*Stew.* I may not, Madam ;  
My Lady charg'd my duty in this business.

*Reg.* Why should she write to *Edmund* ? might not you  
Transport her purposes by word of mouth ?  
Something --- I know not what --- I'll love thee much  
Let me unseal the letter.

*Stew.* Madam, I had rather ---

*Reg.* I know your Lady do's not love her husband,  
I'm sure of that ; and at her late being here  
She gave strange œliads, and most speaking looks  
To noble *Edmund*. I know you're of her bosom.

*Stew.* I, Madam ?

*Reg.* I speak in understanding : you are ; I know't ;  
Therefore I do advise you take this note.  
My Lord is dead ; *Edmund* and I have talk'd,  
And more convenient is he for my hand  
Than for your Lady's : you may gather more :  
If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;  
And when your Mistress hears thus much from you,  
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.  
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,  
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

*Stew.* Would I could meet him, Madam, I should shew  
What party I do follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



SCENE VI.

*The Country near Dover.*

*Enter Glo'ster, and Edgar as a Peasant.*

Glo. **W**hen shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No truly, not.

Edg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect  
By your eyes anguish.

Glo. So may it be indeed.

Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st  
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd  
But in my garments.

Glo. Sure you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place — stand still. How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,  
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.  
The fisher-men that walk upon the beach  
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,  
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for fight. The murmuring surge,  
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,  
Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong.



*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand: you're now within a foot  
Of th' extream verge: for all below the moon  
Would not I leap outright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand:

Here, friend, 's another purse, in it a Jewel  
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and Gods  
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off,  
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare ye well, good Sir!

[*Seems to go.*]

*Glo.* With all my heart.

*Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his despair,  
Is done to cure it.

*Glo.* O you mighty Gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your fights  
Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff and loathed part of nature should

Burn it self out. If *Edgar* live, O blefs him!

Now, fellow, fare thee well!

[*He leaps and falls along.*]

*Edg.* Good Sir, farewell!

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life it self

Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,

By this had thought been past. ---- Alive or dead?

Hoa, you, Sir! friend! hear you, Sir? speak!

Thus might he pass indeed ---- yet he revives.

What are you, Sir?

*Glo.* Away, and let me die.

*Edg.* Had'st thou been ought but Gossamer, feathers, air,  
So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe,

Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not; speak, art found?

Ten masts attacht make not the altitude

Which thou hast perpendicularly fall'n.

Thy



Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

*Glo.* But have I fall'n, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky borne!  
Look up a height, the shrill-gorg'd Lark so far  
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

*Glo.* Alack, I have no eyes.  
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit  
To end it self by death? 'twas yet some comfort,  
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,  
And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm.  
Up, so — how is't? feel you your legs? you stand.

*Glo.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.  
Upon the crown o'th' cliff, what thing was that  
Which parted from you?

*Glo.* A poor unfortunate beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought his eyes  
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,  
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea:  
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,  
Think that the clearest Gods, who make them honours  
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

*Glo.* I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear  
Affliction, 'till it do cry out it self,

*Enough, enough, and die.* That thing you speak of,  
I took it for a man; often 'twould say  
The fiend, the fiend — he led me to that place.

*Edg.* Bear free and patient thoughts.

S C E N E VII.

*Enter Lear, drest madly with flowers.*

But who comes here?  
'The safer sense would ne'er accommodate  
His master thus.



*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coyning, I am the King himself.

*Edg.* O thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect. There's your presymony. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace, this piece of toasted cheese will do't --- there's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, barb! i'th' clout, i'th' clout: hewgh. Give the word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pafs.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! *Gonerill*! hah, *Regan*! they flatter'd me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to every thing that I said --- Ay and no too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

*Glo.* The trick of that voice I do well remember: is't not the King?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a King.

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?

Adultery? thou shalt not die; die for adultery? no, the wren goes to't, and the small gilded flie does letcher in my sight. Let copulation thrive: for *Glo'ster*'s bastard-son was kinder to his father, than my daughters got 'tween the lawful sheets. To't, luxury, pell-mell; for I lack foldiers. Behold yon fimpering dame, whose face 'tween her forks presages snow; that minces virtue, and does shake the head to hear of pleasure's name. The fitchew, nor the soyled horse goes to't with a more riotous appetite: down from the waste they are centaurs, though women all above; but to the girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,



stench, consumption: fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination! there's money for thee.

*Glo.* O, let me kiss that hand.

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first, it smells of mortality.

*Glo.* O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou squint at me? no, do thy worst, blind *Cupid*, I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters funs, I could not see one.

*Edg.* I would not take this from report; [Aside.  
It is, and my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What, with this case of eyes?

*Lear.* Oh ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor money in your purse? your eyes are in heavy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world goes.

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad? a man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond Justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places, and handy-dandy, which is the Justice, which is the thief? thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

*Glo.* Ay, Sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur: there thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office. Thou rascal bedel, hold thy bloody hand: Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thy own back, Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind, For which thou whipp'st her. Th' usurer hangs the cozener. Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear; Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate fins with gold, And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks: Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. None does offend, I say, none, I'll absolve 'em;

Take



Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r  
 To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,  
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
 To see the things thou do'st not.  
 Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots: harder, harder, so.

*Edg.* O matter and impertinency mixt,  
 Reason in madness!

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.  
 I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ster*;  
 Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:  
 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air  
 We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee: mark ----

*Glo.* Alack, alack the day!

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry that we are come  
 To this great stage of fools. ---- This a good block! ----  
 It were a delicate stratagem to shoe  
 A troop of horse with Felt; I'll put't in proof;  
 And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,  
 Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.*

*Gent.* O, here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,  
 Your most dear daughter ----

*Lear.* No rescue? what, a prisoner? I am even  
 The natural fool of fortune. Use me well,  
 You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons,  
 I am cut to th' brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds? all my self?  
 Why, this would make a man, a man of salt;  
 To use his eyes for garden-water-pots,  
 And laying autumn's dust. I will die bravely,  
 Like a smug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial:  
 Come, come, I am a King. My Masters, know you that?

*Gent.*



*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

*Lear.* Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,  
You shall get it by running: fa, fa, fa, fa.

[*Exit.*

*Gent.* A fight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,  
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a daughter  
Who redeems nature from the general curse  
Which twain have brought her to.

*Edg.* Hail, gentle Sir.

*Gent.* Sir, speed you: what's your will?

*Edg.* Do you hear ought, Sir, of a battel toward?

*Gent.* Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,  
Which can distinguish sound.

*Edg.* But by your favour,  
How near's the other army?

*Gent.* Near, and on speedy foot: the main descry  
Stands on the hourly thought.

*Edg.* I thank you, Sir.

*Gent.* Though that the Queen on special cause is here,  
Her army is mov'd on.

[*Exit.*

*Glo.* You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me;  
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again  
To die before you please!

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.

*Glo.* Now, good Sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,  
Who by the art of knowing and feeling sorrows,  
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,  
I'll lead you to some bidding.

*Glo.* Hearty thanks;  
The bounty and the benison of heav'n  
To boot!

S C E N E IX.

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* A proclaim'd prize! this is most happy!  
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh

To



To raise my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,  
Briefly thy self remember: the sword is out  
That must destroy thee.

*Glo.* Let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to it.

*Stew.* Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? hence,  
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take  
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Chill not let go, Zir, without vurther 'casion.

*Stew.* Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor volk pass:  
an 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been  
zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man:  
keep out, che vor'ye, or ice try whether your costard or my bat  
be the harder; chill be plain with you.

*Stew.* Out, dunghill!

*Edg.* Chill pick your teeth, Zir: come, no matter vor your  
foyns. [Edgar knocks him down.]

*Stew.* Slave, thou hast slain me: villain, take my purse;  
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,  
And give the letters which thou find'st about me  
To *Edmund* Earl of *Glo'ster*: seek him out  
On th' *Englisch* party. Oh untimely death, ---

[Dies.]

*Edg.* I know thee well, a serviceable villain;  
As duteous to the vices of thy Mistress,  
As badness would desire.

*Glo.* What, is he dead?

*Edg.* Sit you down, father: rest you.  
Let's see these pockets; the letters that he speaks of  
May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only sorry  
He had no other deathsmen. Let us see ---  
By your leave, gentle wax --- and manners blame us not:  
To know our enemies minds we rip their hearts,  
Their papers are more lawful.

*Reads*



*Reads the Letter.*

**L**ET our reciprocal vows be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

*Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate  
Servant, Gonerill.*

Oh undistinguish'd space of woman's will!<sup>a</sup>  
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,  
And the exchange my brother. Here, i'th' sands  
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified  
Of murtherous lechers: and in mature time,  
With this ungracious paper strike the fight  
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,  
That of thy death and business I can tell.

*Glo.* The King is mad; how stiff is my vile sense,  
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling  
Of my huge sorrows! better I were distract,  
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs, [*Drum afar off.*  
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose  
The knowledge of themselves.

*Edg.* Give me your hand:  
Far off methinks I hear the beaten drum.  
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

(a) Meaning, that the variations in it are so sudden, and their liking and loathing follow so quick upon each other, that there is no distinguishable space between them.



## SCENE X.

*A Chamber.**Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.*

*Cor.* **O** Thou good *Kent*, how shall I live and work  
To match thy goodness? life will be too short,  
And ev'ry measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid;  
All my reports go with the modest truth,  
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

*Cor.* Be better suited;  
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:  
I pr'ythee, put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon, dear Madam,  
Yet to be known shortens my made intent;  
My boon I make it, that you know me not,  
'Till time and I think meet.

*Cor.* Then be it so,  
My Lord. — How does the King? *[To the Physician.]*

*Phys.* Madam, sleeps still.

*Cor.* O you kind Gods!  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature,  
Th' untun'd and jarring senses O wind up  
Of this child-changed father!

*Phys.* Please your Majesty,  
That we may wake the King? he hath slept long.

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed  
I' th' sway of your own will: is he array'd?

*Enter Lear in a chair, carried by Servants.*

*Phys.* Ay, Madam; in the heaviness of sleep,  
We put fresh garments on him.

Be



Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him;  
I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.* O my dear father! Restauration hang  
Her medicine on my lips, and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made!

*Kent.* Kind and dear Princess!

*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these white flakes  
Did challenge pity of them. Was this face  
To be expos'd against the warring winds?  
Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me, shou'd  
Have stood that night against my fire: and wast  
Thou fain, poor father, to hovel thee with swine  
And rogues forlorn, in short and musty straw?  
Alack, 'tis wonder that thy life and wits,  
At once, had not concluded all. He wakes,  
Speak to him.

*Phys.* Madam, do you speak, 'tis fittest.

*Cor.* How does my royal Lord? how fares your Majesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave;  
Thou art a foul in blifs, but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit I know, when did you die?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide ---

*Phys.* He's scarce awake, let him alone a while.

*Lear.* Where have I been? where am I? fair day-light?  
I'm much abus'd; I should ev'n die with pity  
To see another thus. I know not what;  
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see,  
I feel this pin prick: would I were assur'd  
Of my condition.

*Cor.* O look on me, Sir,  
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.  
No, Sir, you must not kneel.



*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me;  
 I am a very foolish fond old man,  
 Fourscore and upward, and to deal plainly with you,  
 I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
 Methinks I should know you, and know this man,  
 Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant  
 What place this is, and all the skill I have  
 Remembers not these garments; nay, I know not  
 Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,  
 For, as I am a man, I think this Lady  
 To be my child *Cordelia*.

*Cor.* And so I am; I am —

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith; I pray you, weep not.  
 If you have poison for me, I will drink it;  
 I know you do not love me; for your sisters  
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.  
 You have some cause, they have none.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in *France*?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, Sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Phys.* Be comforted, good Madam; the great rage  
 You see is cur'd: desire him to go in.  
 And trouble him no more 'till further settling.

*Cor.* Will't please your Highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me;  
 Pray you now, forget and forgive,  
 I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT





ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Camp.*

*Enter Bastard, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

BASTARD.

**K** Now of the Duke if his last purpose hold,  
Or whether since he is advis'd by ought  
To change the course? he's full of alteration,  
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.

*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

*Bast.* 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

*Reg.* Now, sweet Lord,  
You know the goodness I intend upon you:  
Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,  
Do you not love my sister?

*Bast.* In honour'd love.

*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way  
To the fore-fended place?

*Bast.* No, by mine honour.

*Reg.* I never shall endure her; dear my Lord,  
Be not familiar with her.

*Bast.* Fear not; she and the Duke her husband----

*Enter Albany, Gonerill, and Soldiers.*

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, well be met:  
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his daughter  
With others, whom the rigour of our state  
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest  
I never yet was valiant: for this business,  
It toucheth us as *France* invades our land,  
Not holds to th' King, with others, whom I fear  
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

*Reg.*



*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?

*Gon.* Combine together 'gainst the enemy:  
For these domestick and particular broils  
Are not the question here.

*Alb.* Let's then determine with th' Ancients of war  
On our proceeding.

*Reg.* Sister, you'll go with us?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* It is most convenient, pray, go with us.

*Gon.* Oh ho, I know the riddle, I will go. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Manet Albany. Enter Edgar disguis'd.*

*Edg.* If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,  
Hear me one word.

*Alb.* I'll overtake you: — speak.

*Edg.* Before you fight the battel, ope this letter.  
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet sound  
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,  
I can produce a champion, that will prove  
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

*Alb.* Stay 'till I've read the letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it.  
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,  
And I'll appear again.

[*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

*Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.  
Hard is the guess of their true strength and forces,  
By diligent discovery; but your haste  
Is now urg'd on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE



## SCENE III.

*Bast.* To both these sisters have I sworn my love:  
 Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
 Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?  
 Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoy'd,  
 If both remain alive: to take the widow,  
 Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonerill*,  
 And hardly shall I carry out my fide,  
 Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use  
 His countenance for the battel; which being done,  
 Let her who would be rid of him devise  
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
 Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,  
 The battel done, and they within our power,  
 They shall ne'er see his pardon: for my state  
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

*A Field.*

*Alarum within.* Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia,  
 and Soldiers over the stage, and exeunt.

*Enter Edgar and Glo'ster.*

*Edg.* **H**ere, father, take the shadow of this tree  
 For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:  
 If ever I return to you again,  
 I'll bring you comfort.

*Glo.* Grace be with you, Sir! [Exit Edgar.  
[Alarum and retreat within.

*Re-enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;

King



King *Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en,  
Give me thy hand. Come on.

*Glo.* No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.

*Edg.* What, in ill thoughts again? men must endure  
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither:  
Ripeness is all; come on.

*Glo.* And that's true too.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

*A Camp.*

*Enter Bastard; Lear and Cordelia as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.*

*Bast.* **S**OME officers take them away; good guard,  
Until their greater pleasures first be known  
That are to censure them.

*Cor.* We're not the first,  
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst:  
For thee, oppressed King, I am cast down,  
My self could else out-frown false fortune's frown.  
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

*Lear.* No, no, no, no; come, let's away to prison;  
We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage:  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down  
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court-news, and we'll talk with them too,  
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out:  
And take upon's the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones  
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

*Bast.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my *Cordelia*,

The



The Gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?  
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heav'n,  
And fire us hence like foxes; wipe thine eye,  
The gouters shall devour them flesh and fell,  
Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see 'em starv'd first.  
Come. [*Ex. Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*]

*Bast.* Come thou hither, captain, hark. [*Whispering.*]  
Take thou this note, go follow them to prison.  
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost  
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men  
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded  
Do's not become a sword; my great imployment  
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,  
Or thrive by other means.

*Capt.* I'll do't, my Lord.

*Bast.* About it, and write happy, when thou'lt done.  
Mark, I say instantly, and carry it so  
As I have set it down. [*Exit Captain.*]

SCENE VI.

*To him, Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, and Soldiers.*

*Alb.* Sir, you have shew'd to-day your valiant strain,  
And fortune led you well: you have the captives  
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:  
I do require them of you, so to use them,  
As we shall find their merits and our safety  
May equally determine.

*Bast.* I thought fit  
To send the old and miserable King  
To some retention and appointed guard;  
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
To pluck the common bosoms on his side,  
And turn our imprest launces in our eyes  
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen,



My reason all the same; and they are ready  
To-morrow, or at further space, t' appear  
Where we shall hold our session.

*Alb.* Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subject of this war,  
Not as a brother.

*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him.  
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded  
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our pow'rs,  
Bore the commission of my place and person,  
The which immediate may well stand up,  
And call it self your brother.

*Gon.* Not so hot:  
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your advancement.

*Reg.* In my right,  
By me invested, he compeers the best.

*Alb.* That were the most, if he should husband you.

*Reg.* Jesters do oft prove prophets.

*Gon.* Holla, holla!  
That eye that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

*Reg.* Lady, I am not well, else I should answer  
From a full flowing stomach. General,  
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,  
Dispose of them, of me, they all are thine:  
Witness the world that I create thee here  
My Lord and master.

*Gon.* Mean you to enjoy him?

*Alb.* The lett alone lyes not in your good will.

*Bast.* Nor in thine, Lord.

*Alb.* Half-blooded fellow, yes.

*Reg.* Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine. [*To the Bast.*  
[*They offer to go out.*

*Alb.* Stay: hear my reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee  
On capital treason, and in thy arrest,  
This gilded serpent: for your claim, fair sister,



I bar it in the interest of my wife;  
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,  
And I her husband contradict your banes.  
If you will marry, make your loves to me,  
My Lady is bespoke.

*Gon.* An enterlude!

*Alb.* Thou art arm'd, *Glo'ster*, let the trumpet found:  
If none appear to prove upon thy person  
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,  
There is my pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart,  
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less  
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

*Reg.* Sick, O sick ---

*Gon.* If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

[*Aside.*

*Bast.* There's my exchange; what in the world he is  
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies;  
Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach,  
On him, on you, (whom not?) I will maintain  
My truth and honour firmly.

*Alb.* A herald, ho!

Trust to thy single virtues; for thy soldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

*Reg.* My sickness grows upon me.

*Alb.* She is not well, convey her to my tent.

[*Exit Reg.*

SCENE VII.

*Enter a Herald.*

Come hither, herald, let the trumpet found,  
And read out this.

[*A trumpet sounds.*

*Herald reads.*

**I***F any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army, will  
maintain upon Edmund supposed Earl of Glo'ster, that he is a*



*manifest traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet:  
he is bold in his defence.*

1 trumpet.

*Her. Again.*

2 trumpet.

*Her. Again.*

3 trumpet.

*[Trumpet answers him within.]*

*Enter Edgar armed.*

*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears  
Upon this call o'th' trumpet.

*Her.* What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer  
This present summons?

*Edg.* Know, my name is lost,  
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit;  
Yet am I noble as the adversary  
I come to cope.

*Alb.* Which is that adversary?

*Edg.* What's he that speaks for *Edmund* Earl of *Glo'ster*?

*Bast.* Himself; what say'st thou to him?

*Edg.* Draw thy sword,  
That if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:  
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,  
My oath, and my profession. I protest,  
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,  
Spight of thy victor-sword, and fire-new fortune,  
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;  
False to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father,  
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,  
And from th'extremest upward of thy head,  
To the descent and dust below thy foot,  
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou no,  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent  
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
Thou liest.

*Bast.* In wisdom I should ask thy name;

But



But since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,  
And that thy tongue some 'say<sup>a</sup> of breeding breathes,  
What safe and nicely I might well delay  
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurn:  
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,  
With the hell-hated lie o'er-whelm thy heart,  
To which (for they yet glance by, scarcely bruising)  
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,  
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak. [*Alarum. Fight.*  
Bastard falls.

*Gon.* Save him, O save him; this is practice, *Glo'ster*:  
By th' law of war, thou wast not bound to answer  
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,  
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

*Alb.* Shut your mouth, dame,  
Or with this paper shall I stop it;  
Thou worse than any thing, read thine own evil:  
No tearing, Lady, I perceive you know it.

*Gon.* Say if I do, the laws are mine, not thine;  
Who can arraign me for't?

*Alb.* Monster, know'st thou  
This paper?

*Gon.* Ask me not what I do know. [*Exit Gon.*

*Alb.* Go after her, she's desperate, govern her.

S C E N E VIII.

*Bast.* What you have charg'd me with, that I have done,  
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.  
'Tis past, and so am I: but what art thou  
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,  
I do forgive thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange our charity:  
I am no less in blood than thou art, *Edmund*;  
If more, the more thou'st wrong'd me.  
My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's son.

(a) 'Say for Essay, some shew or probability.



The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
 Make instruments to plague and punish us :  
 The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,  
 Cost him his eyes.

*Bast.* Thou'lt spoken right, 'tis true,  
 The wheel is come full circle, I am here.

*Alb.* Methought thy very gate did prophesie [To Edgar.  
 A royal nobleness ; I must embrace thee :  
 Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I  
 Did hate thee or thy father.

*Edg.* Worthy Prince,  
 I know it well.

*Alb.* Where have you hid your self ?  
 How have you known the miseries of your father ?

*Edg.* By nursing them, my Lord. Lift a brief tale,  
 And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst !  
 The bloody proclamation to escape  
 That follow'd me so near, (O our lives sweetness !  
 That we the pain of death would hourly bear  
 Rather than die at once) taught me to shift  
 Into a mad-man's rags, t' assume a semblance  
 The very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit  
 Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
 Their precious gems new lost ; became his guide,  
 Led him, beg'd for him, sav'd him from despair,  
 Never (O fault) reveal'd my self unto him,  
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,  
 Not sure though hoping of this good success,  
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
 Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,  
 Alack, too weak the conflict to support,  
 'Twixt too extreams of passion, joy and grief,  
 Burst smilingly.

*Bast.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me,  
 And shall perchance do good ; but speak you on,  
 You look as you had something more to say.

*Alb.*



*Alb.* If there be more, more woful, hold it in,  
For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
Hearing of this.

SCENE IX.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Help, help!

*Edg.* What kind of help?

*Alb.* Speak, man.

*Edg.* What means this bloody knife?

*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smoaks, it came even from the heart  
Of—— O! she's dead.

*Alb.* Who's dead? speak, man.

*Gent.* Your Lady, Sir, your Lady; and her sifter  
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

*Bast.* I was contracted to them both; all three  
Now marry in an instant.

*Edg.* Here comes *Kent*.

*Enter Kent.*

*Alb.* Produce the bodies, be they live or dead.

[*Gonerill and Regan's bodies brought out.*

This judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,

Touches us not with pity.—— O! is this He?

The time will not allow the compliment

[*To Kent.*

Which very manners urge.

*Kent.* Sir, I am come  
To bid my King and Master aye good night;  
Is he not here?

*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot!  
Speak, *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?  
See'st thou this object, *Kent*?

[*Pointing to the dead bodies.*

*Kent.* Alack, why thus?

*Bast.* Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:  
The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
And after slew her self.

*Alb.*



*Alb.* Even so; cover their faces.

*Bast.* I pant for life; some good I mean to do,  
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send  
(Be brief) into the castle; for my writ  
Is on the life of *Lear* and *Cordelia*:  
Nay, send in time.

*Alb.* Run, run, O run, make haste.

*Edg.* To whom, my Lord? who has the office? send  
Thy token of reprieve.

*Bast.* Well thought on, take my sword,  
Give it the captain ----

*Edg.* Haste thee for thy life.

[*Ex. Messenger.*]

*Bast.* He hath commission from thy wife and me  
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair.

*Alb.* The Gods defend her! bear him hence a while.

[*Bastard is born off.*]

## SCENE X.

*Enter Lear with Cordelia dead in his arms.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl, ---- O, you are men of stone,  
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,  
That heaven's vault should crack; she's gone for ever!  
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;  
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking-glass,  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?

*Lear.* This feather stirs, she lives; if it be so,  
It is a chance which do's redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O my good master!

[*Kneeling.*]

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, away ----

*Edg.* 'Tis noble *Kent* your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murth'ers, traitors all!  
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!

*Cor-*



*Cordelia, Cordelia*, stay a little. Ha! —  
What is't thou say'st? her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.  
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

*Gent.* 'Tis true, my Lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow?

I've seen the day, with my good biting faulchion  
I would have made them skip: I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?  
Mine eyes are none o'th' best. I'll tell you strait.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,  
One of them we behold.

*Lear.* Are you not *Kent*?

*Kent.* The same; your servant *Kent*;  
Where is your servant *Caius*?

*Lear.* 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that,  
He'd strike, and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good Lord, I am the very man, —

*Lear.* I'll see that strait.

*Kent.* That from your first of difference and decay,  
Have follow'd your sad steps.

*Lear.* You're welcome hither.

*Kent.* 'Twas no man else: all's cheerless, dark, and deadly:  
Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,  
And desp'rately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says, and vain is it  
That we present us to him.

*Edg.* Very bootless.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* *Edmund* is dead, my Lord.

*Alb.* That's but a trifle.

You Lords and noble friends, know our intent;  
What comfort to this great decay may come,  
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will resign,

VOL. III.

O

During



During the life of this old Majesty,  
 To him our absolute power: to you, your rights, [To Edg.  
 With boot, and such addition as your honours  
 Have more than merited. All friends shall taste  
 The wages of their virtue, and all foes  
 The cup of their deservings.

*Lear.* O see, see —

And my poor fool is hang'd: no, no, no life?  
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,  
 And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,  
 Never, never, never, never, never, —  
 Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir;  
 Do you see this? look on her, look on her lips,  
 Look there, look there — [He dies.

*Edg.* He faints; my Lord! —

*Kent.* Break, heart, I pr'ythee, break.

*Edg.* Look up, my Lord!

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost: oh, let him pass! He hates him,  
 That would upon the rack of this rough world  
 Stretch him out longer.

*Edg.* He is gone indeed.

*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:  
 He but usurpt his life.

*Alb.* Bear them from hence, our present business  
 Is general woe: friends of my soul, you twain,  
 Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

*Kent.* I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go;  
 My Master calls me, I must not say no.

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must obey,  
 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.  
 The oldest hath born most; we that are young  
 Shall never see so much, live e'er so long.

[Exeunt with a dead march.



*[Faint, mostly illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text appears to be organized into several paragraphs.]*



King JOHN. A.D. 1200.





*F. Hayman inv.*

*H. Gravelot Sculp.*

King JOHN. Act. 5. Sc. 9.



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THE  
*LIFE and DEATH*  
OF  
KING JOHN.

---



## Dramatis Personæ.

**KING** John.

*Prince Henry, Son to the King.*

*Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.*

Pembroke,

Essex,

Salisbury,

Bigot,

} *English Lords.*

Hubert, *an English Gentleman.*

Philip Faulconbridge, *Bastard-Son to Richard the First; afterwards knighted by the name of Sir Richard Plantagenet.*

Robert Faulconbridge, *suppos'd Brother to the Bastard.*

James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.*

Peter of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of France.*

Lewis, *the Dauphin.*

*Arch-Duke of Austria.*

Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*

Melun, *a French Lord.*

Chatilion, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of England.*

Constance, *Mother to Arthur.*

Blanch, *Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Neice to King John.*

Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.*

*Citizens of Angiers, Herald, Executioners, Messengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

THE







<sup>a</sup> The L I F E and D E A T H of  
K I N G J O H N.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Court of ENGLAND.*

*Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with Chatilion.*

*King J O H N.*

**N**OW say, *Chatilion*, what would *France* with us?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of  
*France*,

In my behaviour, to the Majesty  
The borrow'd Majesty of *England* here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning; borrow'd Majesty!

*K. John.* Silence, good mother, hear the embassie.

*Chat.* *Philip* of *France*, in right and true behalf  
Of thy deceased brother *Geffrey's* Son,  
*Arthur Plantagenet*, lays lawful claim  
To this fair Island, and the territories:  
To *Ireland*, *Poictiers*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*:  
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,  
And put the same into young *Arthur's* hand,  
Thy nephew, and right royal Sovereign.

(a) *The troublesome reign of K. John was written in two parts by W. Shakespear and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the present Play is entirely different, and infinitely superiour to it.*

*K. John.*



K. *John*. What follows, if we disallow of this?

*Chat*. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,  
T' inforce these rights so forcibly with-held.

K. *John*. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,  
Controulment for controulment; so answer *France*.

*Chat*. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,  
The farthest limit of my embassie.

K. *John*. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.  
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,  
For ere thou canst report, I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.  
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,  
And fullen presage of your own decay.

An honourable conduct let him have,  
*Pembroke*, look to't; farewell, *Chatilion*. [Ex. *Chat*. and *Pem*.]

*Eli*. What now, my son, have I not ever said  
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease  
'Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,  
Upon the right and party of her son?  
This might have been prevented, and made whole  
With very easie arguments of love;  
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. *John*. Our strong possession and our right for us.

*Eli*. Your strong possession much more than your right,  
Or else it must go wrong with you and me;  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,  
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I shall hear.

*Essex*. My Liege, here is the strangest controverſie  
Come from the country to be judg'd by you  
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. *John*. Let them approach.  
Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay  
This expedition's charge — What men are you?

SCENE



## SCENE II.

*Enter Robert Faulconbridge and the Bastard.*

*Bast.* Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman  
Born in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same *Faulconbridge*.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?  
You came not of one mother then it seems?

*Bast.* Most certain of one mother, mighty King,  
That is well known, and as I think one father:  
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to heav'n and to my mother;  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man, thou dost shame thy mother,  
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

*Bast.* I, Madam? no, I have no reason for it;  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine,  
The which if he can prove, he pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:  
Heav'n guard my mother's honour and my land!

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow: why, being younger born,  
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

*Bast.* I know not why, except to get the land;  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:  
But whether I be true begot or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head;  
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,  
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)  
Compare our faces, and be judge your self.  
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,  
And were our father, and this son like him;



O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee  
I give heav'n thanks I was not like to thee.

*K. John*. Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us here?

*Eli*. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion*'s face,  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man?

*K. John*. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
And finds them perfect *Richard*: sirrah, speak,  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

*Bast*. Because he hath a half-face, like my father,  
With that half-face would he have all my land?  
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year?

*Rob*. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,  
Your brother did imploy my father much ----

*Bast*. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.  
Your tale must be how he imploy'd my mother.

*Rob*. And once dispatch'd him in an embassie  
To *Germany*; there with the Emperor  
To treat of high affairs touching that time:  
Th' advantage of his absence took the King,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;  
Where, how he did prevail, I shame to speak:  
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores  
Between my father and my mother lay,  
(As I have heard my father speak himself)  
When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me, and took it on his death  
That this my mother's son was none of his;  
An if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time:  
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

*K. John*. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate,  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:

And



And if she did play false, the fault was hers,  
Which fault lyes on the hazard of all husbands  
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
Who as you say took pains to get this son,  
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?  
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.  
In sooth he might; then if he were my brother's,  
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,  
Being none of his, refuse him; this concludes,  
My mother's son did get your father's heir,  
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of no force  
To dispossess that child which is not his?

*Bast.* Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

*Eli.* Say, hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,  
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:  
Or the reputed son of *Cœur-de-lion*,  
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

*Bast.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, Sir *Robert's*, his, like him,  
And if my legs were two such riding rods,  
My arms such eel-skins stuf; my face so thin,  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,<sup>a</sup>  
Left men should say, look where three farthings goes;  
And with his shape were heir to all this land;  
Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face:  
I would not be <sup>b</sup> Sir *Nobbe* in any case.

*Eli.* I like thee well; wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?  
I am a foldier and now bound to *France*.

(a) Alluding to the three-farthing pieces current in Queen Elizabeth's time which had a rose on the reverse: and being of silver they must be supposed to be very thin.

(b) Sir Nobbe, a nickname, in contempt, of Sir Robert.



*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;  
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,  
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

*Bast.* Our country manners give our betters way.

*K. John.* What is thy name?

*Bast.* *Philip*, my Liege, so is my name begun,  
*Philip*, good old Sir *Robert*'s wife's eldest son.

*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:  
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise up more great,  
Arise Sir *Richard* and *Plantagenet*.

*Bast.* Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand,  
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.  
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,  
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away!

*Eli.* The very spirit of *Plantagenet*!  
I am thy grandam; *Richard*, call me so.

*Bast.* Madam, by chance, but not by truth, what tho'?  
Something about, a little from the right,  
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:  
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,  
And have is have, however men do catch;  
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,  
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

*K. John.* Go, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,  
A landless Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire:  
Come, Madam, and come, *Richard*; we must speed  
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more than need.

*Bast.* Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee!  
For thou was got i' th' way of honesty. [Ex. all but *Bast.*

### SCENE III.

A foot of honour better than I was,  
But many, many a foot of land the worse!

Well,



Well, now can I make any *Joan* a Lady.  
 Good-den, Sir *Richard*, — Godamercy, fellow,  
 And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;  
 For new-made honour doth forget mens names:  
 'Tis too respective and unfociable  
 For your conversing. Now your traveller,  
 He and his tooth-pick at my Worship's mefs;  
 And when my knightly stomach is fuffic'd,  
 Why then I fuck my teeth, and catechife  
 My picked man of countries, — my dear Sir,  
 (Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin)  
 I shall beseech you, — that is Question now,  
 And then comes Answer like an A B C-book:  
 O Sir, says Answer, at your best command,  
 At your employment, at your service, Sir: —  
 No, Sir, says Question, I, sweet Sir, at yours, —  
 And so ere Answer knows what Question would,  
 Serving in dialogue of compliment,  
 And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,  
 The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*,  
 It draws towards supper in conclusion so.  
 But this is worshipful society,  
 And fits the mounting spirit like my self:  
 For he is but a bastard to the time,  
 That doth not smack of observation,  
 (And so am I whether I smack or no)  
 And not alone in habit and device,  
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;  
 But from the inward motion too deliver  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison<sup>a</sup> for the age's tooth;  
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;  
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.  
 But who comes in such haste in riding robes?  
 What woman-post is this? hath she no husband

(a) *Meaning*, Flattery.



That will take pains to blow a horn before her?  
 O me, it is my mother; now, good Lady,  
 What brings you here to Court so hastily?

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.*

*Lady.* Where is that flave, thy brother? where is he,  
 That holds in chafe mine honour up and down?

*Bast.* My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert's* son,  
*Colbrand* the giant, that same mighty man,  
 Is it Sir *Robert's* son that you seek so?

*Lady.* Sir *Robert's* son? ay, thou unrev'rent boy,  
 Sir *Robert's* son, why scorn'st thou at Sir *Robert*?  
 He is Sir *Robert's* son, and so art thou.

*Bast.* *James Gurney*, wilt thou give us leave a while?

*Gur.* Good leave, good *Philip*.

*Bast.* *Philip*! spare me, *James*.

There's toys abroad, anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit James.*

Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert's* son.

Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me

Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his fast:

Sir *Robert* could do well; marry, confers!

Could he get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it;

We know his handy-work, therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs?

Sir *Robert* never help'd to make this leg.

*Lady.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,  
 That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?  
 What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

*Bast.* Knight, Knight, good mother, — *Basilisco-like*.<sup>a</sup> —  
 Why, I am dub'd, I have it on my shoulder:  
 But, mother, I am not Sir *Robert's* son,  
 I have disclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land,

(a) Alluding to a part in a Play known at that time, call'd *Soliman and Perseda*.



Legitimation, name, and all is gone ;  
Then, good my mother, let me know my father ;  
Some proper man, I hope ; who was it, mother ?

*Lady.* Hast thou deny'd thy self a *Faulconbridge* ?

*Bast.* As faithfully as I deny the devil.

*Lady.* King *Richard Cœur-de-lion* was thy father ;  
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
To make room for him in my husband's bed.  
Heav'n lay not my transgression to my charge !  
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,  
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

*Bast.* Now by this light were I to get again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father.  
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly ;  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
Subjected tribute to commanding love,  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The awless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard's* hands.  
He that per force robs lions of their hearts,  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father.  
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well  
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.  
Come, Lady, I will shew thee to my kin,  
And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,  
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin ;  
Who says it was, he lies ; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT





## ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *before the walls of Angiers in France.*

*Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the Arch-Duke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.*

LEWIS.

**B**Efore *Angiers* well met, brave *Austria*.  
*Arthur!* that great fore-runner of thy blood  
*Richard*, that robb'd the lion of his heart  
 And fought the holy wars in *Palestine*,  
 By this brave Duke came early to his grave:  
 And for amends to his posterity,  
 At our importance hither is he come,  
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;  
 And to rebuke the usurpation  
 Of thy unnatural uncle, *English John*.  
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.  
*Arth.* God shall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion's* death.  
 The rather, that you give his off-spring life,  
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war.  
 I give you welcome with a pow'rless hand,  
 But with a heart full of unstained love:  
 Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, Duke.

*Lewis.* A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
 As seal to this indenture of my love;  
 That to my home I will no more return,  
 'Till *Angiers* and the right thou hast in *France*,  
 Together with that pale that white-fac'd shore  
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
 And coops from other lands her islanders;  
 Ev'n 'till that *England*, hedg'd in with the main,

That



That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,  
Ev'n 'till that outmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her King. 'Till then, fair boy,  
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,  
'Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,  
To make a more requital to your love.

*Aust.* The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their swords  
In such a just and charitable war.

*K. Philip.* Well then, to work; our engines shall be bent  
Against the brows of this resisting town;  
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,  
To cull the plots of best advantages.  
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in *Frenchmens* blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your embassie,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.  
My Lord *Chatilion* may from *England* bring  
That right in peace, which here we urge in war,  
And then we shall repent each drop of blood  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Enter Chatilion.*

*K. Philip.* A wonder, Lady! lo, upon thy wish  
Our messenger *Chatilion* is arriv'd;  
What *England* says, say briefly, gentle Lord,  
We coldly pause for thee. *Chatilion*, speak.

*Chat.* Then turn your forces from this paultry siege,  
And stir them up against a mightier task.  
*England*, impatient of your just demands,  
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have staid, have giv'n him time  
To land his legions all as soon as I.  
His marches are expedient to this town,

His



His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
 With him along is come the Mother-Queen;  
 An *Até*, stirring him to blood and strife.  
 With her her neice, the Lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;  
 With them a bastard of the King deceas'd,  
 And all th' unsettled humours of the land;  
 Rash, inconfid'rate, fiery voluntaries,  
 With ladies faces, and fierce dragons spleens,  
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
 Bearing their birthright proudly on their backs,  
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits  
 Than now the *English* bottoms have waft o'er,  
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
 To do offence and scathe in Christendom.  
 The interruption of their churlish drums  
 Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand.  
 To parly or to fight therefore prepare.

[Drums beat.]

K. *Philip*. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

*Aust*. By how much unexpected, by so much  
 We must awake endeavour for defence;  
 For courage mounteth with occasion:  
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter King of England, Bastard, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke,  
 and others.*

K. *John*. Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace permit  
 Our just and lineal entrance to our own:  
 If not, bleed *France*, and peace ascend to heav'n!  
 Whilst we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
 Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heav'n.

K. *Philip*. Peace be to *England*, if that war return  
 From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace!  
*England* we love, and for that *England's* sake

With



With burthen of our armour here we sweat;  
 This toil of ours should be a work of thine.  
 But thou from loving *England* art so far,  
 That thou hast under-wrought its lawful King,  
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
 Out-faced infant state, and done a rape  
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
 Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey's* face,  
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;  
 This little abstract doth contain that large  
 Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the hand of time  
 Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.  
 That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,  
 And this his son; *England* was *Geffrey's* right,  
 And this is *Geffrey's*; in the name of God  
 How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,  
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
 Which own the crown that thou o'er-mastereft?

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commission, *France*,  
 To draw my answer to thy articles?

*K. Philip.* From that supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts  
 In any breast of strong authority,  
 To look into the blots and stains of right.  
 That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;  
 Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,  
 And by whose help I mean to chastise it.<sup>a</sup>

(a) ----- I mean to chastise it.

*K. John.* Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

*K. Philip.* Excuse it, 'tis to beat usurping down.

*Eli.* Who is't that thou dost call usurper, *France*?

*Const.* Let me make answer: thy usurping son.

*Eli.* Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be King,  
 That thou may'st be a Queen, and check the world!

*Const.* My bed was ever to thy son as true,  
 As thine was to thy husband; and this boy,  
 Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*,  
 Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like  
 As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard! by my soul I think  
 His father never was so true begot;  
 It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

*Eli.* There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

*Const.* There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.



*Lewis.* King *John*, this is the very sum of all;  
*England*, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,  
 In right of *Arthur* do I claim of thee:  
 Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

*K. John.* My life as soon. I do defie thee, *France*.  
*Arthur* of *Bretagne*, yield thee to my hand,  
 And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,  
 Than e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win.<sup>a</sup>

*Aust.* Peace.

*Bast.* Hear the crier.

*Aust.* What the devil art thou?

*Bast.* One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,  
 An a' may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,  
 Whose valour plucks dead Lions by the beard;  
 I'll smook your skin-coat, an I catch you right;  
 Sirrah, look to't, i' faith I will, i' faith.

*Blanch.* O well did he become that Lion's robe,  
 That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

*Bast.* It lyes as lightly on the back of him,  
 As great *Alcides'* shews upon an *Ass*;  
 But, *Ass*, I'll take that burthen from your back,  
 Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

*Aust.* What cracker is this same that deafs our ears  
 With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King *Lewis*, determine what we shall do straight.

*Lewis.* Women and fools, break off your conference.

(a) ----- of *France* can win;  
 Submit thee, boy.

*Eli.* Come to thy grandam, child.

*Const.* Do, child, go to it grandam, child,  
 Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will  
 Give it a plum, a cherry and a fig,  
 There's a good grandam.

*Arth.* Good my mother, peace;  
 I would that I were low laid in my grave,  
 I am not worth this coil that's made for me:

*Eli.* His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

*Const.* Now shame upon you whe'r she does or no!  
 His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's flames,  
 Draws those heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
 Which heav'n sh<sup>e</sup>ll take in nature of a fee:  
 With these sad chrystal beads heav'n shall be brib'd  
 To do him justice, and revenge on you.

*Eli.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heav'n and earth!

*Const.* Thou monstrous injurer of heav'n and earth,  
 Call me not slanderer; thou and thine usurp  
 The domination, royalties and rights  
 Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest son's son,  
 Infortunate in nothing but in thee:  
 Thy sins are visited in this poor child,  
 The canon of the law is laid on him,  
 Being but the second generation  
 Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. John.*



K. Philip. Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of *Angiers*; let us hear them speak,  
Whose title they admit, *Arthur's* or *John's*. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter a Citizen upon the walls.*

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Philip. 'Tis *France* for *England*.

K. John. *England* for it self;

You men of *Angiers* and my loving subjects ---

K. Philip. You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur's* subjects,  
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle ---

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first:

These flags of *France*, that are advanced here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

All preparations for a bloody siege

And merciless proceeding by these *French*,

Confront your city's eyes, your winking<sup>a</sup> gates;

And but for our approach, those sleeping stones

That as a waste do girdle you about,

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,

That he is not only plagued for her sin,

But God hath made her sin and her the plague

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,

And with her plague her sin; his injury

Her injury, the bedel to her sin,

All punish'd in the person of this child,

And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will; a wicked will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will.

K. Philip. Peace, Lady; pause, or be more temperate;

It ill beseems this presence to cry *Amen*

To these ill tuned repetitions.

(a) Winking, a metaphor for half-open.

Q<sup>2</sup>

By



By the compulsion of their ordinance  
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
 Had been dishabited, and wide havock made  
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
 But on the sight of us your lawful King,  
 (Who painfully with much expedient march  
 Have brought a counter-check before your gates,  
 To save unscratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)  
 Behold the *French* amaz'd vouchsafe a parole;  
 And now instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,  
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
 They shoot but calm words folded up in smoak,  
 To make a faithless error in your ears;  
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
 And let in us your King, whose labour'd spirits  
 Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,  
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. *Philip*. When I have said, make answer to us both.  
 Loe in this right hand, whose protection  
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
 Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet*,  
 Son to the elder brother of this man,  
 And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.  
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
 In warlike march these greens before your town:  
 Being no further enemy to you,  
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,  
 In the relief of this oppressed child,  
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then  
 To pay that duty which you truly owe  
 To him that owns it, namely this young Prince.  
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up:  
 Our cannons malice vainly shall be spent  
 Against th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n;  
 And with a blessed, and unvext retire,

With



With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,  
 We will bear home that lusty blood again  
 Which here we came to spout against your town;  
 And leave your children, wives and you in peace.  
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
 'Tis not the rounder<sup>a</sup> of your old-fac'd walls  
 Can hide you from our messengers of war;  
 Though all these *English*, and their discipline,  
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
 Then tell us, shall your city call us Lord,  
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?  
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,  
 And stalk in blood to our possession?

*Cit.* In brief, we are the King of *England*'s subjects;  
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

*K. John.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

*Cit.* That can we not; but he that proves the King,  
 To him will we prove loyal; 'till that time  
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of *England* prove the King?  
 And if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of *England*'s breed —

*Bast.* (Bastards, and else.)

*K. John.* To verifie our title with their lives.

*K. Philip.* As many, and as well born bloods as those —

*Bast.* (Some bastards too.)

*K. Philip.* Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

*Cit.* 'Till you compound whose right is worthiest,  
 We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,  
 That to their everlasting residence,  
 Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
 In dreadful tryal of our kingdom's King!

*K. Philip.* Amen, Amen! Mount, chevaliers, to arms.

*Bast.* Saint George that swindg'd the Dragon, and e'er since  
 Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,

(a) Or circle.

Teach



Teach us some fence! Sirrah, were I at home  
 At your den, Sirrah, with your Lions,  
 I'd set an Ox-head to your Lion's hide,<sup>a</sup>  
 And make a monster of you. [To Austria.

*Aust.* Peace, no more.

*Bast.* O tremble, for you hear the Lion roar.

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth  
 In best appointment all our regiments.

*Bast.* Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.

*K. Philip.* It shall be so; and at the other hill  
 Command the rest to stand. God and our right! [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

*Here, after excursions, enter the Herald of France with trumpets to the gates.*

*F. Her.* You men of *Angiers*, open wide your gates,  
 And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne* in;  
 Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made  
 Much work for tears in many an *English* mother,  
 Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground:  
 And many a widow's husband groveling lyes,  
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;  
 While Victory with little loss doth play  
 Upon the dancing banners of the *French*,  
 Who are at hand triumphantly display'd  
 To enter conquerors; and to proclaim  
*Arthur* of *Bretagne*, *England's* King, and yours.

*Enter English Herald with trumpets.*

*E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of *Angiers*; ring your bells;  
 King *John*, your King and *England's*, doth approach,  
 Commander of this hot malicious day.  
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,

(a) The Arch-Duke wore a Lion's hide which had belong'd to K. Richard Cœur-de-lion.



Hither return all gilt with *Frenchmens* blood.  
 There stuck no plume in any *English* crest,  
 That is removed by a staff of *France*.  
 Our colours do return in those same hands,  
 That did display them when we first march'd forth;  
 And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come  
 Our lusty *English*, all with purpled hands,  
 Stain'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.  
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

*Cit.* Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,  
 From first to last, the onset and retire  
 Of both your armies, whose equality  
 By our best eyes cannot be censured;  
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;  
 Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power.  
 Both are alike, and both alike we like;  
 One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,  
 We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter the two Kings with their Powers at several Doors.*

*K. John.* *France*, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?  
 Say, shall the current of our right run on?  
 Whose passage, vext with thy impediment,  
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell  
 With course disturb'd ev'n thy confining shores;  
 Unless thou let his silver water keep  
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

*K. Philip.* *England*, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood  
 In this hot tryal, more than we of *France*;  
 Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear  
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
 Before we will lay by our just-born arms,  
 We'll put thee down 'gainst whom these arms we bear,  
 Or add a royal number to the dead;

Gracing



Gracing the scroul that tells of this war's loss,  
With slaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

*Bast.* Ha! Majesty; how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire!  
Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs;  
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men  
In undetermin'd differences of Kings.

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
Cry havock, Kings; back to the stained field,  
You equal Potents, fiery-kindled spirits!  
Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; 'till then, blows, blood, and death!

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

*K. Philip.* Speak, citizens, for *England*, who's your King?

*Cit.* The King of *England*, when we know the King.

*K. Philip.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear possession of our person here,  
Lord of our presence, *Angiers*, and of you.

*Cit.* A greater pow'r than ye denies all this;  
And 'till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates.<sup>a</sup>

*Bast.* By heav'n, these scroyles of *Angiers* flout you, Kings,  
And stand securely on their battlements  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
You royal presences, be rul'd by me;  
Do like the Mutines of *Jerusalem*,  
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.  
By east and west let *France* and *England* mount  
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths,

(a) ----- in our strong-barr'd gates:  
Kings of our fear, until our fears resolv'd  
Be by some certain King purg'd and depos'd.  
*Bast.* By heav'n, &c.



'Till their soul-fearing clamours have braul'd down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.  
I'd play incessantly upon these jades;  
Even 'till unfenced desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
That done, dissever your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colours once again,  
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.  
Then in a moment fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion,  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?

K. John. Now by the sky that hangs above our heads,  
I like it well. France, shall we knit our pow'rs,  
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,  
Then after, fight who shall be King of it?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a King,  
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these sawcy walls;  
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell  
Make work upon our selves for heav'n or hell.

K. Philip. Let it be so; say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Philip. Our thunder from the south  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.<sup>a</sup>

Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchsafe a while to stay,  
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;

(a) ----- bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! from North to South;

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.

I'll stir them to it; come away, away.

Cit. Hear us, great Kings, &c.



Win you this city without stroak or wound ;  
 Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
 That here come sacrifices for the field :  
 Persevere not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. *John*. Speak on ; with favour we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the Lady *Blanch*,  
 Is near to *England* ; look upon the years  
 Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.  
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
 Where should he find it fairer than in *Blanch* ?  
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
 Where should he find it purer than in *Blanch* ?  
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
 Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady *Blanch* ?  
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
 Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat :  
 If not compleat, oh ! say he is not she ;  
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
 If want it be not, that she is not he.  
 He is the half part of a blessed man,  
 Left to be finished by such a she ;  
 And she a fair divided excellence,  
 Whose fulness of perfection lyes in him.  
 O ! two such silver currents, when they join,  
 Do glorifie the banks that bound them in :  
 And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,  
 To these two Princes, if you marry them.  
 This union shall do more than battery can,  
 To our fast-closed gates : for at this match,  
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
 And give you entrance ; but without this match,  
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
 Lions so confident, mountains and rocks  
 So free from motion, no not death himself

In



In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

*Bast.* Here's a stay,  
That shakes the rotten carcass of old death  
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth indeed,  
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks and seas,  
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.  
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoak and bounce,  
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:  
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his  
But buffets better than a fist of *France*;  
Zounds, I was never so bethumpt with words,  
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,  
Give with our neice a dowry large enough;  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unfur'd assurance to the crown,  
That yon green boy shall have no fun to ripe  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of *France*:  
Mark how they whisper, urge them while their souls  
Are capable of this ambition,  
Left zeal, now melted, by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions pity and remorse  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*Cit.* Why answer not the double Majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

*K. Philip.* Speak *England* first, that hath been forward first  
To speak unto this city: what say you?

*K. John.* If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely son,  
Can in this book of beauty read *I love*;  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a Queen.  
For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*,  
And all that we upon this side the sea,



(Except this city now by us besieg'd)  
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
 Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich  
 In titles, honours, and promotions;  
 As she in beauty, education, blood,  
 Holds hands with any Princess of the world.

*K. Philip.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the Lady's face.

*Lewis.* I do, my Lord, and in her eye I find  
 A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle,<sup>a</sup>  
 I do protest I never lov'd my self  
 'Till now infixed I behold my self,  
 Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye. [*Whispering with Blanch.*]

*Bast.* Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!  
 And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espie  
 Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,  
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be  
 In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will in this respect is mine.  
 If he see ought in you that makes him like,  
 That any thing, he sees, which moves his liking,  
 I can with ease translate it to my will:  
 Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
 I will enforce it easily to my love.  
 Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,  
 That all I see in you is worthy love,  
 Than this; that nothing do I see in you,  
 (Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge)  
 That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young ones? what say you, my neice?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still to do  
 What you in wisdom will vouchsafe to say.

(a) ---- miracle,

The shadow of my self form'd in her eye,  
 Which being but the shadow of your son,  
 Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:  
 I do protest ----

*K. John.*



K. *John*. Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this Lady?

*Lewis*. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,  
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. *John*. Then do I give *Volquessen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*,  
*Poitiers*, and *Anjou*, these five provinces,  
With her to thee, and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of *English* coin.  
*Philip* of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. *Philip*. It likes us well; young Princes, close your hands.<sup>a</sup>  
Now, citizens of *Angiers*, ope your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made:  
For at Saint *Mary's* chappel presently  
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.  
Is not the Lady *Constance* in this troop?  
I know she is not; for this match made up  
Her presence would have interrupted much.  
Where is she and her son, tell me, who knows?

*Lewis*. She's sad and passionate at your Highness' tent.

K. *Philip*. And by my faith, this league that we have made  
Will give her sadness very little cure.  
Brother of *England*, how may we content  
This widow Lady? in her right we came,  
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way  
To our own vantage.

K. *John*. We will heal up all,  
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne*,  
And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town  
We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Constance*,  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will,  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

(a) ----- close your hands.

*Ausl.* And your lips too, for I am well assur'd  
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. *Philip*. Now, citizens, &c.



That we shall stop her exclamation.  
 Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
 To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp. [Exeunt all but Bast.

## S C E N E VI.

*Bast.* Mad world, mad Kings, mad composition!  
*John* to stop *Arthur's* title in the whole,  
 Hath willingly departed with a part:  
 And *France*, whose armour conscience buckled on,  
 Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
 As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear  
 With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil,  
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,  
 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,  
 Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,  
 Who, as they have no external thing to lose  
 But the word *maids*, cheats the poor maids of that,  
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling *Commodity*;  
*Commodity*, the bias of the world:  
 The world, which of it self is poised well,  
 Made to run even, upon even ground;  
 'Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,  
 This sway of motion, this *Commodity*,  
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent:  
 And this same bias, this *Commodity*,  
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
 Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,  
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,  
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.  
 And why rail I on this *Commodity*?  
 But for because he hath not wooed me yet,  
 Nor that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
 When his fair angels would salute my palm;

But



But that my hand, as unattempted yet,  
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.  
 Well! while I am a beggar, I will rail,  
 And say there is no fin but to be rich:  
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
 To say there is no vice, but beggary.  
 Since Kings break faith upon Commodity,  
 Gain, be my Lord! for I will worship thee. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The French King's Pavilion.*

*Enter Constance, Arthur and Salisbury.*

CONSTANCE.

**G**One to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!  
 False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!  
 Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* those provinces?  
 It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;  
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again,  
 It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.  
 I think I may not trust thee, for thy word  
 Is but the vain breath of a common man:  
 I have a King's oath to the contrary.  
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
 For I am sick, and capable of fears,  
 Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:  
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,  
 A woman, naturally born to fears.  
 And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,  
 With my vext spirits I cannot take a truce,  
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?

What



What means that hand upon that breast of thine?  
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?  
 Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true, as I believe you think them false  
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Const.* Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;  
 And let belief and life encounter so,  
 As doth the fury of two desp'rate men,  
 Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.

*Lewis* wed *Blanch*! O boy, then where art thou?

*France* friend with *England*! what becomes of me?

Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy fight.<sup>a</sup>

*Arth.* I do beseech you, mother, be content.

*Const.* If thou that bidst me be content wert grim,  
 Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,  
 Full of unpleasing blots, and fightless stains,  
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
 Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;  
 I would not care, I then would be content:  
 For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou  
 Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
 But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!  
 Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.  
 Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,  
 And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, oh!  
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee,  
 Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John*,

(a) ---- I cannot brook thy fight;  
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

*Sal.* What other harm have I, good Lady, done,  
 But spoke the harm that is by others done?

*Const.* Which harm within it self so heinous is,  
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

*Arth.* I do beseech you, &c.



And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*  
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
And made his Majesty the bawd to theirs.  
*France* is a bawd to Fortune, and to *John*,  
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping *John*!  
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forsworn?  
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,  
And leave these woes alone which I alone  
Am bound to under-bear.

*Sal.* Pardon me, Madam,  
I may not go without you to the Kings.

*Const.* Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee.  
I will instruct my sorrow to be proud;  
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.  
To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
Let Kings assemble: for my grief's so great,  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up: Here I and sorrow sit;  
Here is my throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

[*Sits down on the Floor.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, the  
Bastard, and Austria.*

*K. Philip.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day  
Ever in *France* shall be kept festival:  
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun  
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,  
Turning with splendour of his precious eye  
The meager cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.  
The yearly course that brings this day about,  
Shall never see it but a holy-day.

*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holy-day. [Rising.]  
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,  
That it in golden letters should be set  
Among the high tides in the kalendar?



Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,  
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
 Or if it must stand still, let wives with child  
 Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,  
 Left that their hopes prodigiously be crost:  
 Except this day, let seamen fear no wreck;  
 No bargains break, that are not this day made;  
 This day all things begun come to ill end,  
 Yea, faith it self to hollow falsehood change!

*K. Philip.* By heaven, Lady, you shall have no cause  
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day:  
 Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty?

*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit  
 Resembling Majesty, which touch'd and try'd  
 Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn.  
 You came in arms to spill my enemies blood,  
 But now in arms, you strengthen it with yours.  
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war  
 Is cool'd in amity and painted peace,  
 And our oppression hath made up this league.  
 Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, against these perjur'd Kings!  
 A widow cries, be husband to me, heav'n!  
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
 Wear out the day in peace; but ere sun-set,  
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings.  
 Hear me, oh hear me!

*Aust.* Lady *Constance*, peace.

*Const.* War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war:  
 O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*! thou dost shame  
 That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,  
 Thou little valiant, great in villainy:  
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side;  
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
 But when her humourous Ladyship is by  
 To teach thee safety; thou art perjur'd too,  
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A



A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp, and swear,  
 Upon my party; thou cold-blooded slave,  
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,  
 Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend  
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
 Thou wear a Lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
 And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* O that a man would speak those words to me!

*Bast.* And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

*Bast.* And hang a calve's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Methinks that *Richard's* pride and *Richard's* fall  
 Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

*Bast.* What words are these? how do my sinews shake!  
 My father's foe clad in my father's spoil!  
 How doth *Alecto* whisper in my ears,  
*Delay not, Richard, kill the villain strait,*  
*Disrobe him of the matchless monument,*  
*Thy father's triumph o'er the savages!*  
 Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,  
 Twice will I not review the morning's rise,  
 'Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,  
 And split thy heart, for wearing it so long.

*K. John.* We like not this, thou dost forget thy self.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Pandulph.*

*K. Philip.* Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

*Pand.* Hail, you anointed Deputies of heav'n!  
 To thee, King *John*, my holy errand is;  
 I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,  
 And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,  
 Do in his name religiously demand  
 Why thou against the church our holy mother



So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce  
 Keep *Stephen Langton*, chosen Archbishop  
 Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See?  
 This in our foresaid holy father's name  
 Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. *John*. What earthly name to interrogatories  
 Can tax the free breath of a sacred King?  
 Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name  
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
 To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.  
 Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*  
 Add thus much more, that no *Italian* priest  
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:  
 But as we under heav'n are supreme head,  
 So, under it, that great supremacy  
 Where we do reign we will alone uphold,  
 Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.  
 So tell the Pope, all rev'rence set apart  
 To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. *Philip*. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

K. *John*. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom  
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
 And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
 Who in that sale sells pardon from himself:  
 Though you, and all the rest so grossly led,  
 This jugling witch-craft with revenue cherish,  
 Yet I alone, alone, do me oppose  
 Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

*Pand*. Then by the lawful power that I have,  
 Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate;  
 And blessed shall he be that doth revolt  
 From his allegiance to an heretick,  
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
 Canonized and worshipp'd as a Saint,

That



That takes away by any secret curse  
Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O, lawful let it be  
That I have leave with *Rome* to curse a while.  
Good father Cardinal, cry thou *Amen*  
To my keen curses; for without my wrong  
There is no tongue hath pow'r to curse him right.

*Pand.* There's law and warrant, Lady, for my curse.

*Const.* And for mine too; when law can do no right,  
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:  
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;  
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;  
Therefore since law it self is perfect wrong,  
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

*Pand.* *Philip* of *France*, on peril of a curse,  
Let go the hand of that Arch-heretick,  
And raise the pow'r of *France* upon his head,  
Unless he do submit himself to *Rome*.

*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, *France*? do not let go thy hand.

*Const.* Look to that, devil! lest that *France* repent,  
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.

*Aust.* King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinal.

*Bast.* And hang a calve's-skin on his recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,  
Because ---

*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.

*K. John.* *Philip*, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

*Const.* What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

*Lewis.* Bethink you, father; for the difference  
Is purchase of a heavy curse from *Rome*,  
Or the light loss of *England* for a friend;  
Forego the easier.

*Blanch.* That's the curse of *Rome*.

*Const.* *Lewis*, stand fast, the devil tempts thee here  
In likeness of a new and trimmed bride.

(a) ----- a new and trimmed bride.

*Blanch.* The Lady *Constance* speaks not from her faith:  
But from her need.

*Const.*



*K. Philip.* I am perplext, and know not what to say.

*Pand.* What can'st thou say, but will perplex thee more,  
If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

*K. Philip.* Good rev'rend father, make my person yours,  
And tell me how you would bestow your self:  
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,  
And the conjunction of our inward souls  
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together  
With all religious strength of sacred vows:  
The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,  
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love  
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves.  
And ev'n before this truce, but new before,  
No longer than we well could wash our hands  
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,  
Heav'n knows they were besmear'd and over-stain'd  
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint  
The fearful difference of incensed Kings.  
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,  
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?  
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heav'n,  
Make such unconstant children of our selves,  
As now again to snatch our palm from palm?  
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed  
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
And make a riot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity? O holy Sir,

*Const.* Oh, if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,  
That faith would live again by death of need:  
O then tread down my need, and faith mounts up:  
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

*K. John.* The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.

*Const.* O, be remov'd from him; and answer well.

*Aust.* Do so, King Philip, hang no more in doubt.

*Bast.* Hang nothing but a calve's-skin, most sweet lout.

*K. Philip.* I am perplext, &c.

My



My reverend father, let it not be so;  
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
Some gentle order, and we shall be blest  
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to *England's* love.  
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church!  
Or let the church our mother breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse on her revolting son.

*France*, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A chafed Lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

*K. Philip.* I may dis-join my hand, but not my faith.

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;  
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,  
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
First made to heav'n, first be to heav'n perform'd,  
That is, to be the champion of our church.

What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thy self,  
And may not be performed by thy self.

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss,  
Is most amiss, when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
The truth is then most done, not doing it.

The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again; though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falshood falshood cures, as fire cools fire  
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept,

But thou hast sworn against religion:

By that thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st;

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath, that truth thou art untrue

To swear: swear only not to be forsworn;

Else



Else what a mockery should it be to swear!  
 But thou dost swear, only to be forsworn,  
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
 Therefore thy latter vows, against thy first,  
 Is in thy self rebellion to thy self:  
 And better conquest never canst thou make,  
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 Against these giddy, loose suggestions:  
 Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,  
 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know  
 The peril of our curses light on thee  
 So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,  
 But in despair die under their black weight.

*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion.

*Bast.* Will't not be?

Will not a calve's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

*Lewis.* Father, to arms!

*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?  
 What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?  
 Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,  
 Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?  
 O husband, hear me: ay, alack, how new  
 Is husband in my mouth! ev'n for that name  
 Which 'till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
 Against mine uncle.

*Const.* O, upon my knee,  
 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
 Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom  
 Forethought by heav'n.

*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love; what motive may  
 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

*Const.* That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,  
 His honour. O, thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour!

*Lewis.* I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,

When



When such profound respects do pull you on.

*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.

*K. Philip.* Thou shalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from thee.

*Const.* O fair return of banish'd Majesty!

*Eli.* O foul revolt of *French* inconstancy!

*K. John.* *France*, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

*Bast.* Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,  
Is it, as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'er-cast with blood: fair day, adieu!  
Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both, each army hath a hand,  
And in their rage, I having hold of both,  
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win:  
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose:  
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:  
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:  
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose:  
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

*Lewis.* Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lyes.

*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together. [*Ex. Bast.*  
*France*, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,  
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
The blood, and dearest valu'd blood of *France*.

*K. Philip.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn  
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:  
Look to thy self, thou art in jeopardy.

*K. John.* No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie.

[*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE IV.

*A Field of Battle.**Alarms, Excursions: Enter Bastard with Austria's head.*

*Bast.* **N**OW, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot,  
 Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,  
 And pours down mischief. *Austria's* head lye there.  
 Thus hath King *Richard's* son perform'd his vow,  
 And offer'd *Austria's* blood for sacrifice  
 Unto his father's ever-living soul.

*Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.*

*K. John.* There, *Hubert*, keep this boy. --- Cousin, make up;  
 My mother is assailed in our tent,  
 And ta'en, I fear.

*Bast.* My Lord, I rescu'd her:  
 Her Highness is in safety, fear you not.  
 But on, my Liege, for very little pains  
 Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Alarms, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.*

*K. John.* **S**O shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind [*To Elinor.*  
 So strongly guarded: cousin, look not sad, [*To Arthur.*  
 Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will  
 As dear be to thee, as thy father was.

*Arth.* O, this will make my mother die with grief.

*K. John.* Cousin, away for *England*, haste before, [*To the Bast.*  
 And ere our coming see thou shake the bags  
 Of hoarding Abbots; their imprison'd angels

Set



Set thou at liberty : the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry maw be fed upon.  
Use our commission in its utmost force.

*Bast.* Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,  
When gold and silver beckons me to come on.  
I leave your Highness : grandam, I will pray,  
(If ever I remember to be holy)  
For your fair safety ; so I kiss your hand.

*Eli.* Farewel, my gentle cousin !

*K. John.* Coz, farewell !

[*Exit Bast.*

*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman, ---- hark, a word.

[*Taking him to one side of the stage.*

*K. John.* [*To Hubert on the other side.*]

Come hither, *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,  
We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love :  
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say ----  
But I will fit it with some better time.  
By heaven, *Hubert*, I'm almost ashamed  
To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hub.* I am much bounden to your Majesty.

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,  
But thou shalt have ---- and creep time ne'er so slow,  
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.  
I had a thing to say ---- but let it go :  
The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton, and too full of gaudes  
To give me audience. If the midnight bell  
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth  
Sound One unto the drowsie race of night ;  
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;



Or if that furly spirit Melancholy  
 Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,  
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 Making that ideot Laughter keep mens eyes,  
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment;  
 (A passion hateful to my purposes)  
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,  
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;  
 Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,  
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
 But ah, I will not — yet I love thee well,  
 And by my troth I think thou lov'st me well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
 By heav'n, I'd do't.

*K. John.* Do not I know thou would'st?  
 Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye  
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
 He is a very serpent in my way,  
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
 He lyes before me. Dost thou understand me?  
 Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I'll keep him so,  
 That he shall not offend your Majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My Lord?

*K. John.* A Grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee;  
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
 Remember: — Madam, fare you well. [*Returning to the Queen.*  
 I'll send those pow'rs o'er to your Majesty.

*Eli.* My blessing go with thee!

*K. John.*



K. John. For *England*, cousin, go.  
*Hubert* shall be your man, t' attend on you  
 With all true duty ; on toward *Calais*, ho ! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

*The French Court.*

*Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and Attendants.*

K. Philip. SO by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
 A whole armado of collected fail  
 Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet go well.

K. Philip. What can go well, when we have run so ill ?  
 Are we not beaten ? Is not *Angiers* lost ?  
*Arthur* ta'en pris'ner ? divers dear friends slain ?  
 And bloody *England* into *England* gone,  
 O'er-bearing interruption, spight of *France* ?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd :  
 So hot a speed, with such advice dispos'd,  
 Such temp'rate order in so fierce a course,  
 Doth want example ; who hath read or heard  
 Of any kindred action like to this ?

K. Philip. Well could I bear that *England* had this praise,  
 So we could find some pattern of our shame.

*Enter Constance.*

Look, who comes here ? a Grave unto a soul,  
 Holding th' eternal spirit 'gainst her will  
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath ;  
 I pr'ythee, Lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo now ; now see the issue of your peace.

K. Philip. Patience, good Lady ; comfort, gentle *Constance*.

Const. No, I defie all counsel, all redress,  
 But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
 Death ;



Death ; death, oh amiable, lovely death !  
 Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,  
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
 And I will kiss thy bones detestable ;  
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows,  
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms,  
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsom dust,  
 And be a carrion monster like thy self ;  
 Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,  
 And kiss thee as thy wife ; thou Love of Misery !  
 O come to me !

*K. Philip.* O fair affliction, peace !

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry ;  
 O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,  
 Then with a passion I would shake the world,  
 And rouse from sleep that fell Anatomy,  
 Which cannot hear a Lady's feeble voice,  
 And scorns a modern invocation.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art not holy to belie me so ;  
 I am not mad ; this hair I tear is mine ;  
 My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffrey's* wife :  
 Young *Arthur* is my son, and he is lost !  
 I am not mad, I would to heav'n I were,  
 For then 'tis like I should forget my self.  
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget !<sup>a</sup>  
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity.<sup>b</sup>

(a) ----- should I forget !  
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
 And, Cardinal, thou shalt be canoniz'd ;  
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
 My reasonable part produces reason  
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
 And teaches me to kill or hang my self.  
 If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he :  
 I am not mad ; &c.

(b) ----- of each calamity.  
*K. Philip.* Bind up those tresses ; O, what love I note



Oh father Cardinal, I have heard you say  
 That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n;  
 If that be, I shall see my boy again.  
 For since the birth of *Cain*, the first male-child,  
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
 There was not such a gracious creature born.  
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,  
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,  
 And so he'll die; and rising so again,  
 When I shall meet him in the Court of heav'n  
 I shall not know him; therefore never, never  
 Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

*Const.* He talks to me, that never had a son.

*K. Philip.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child:  
 Lyes in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts;  
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief.  
 Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,  
 I could give better comfort than you do.  
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

*[Tearing off her head-cloaths.]*

In the fair multitude of those her hairs;  
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,  
 Ev'n to that drop ten thousand wiewy friends  
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief,  
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
 Sticking together in calamity.

*Const.* To *England*, if you will.

*K. Philip.* Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?  
 I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,  
 O that these hands could so redeem my son,  
 As they have giv'n these hairs their liberty!  
 But now I envy at their liberty,  
 And will again commit them to their bonds,  
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.  
 Oh father Cardinal, &c.

When



When there is such disorder in my wit.

O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,

My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

K. *Philip*. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

*Lewis*. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;  
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsie man.

A bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world's taste,  
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

*Pand*. Before the curing of a strong disease,  
Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,  
On their departure, most of all shew evil.  
What have you lost by losing of this day?

*Lewis*. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pand*. If you had won it, certainly you had.  
No, no; when fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.  
'Tis strange to think how much King *John* hath lost  
In this, which he accounts so clearly won.  
Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner?

*Lewis*. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

*Pand*. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.  
Now hear me speak with a prophetick spirit;  
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to *England's* throne: and therefore mark.  
*John* hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be  
That whilst warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
The misplac'd *John* should entertain an hour,  
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of rest.



A scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
Must be as boist'rously maintain'd, as gain'd.  
And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place,  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.  
That *John* may stand then, *Arthur* needs must fall;  
So be it, for it cannot but be so.

*Lewis*. But what shall I gain by young *Arthur*'s fall?

*Pand*. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,  
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.

*Lewis*. And lose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

*Pand*. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

*John* lays you plots; the times conspire with you;  
For he that steeps his safety in true blood,  
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

This act so evilly born, shall cool the hearts

Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;

That no so small advantage shall step forth

To check his reign, but they will cherish it.

No nat'ral exhalation in the sky,

No shape of nature, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,

But they will pluck away its nat'ral cause,

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,

Abortives, and presages, tongues of heav'n

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

*Lewis*. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur*'s life,  
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand*. O Sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,

Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,

And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath,

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.

Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;

And O, what better matter breeds for you

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Than



Than I have nam'd? The bastard *Faulconbridge*  
 Is now in *England*, ransacking the church,  
 Offending charity. If but twelve *French*  
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
 To train ten thousand *English* to their side;  
 Ev'n as a little snow tumbled about  
 Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*,  
 Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful  
 What may be wrought out of their discontent.  
 Now that their souls are top-full of offence,  
 For *England* go; I will whet on the King.

*Lewis*. Strong reason makes strong actions: let us go;  
 If you say ay, the King will not say no. [Exeunt.]

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Changes to England.*

*A Prison.*

*Enter Hubert and Executioners.*

HUBERT.

**H**Eat me these irons hot, and look you stand  
 Within the arras; when I strike my foot  
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
 And bind the boy which you shall find with me,  
 Fast to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch!

*Exe.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't. ---  
 Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter Arthur.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, *Hubert*.

*Hub.* Morrow, little Prince.

*Arth.*



*Arth.* As little Prince (having so great a title  
To be more Prince) as may be. You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks no body should be sad but I.  
Yet I remember when I was in *France*,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be merry as the day is long.

And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me.

He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was *Geffrey's* son?

Indeed it is not, and I would to heav'n

I were your son, so you would love me, *Hubert*.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lyes dead;  
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

[*Aside.*

*Arth.* Are you sick, *Hubert*? you look pale to-day;  
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
That I might sit all night and watch with you.  
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young *Arthur* —

[*Shewing a paper.*

How now, foolish rheum,

[*Aside.*

Turning dis-piteous nature out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears. ----

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, *Hubert*, for so foul effect.

Must you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,

U 2

I knit



I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
 (The best I had, a Princess wrought it me)  
 And I did never ask it you again;  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
 Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,  
 Saying, what lack you? and where lyes your grief?  
 Or what good love may I perform for you?  
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
 But you at your sick service had a Prince.  
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
 And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:  
 If heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
 Why then you must —— Will you put out mine eyes?  
 These eyes that never did, and never shall  
 So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I've sworn to do it;  
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.<sup>a</sup>

*Arth.* Oh! if an angel should have come to me,  
 And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believ'd a tongue but *Hubert's*.

*Hub.* Come forth; do as I bid you do.

[*Stamps, and the men enter.*]

*Arth.* O save me, *Hubert*, save me! my eyes are out  
 Ev'n with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?  
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

(a) ----- must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none but in this iron age would do it.

The iron of it self, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench its fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn hard, than hammer'd iron?

Oh! if an angel should, &c.

For



For heav'n fake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.  
 Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive these men away,  
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.  
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
 Nor look upon the iron angrily :  
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*Exe.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt.*

*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend,  
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;  
 Let him come back, that his compassion may  
 Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare your self.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,  
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,  
 Any annoyance in that precious sense:  
 Then feeling what small things are boist'rous there,  
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.<sup>a</sup>

*Arth.* Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, *Hubert*;  
 Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
 So I may keep mine eyes. O spare mine eyes!  
 Though to no use, but still to look on you.  
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
 And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,  
 Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
 In undeserv'd extreams; see else your self,  
 There is no malice in this burning coal;

(a) ----- hold your tongue.

*Arth.* *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
 Let me not hold, &c.



The breath of heav'n hath blown its spirit out,  
And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.<sup>a</sup>

*Arth.* All things that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office; only You do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns:  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like *Hubert*. All this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu!  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,  
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert*.

*Hub.* Silence, no more; go closely in with me.  
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Court of England.*

*Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.*

K. *John.* **H**ere once again we sit, crown'd once again,  
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

(a) ----- I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:  
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:  
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things that you, &c.

*Pemb.*



*Pemb.* This once again, but that your Highness pleas'd,  
Was once superfluous; you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:  
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt:  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land  
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

*Sal.* Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,  
To guard a title that was rich before,  
To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rain-bow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

*Pemb.* But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
This act is as an ancient tale new-told,  
And in the last repeating troublesome,  
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

*Sal.* In this the antique and well-noted face  
Of plain old form is much disfigured;  
And like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;  
Startles and frights consideration;  
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

*Pemb.* When workmen strive to do better than well,  
They do confound their skill in covetousness;<sup>a</sup>  
And oftentimes excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:  
As patches set upon a little breach  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,  
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your Highness  
To over-bear it; yet we're all well pleas'd;

(a) That is, coveting to reach a higher excellence.



Since all and every part of what we would,  
Must make a stand at what your Highness will.

K. *John*. Some reasons of this double coronation  
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;  
And more, more strong (the lesser is my fear)  
I shall endue you with: mean time, but ask  
What you would have reform'd that is not well,  
And well shall you perceive how willingly  
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

*Pemb.* Then I, as one that am the tongue of these  
To sound<sup>a</sup> the purposes of all their hearts,  
(Both for my self and them; but chief of all  
Your safety; for the which, my self and they  
Bend their best studies;) heartily request  
Th' infranchisement of *Arthur*; whose restraint  
Doth move the murm'ring lips of discontent  
To break into this dang'rous argument.  
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,  
Why shou'd your fears, (which, as they say, attend  
The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up  
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days  
With barb'rous ign'rance, and deny his youth  
The rich advantage of good exercise?  
That the time's enemies may not have this  
To grace occasions, let it be our suit  
That you have bid us ask, his liberty;  
Which for our good we do no further ask,  
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,  
Counts it your weal that he have liberty.

*Enter Hubert.*

K. *John*. Let it be so; I do commit his youth  
To your direction. *Hubert*, what news with you?

[*The King goes aside with Hubert.*]

*Pemb.* This is the man should do the bloody deed:

(a) To sound forth, or to declare.

He



He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.  
The image of a wicked heinous fault  
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his  
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.  
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,  
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

*Sal.* The colour of the King doth come and go,  
Between his purpose and his conscience,  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battels sent:  
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

*Pemb.* And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence  
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.  
Good Lords, although my will to give is living,  
The suit which you demand is gone, and dead.  
He tells us *Arthur* is deceas'd to-night.

*Sal.* Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

*Pemb.* Indeed we heard how near his death he was,  
Before the child himself felt he was sick.  
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?  
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame  
That greatness should so grossly offer it:  
So thrive it in your game, and so farewell!

*Pemb.* Stay yet, Lord *Salisbury*, I'll go with thee,  
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forced grave.  
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!  
This must not be thus born, this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE III.

*Enter Messenger.*

K. *John*. They burn in indignation ; I repent.  
 There is no fure foundation set on blood ;  
 No certain life atchiev'd by others death ---  
 A fearful eye thou hast ; where is that blood  
 That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?  
 So foul a sky clears not without a storm ;  
 Pour down thy weather : how goes all in *France* ?

[*Aside.*  
 To the *Mes.*

*Mes.* From *France* to *England* never such a power,  
 For any foreign preparation,  
 Was levy'd in the body of a land.  
 The copy of your speed is learn'd by them :  
 For when you should be told they do prepare,  
 The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. *John*. Oh, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?  
 Where hath it slept ? where is my mother's care ?  
 That such an army should be drawn in *France*,  
 And she not hear of it ?

*Mes.* My Liege, her ear  
 Is stopt with dust : the first of *April* dy'd  
 Your noble mother ; and as I hear, my Lord,  
 The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie dy'd  
 Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue  
 I idly heard ; if true or false, I know not.

K. *John*. With-hold thy speed, dreadful occasion !  
 O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd  
 My discontented Peers. My mother dead ?  
 How wildly then walks my estate in *France* !  
 Under whose conduct come those powers of *France*,  
 That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here ?

*Mes.* Under the *Dauphin's*.

*Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.*

K. *John*. Thou hast made me giddy

With



With these ill tidings. Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Bast.* But if you be afraid to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd  
Under the tide, but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood; and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*Bast.* How I have sped among the clergy-men,  
The sums I have collected shall express.  
But as I travell'd hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied;  
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.  
And here's a prophet that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of *Pomfret*, whom I found  
With many hundreds treading on his heels:  
To whom he sung in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,  
That ere the next *Ascension-day* at noon  
Your Highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou so?

*Peter.* Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* *Hubert*, away with him; imprison him,  
And on that day at noon, whereon he says  
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.  
Deliver him to safety, and return,  
For I must use thee. — O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit Hubert with Peter.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

*Bast.* The *French*, my Lord; men's mouths are full of it:  
Besides, I met Lord *Bigot* and Lord *Salisbury*,  
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,  
And others more, going to seek the grave  
Of *Arthur*, who they say is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.



K. *John*. Gentle kinsman, go  
And thrust thy self into their company.  
I have a way to win their loves again:  
Bring them before me.

*Bast*. I will seek them out.

K. *John*. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.  
O, let me have no subjects enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.  
Be *Mercury*, set feathers to thy heels,  
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

*Bast*. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit*.

K. *John*. Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.  
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the Peers;  
And be thou he.

*Mes*. With all my heart, my Liege.

[*Exit*.

K. *John*. My mother dead!

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Hubert*.

*Hub*. My Lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:  
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wond'rous motion.

K. *John*. Five moons?

*Hub*. Old men and beldams, in the streets,  
Do prophesie upon it dangerously:  
Young *Arthur*'s death is common in their mouths,  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear.  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on th' anvil cool,

With



With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news;  
Who with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,  
Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,  
That were embatteled and rank'd in *Kent*.  
Another lean, unwash'd artificer,  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur's* death.

K. *John*. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?  
Why urgest thou so oft young *Arthur's* death?  
Thy hand hath murther'd him: I had a cause  
To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill him.

*Hub*. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. *John*. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,  
To break into the bloody house of life:  
And on the winking of authority  
To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dang'rous Majesty, when perchance it frowns  
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

*Hub*. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. *John*. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heav'n and earth  
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation.  
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes deeds ill done! for hadst not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,  
This murther had not come into my mind.  
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,  
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur's* death.  
And thou, to be endeared to a King,  
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

*Hub*. My Lord ----

K. *John*.



K. *John*. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,  
When I spake darkly what I purposed :  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
Or bid me tell my tale in exprefs words ;  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,  
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.  
But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;  
Yea, without stop didst let thy heart consent,  
And consequently thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.  
Out of my sight, and never see me more !  
My Nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,  
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs ;  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reign,  
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

*Hub*. Arm you against your other enemies,  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
Young *Arthur* is alive : this hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murd'rer's thought.  
And you have slander'd nature in my form,  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,  
Than to be butcher of a guiltless child.

K. *John*. Doth *Arthur* live ? O haste thee to the Peers,  
Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience.  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.

Oh,



Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring  
The angry Lords with all expedient haste:  
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*A Street before a Prison.*

*Enter Arthur on the Walls, disguis'd.*

*Arth.* **T**HE wall is high, and yet will I leap down.  
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!  
There's few or none do know me: if they did,  
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.  
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.  
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away;  
As good to die, and go; as die, and stay.  
Oh me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:  
Heav'n take my soul, and *England* keep my bones!

[*Leaps down.*]

[*Dies.*]

*Enter Pembroke, Salisbury and Bigot.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmundsbury*;  
It is our safety, and we must embrace  
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pemb.* Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

*Sal.* The Count *Melun*, a noble Lord of *France*,  
a Whose Private with me of the *Dauphin's* love  
Is much more than these gen'ral lines import.

*Bigot.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

*Sal.* Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be  
Two long days journey, Lords, or ere we meet.

(a) i. e. *Whose private account of the Dauphin's affection to our cause is much more ample than the letters.*

*Enter*



*Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd Lords;  
The King by me requests your presence strait.

*Sal.* The King hath dispossest himself of us;  
We will not line his thin bestained cloke  
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.  
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.

*Bast.* What e'er you think, good words I think were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

*Bast.* But there is little reason in your grief,  
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

*Pemb.* Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.

*Bast.* 'Tis true, to hurt its master, no man else.

*Sal.* This is the prison: what is he lyes here? [*Seeing Arthur.*

*Pemb.* Oh death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!  
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

*Bigot.* Or when he doom'd this beauty to the glaive,  
Found it too precious princely for a grave.

*Sal.* Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,  
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,  
Or do you almost think, although you see,  
What you do see? could thought, without this object,  
Form such another? 'tis the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest  
Of murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroak,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath or staring rage  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

*Pemb.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this;  
And this so sole, and so unmatched,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet-unbegotten sins of Time;

And



And prove a deadly blood-shed but a jest,  
 Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work,  
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
 If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand?  
 We had a kind of light what would ensue.  
 It is the shameful work of *Hubert's* hand,  
 The practice, and the purpose of the King:  
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
 And breathing to this breathless excellence  
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow!  
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
 Never to be infected with delight,  
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
 'Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

*Pemb. Bigot.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you;  
*Arthur* doth live, the King hath sent for you.

*Sal.* Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death;  
 Avant, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

*Hub.* I am no villain.

*Sal.* Must I rob the law?

[*Drawing his Sword.*

*Bast.* Your sword is bright, Sir, put it up again.

*Sal.* Not 'till I sheath it in a murd'rer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, Lord *Salisbury*, stand back, I say,  
 By heav'n I think my sword's as sharp as yours.  
 I would not have you, Lord, forget your self,  
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;  
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget



Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Bigot.* Out, dunghil, dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

*Hub.* Not for my life; but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an Emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murd'rer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so;

Yet, I am none. Whose tongue foe'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pemb.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bast.* Keep the peace, I say.

*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gaul you, *Faulconbridge*.

*Bast.* Thou wert better gaul the devil, *Salisbury*.

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,  
Or I'll so maul you, and your toasting-iron,  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

*Bigot.* What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?  
Second a villain, and a murderer?

*Hub.* Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

*Bigot.* Who kill'd this Prince?

*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villainy is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor  
Th' uncleanly favour of a slaughter-house,  
For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

*Bigot.* Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.

*Pemb.* There tell the King he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

SCENE



## SCENE VII.

*Bast.* Here's a good world; knew you of this fair work?  
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, (if thou didst this deed of death)  
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert*.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, Sir.

*Bast.* Ha? I'll tell thee what,  
Thou'rt damn'd so black ---- nay, nothing is so black;  
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince *Lucifer*.  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul ----

*Bast.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair;  
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam  
To hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thy self,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!  
I left him well.

*Bast.* Go, bear him in thine arms.  
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.  
How easie dost thou take all *England* up!  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty  
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
Are fled to heav'n; and *England* now is left  
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth



The un-owed interest of proud-swelling state.  
 Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majesty  
 Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.  
 Now pow'rs from home and discontents at home  
 Meet in one line: and vast confusion waits  
 (As doth a raven on a sick, fall'n beast)  
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can  
 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,  
 And follow me with speed; I'll to the King;  
 A thousand busineses are brief at hand,  
 And heav'n it self doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Court of England.**Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.*

K. JOHN.

**T**HUS I have yielded up into your hand  
 The circle of my glory. [Giving the Crown.]  
*Pand.* Take again

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope  
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet the *French*,  
 And from his Holiness use all your power  
 To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd.  
 Our discontented counties do revolt,  
 Our people quarrel with obedience,  
 Swearing allegiance, and love of soul  
 To stranger-blood, to foreign royalty;  
 This inundation of distemper'd humour

Refts



Refts by you only to be qualify'd.  
Then pause not ; for the present time's so sick,  
That present med'cine must be ministred,  
Or overthrow incurable enfues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope :  
But since you are a gentle convertite,  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blust'ring land.  
On this *Ascension-day* remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,  
Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms.

[*Exit.*

*K. John.* Is this *Ascension-day*? did not the prophet  
Say, that before *Ascension-day* at noon  
My crown I should give off? even so I have :  
I did suppose it should be on constraint,  
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out  
But *Dover-Castle* : *London* hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the *Dauphin* and his powers.  
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy ;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my Lords return to me again,  
After they heard young *Arthur* was alive?

*Bast.* They found him dead, and cast into the streets,  
An empty casket, where the jewel, life,  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

*K. John.* That villain *Hubert* told me he did live.

*Bast.* So on my soul he did, for ought he knew :  
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought :  
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust

Go-



Govern the motion of a kingly eye;  
 Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire;  
 Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow  
 Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
 Grow great by your example, and put on  
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
 Away, and glister like the God of war  
 When he intendeth to become the field;  
 Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.  
 What? shall they seek the Lion in his den,  
 And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
 Oh, let it not be said! Forage, and run  
 To meet displeasure farther from the doors,  
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. *John*. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,  
 And I have made a happy peace with him;  
 And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
 Led by the *Dauphin*.

*Bast*. Oh inglorious league!  
 Shall we upon the footing of our land  
 Send fair-play-orders, and make compromise,  
 Insinuation, parly, and base truce,  
 To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
 A cocker'd, filken Wanton brave our fields,  
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
 And find no check? let us, my Liege, to arms:  
 Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace;  
 Or, if he do, let it at least be said  
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. *John*. Have thou the ord'ring of this present time.

*Bast*. Away then, with good courage; yet I know  
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE



## S C E N E II.

*The Dauphin's Camp, at St. Edmundsbury.*

*Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke,  
Bigot, and Soldiers.*

*Lewis.* MY Lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,  
And keep it safe for our remembrance:  
Return the president to these Lords again,  
That having our fair order written down,  
Both they and we perusing o'er these notes,  
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our fides it never shall be broken.  
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we swear  
A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith  
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,  
I am not glad that such a fore of time  
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt,  
And heal th' invet'rate canker of one wound  
By making many. Oh, it grieves my soul,  
That I must draw this metal from my side  
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there  
Where honourable rescue, and defence,  
Cry out upon the name of *Salisbury*.  
But such is the infection of the time,  
That for the health and physick of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice, and confused wrong.  
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!  
That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
Were born to see so sad an hour as this,  
Wherein we step after a stranger-march  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up

Her



Her enemies ranks? (I must withdraw and weep  
 Upon the spot of this enforced cause)  
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
 And follow unacquainted colours here?  
 What, here? O nation, that thou could'st remove!  
 That *Neptune's* arms who clippeth thee about,  
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy self,  
 And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore!  
 Where these two christian armies might combine  
 The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
 And not mis-spend it so un-neighbourly.

*Lewis.* A noble temper dost thou shew in this,  
 And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
 Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
 Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,  
 Between compassion, and a brave respect!  
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.  
 My heart hath melted at a Lady's tears,  
 Being an ordinary inundation:  
 But this effusion of such manly drops,  
 This show'r blown up by tempest of the soul,  
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,  
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n  
 Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
 Lift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,  
 And with a great heart heave away this storm.  
 Commend these waters to those baby-eyes  
 That never saw the giant world enrag'd;  
 Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,  
 Full-warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
 Come, come, for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
 Into the purse of rich prosperity  
 As *Lewis* himself; so, Nobles, shall you all,  
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*He*



*He sees Pandulph coming at a distance.*

And even there methinks an angel speeds;  
Look where the holy Legate comes apace,  
To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,  
And on our actions set the name of right  
With holy breath.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Pandulph.*

*Pand.* Hail, noble Prince of France!  
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd  
Himself to *Rome*; his spirit is come in,  
That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and See of *Rome*.  
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;  
That like a Lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lye gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in shew.

*Lewis.* Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:  
I am too high-born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at controul,  
Or useful serving-man, and instrument  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war,  
Between this chafis'd kingdom and my self,  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire.  
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with my int'rest in this land,  
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart:  
And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made  
His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?  
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,



After young *Arthur*, claim this land for mine:  
 And now it is half conquer'd, must I back,  
 Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome*?  
 Am I *Rome*'s slave? what penny hath *Rome* born,  
 What men provided? what munition sent,  
 To under-prop this action? is't not I  
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,  
 And such as to my claim are liable,  
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?  
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out  
*Vive le Roy*, as I have bank'd their towns?  
 Have I not here the best cards for the game  
 To win this easie match, plaid for a crown?  
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?  
 No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.

*Lewis.* Outside or inside, I will not return,  
 'Till my attempt so much be glorified,  
 As to my ample hope was promised  
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world  
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown  
 Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.  
 What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* According to the fair play of the world,  
 Let me have audience: I am sent to speak:  
 My holy Lord of *Milain*, from the King  
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:  
 And as you answer, I do know the scope  
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The *Dauphin* is too wilful, opposite,  
 And will not temporize with my entreaties:

He



He flatly fays, he'll not lay down his arms.

*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The youth fays well. Now hear our *English* King;  
For thus his royalty doth fpeak in me:  
He is prepar'd, and reason too he fhould.

This apifh and unmannerly approach,  
This harnes'd mask, and unadvised revel,  
This unhair'd fawcinefs and boyifh troops,  
The King doth fmile at; and is well prepar'd  
To whip this dwarfish war, thefe pigmy arms,  
From out the circle of his territories.  
That hand which had the ftrength ev'n at your door  
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,  
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,  
To crouch in litter of your ftable-planks,  
To lye like pawns, lock'd up in chefts and trunks,  
To herd with fwine, to feek fweet fafety out  
In vaults and prifons, and to thrill and fhake  
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,  
Thinking his voice an armed *English* man;  
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,  
That in your chambers gave you chaftifement?  
No; know the gallant Monarch is in arms,  
And, like an Eagle o'er his Aiery, tow'rs,  
To fouse annoyance that comes near his neft.  
And you degen'rate, you ingrate revolters,  
You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb  
Of your dear mother *England*, blufh for fhame.  
For your own Ladies, and pale-vifag'd maids,  
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums;  
Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,  
Needles to lances, and their gentle hearts  
To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Lewis.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;  
We grant thou canft out-fcold us; fare thee well:



We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a babler.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.

*Bast.* No, I will speak.

*Lewis.* We will attend to neither :

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our int'rest, and our being here.

*Bast.* Indeed your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;  
And so shall you, being beaten ; do but start  
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,  
That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.  
Sound but another, and another shall  
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear,  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand  
(Not trusting to this halting Legate here,  
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)  
Is warlike *John* ; and in his forehead fits  
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the *French*.

*Lewis.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*]

# SCENE V.

*The Field of Battle.*

*Alarms. Enter King John and Hubert.*

*K. John.* **H**OW goes the day with us? oh, tell me, *Hubert*.

*Hub.* Badly, I fear; how fares your Majesty?

*K. John.* This feaver that hath troubled me so long,  
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord, your valiant kinsman *Faulconbridge*

Desires



Desires your Majesty to leave the field,  
And fend him word by me which way you go.

K. *John*. Tell him, tow'rd *Swinstead*, to the Abby there.

*Mef.* Be of good comfort: for the great supply  
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,  
Are wreck'd three nights ago on *Goodwin*-lands.  
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now,  
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. *John*. Ah me! this tyrant feaver burns me up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news.  
Set on tow'rd *Swinstead*; to my litter strait,  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*Enter Salisbury, Pembroke and Bigot.*

*Sal.* I Did not think the King so stor'd with friends.

*Pemb.* Up once again; put spirit in the *French*:  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Sal.* That mis-begotten devil *Faulconbridge*,  
In spight of spight, alone upholds the day.

*Pemb.* They say, King *John* fore sick hath left the field.

*Enter Melun wounded.*

*Melun.* Lead me to the revolts of *England* here.

*Sal.* When we were happy, we had other names.

*Pemb.* It is the Count *Melun*.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Melun.* Fly, noble *English*, you are bought and sold;  
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:  
For if the *French* be Lords of this loud day,  
He means to recompence the pains you take,  
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he sworn,

And



And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at St. *Edmundsbury*,  
Even on that altar where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible? may this be true?

*Melun.* Have I not hideous death within my view  
Retaining but a quantity of life,  
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax  
Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire?  
What in the world should make me now deceive,  
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?  
Why should I then be false, since it is true  
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?  
I say again, if *Lewis* win the day,  
He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the East:  
But ev'n this night, whose black contagious breath  
Already smoaks about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,  
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing shall expire;  
Paying the fine of rated treachery,  
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
If *Lewis* by your assistance win the day.  
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;  
The love of him, and this respect besides  
For that my grandfire was an *Englishman*,  
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;  
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
In peace, and part this body and my soul,  
With contemplation, and devout desires.

*Sal.* We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul  
But I do love the favour and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damned flight;

And



And like a 'bated and retiring flood,  
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,  
 And calmly run on in obedience  
 Ev'n to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.  
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,  
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
 Pight in thine eyes. Away, my friends, and fly!  
 [Exeunt, leading Melun.]

## SCENE VII.

*The French Camp.*

*Enter Lewis and his Train.*

*Lewis.* **T**HE fun of heav'n methought was loth to set,  
 But staid, and made the western welkin blush,  
 When th' *English* measur'd backward their own ground  
 In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,  
 When with a volley of our needles shot,  
 After such bloody toil we bid good night,  
 And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,  
 Last in the field, and almost Lords of it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where is my Prince, the *Dauphin*?

*Lewis.* Here, what news?

*Mes.* The Count *Melun* is slain; the *English* Lords  
 By his perswasion are at length fall'n off,  
 And your supply which you have wish'd so long  
 Are cast away and sunk on *Goodwin*-sands.

*Lewis.* Ah foul shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart,  
 I did not think to be so sad to-night  
 As this hath made me. Who was he that said  
 King *John* did fly an hour or two before

The



The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

*Mef.* Who ever spoke it, it is true, my Lord.

*Lewis.* Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;  
The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*A place near Swinstead Abby.*

*Enter Bastard and Hubert severally.*

*Hub.* **W**H O's there? speak, ho, speak quickly; or I shoot.

*Bast.* A friend. What art thou?

*Hub.* Of the part of *England*.

*Bast.* And whither dost thou go?

*Hub.* What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,  
As well as thou of mine?

*Bast.* *Hubert*, I think.

*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought:  
I will upon all hazards well believe  
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:  
Who art thou?

*Bast.* Who thou wilt; and if thou please  
Thou may'st be-friend me so much, as to think  
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

*Hub.* Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night  
Have done me shame; brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

*Bast.* Come, come; *sans complement*, what news abroad?

*Hub.* Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,  
To find you out.

*Bast.* Brief then: and what's the news?

*Hub.* O my sweet Sir, news fitting to the night,

Black,



Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*Bast.* Shew me the very wound of this ill news,  
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

*Hub.* The King, I fear, is poison'd by a Monk:  
I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might  
The better arm you to the sudden time,  
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

*Bast.* How did he take it? who did taste to him?

*Hub.* A Monk, I tell you, a resolved villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out; the King  
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

*Bast.* Whom didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

*Hub.* Why, know you not? the Lords are all come back,  
And brought Prince *Henry* in their company,  
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his Majesty.

*Bast.* With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!  
And tempt us not to bear above our power.  
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my pow'rs this night  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,  
These *Lincoln*-washes have devoured them;  
My self, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.  
Away before: conduct me to the King,  
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

*Changes to the Orchard at Swinstead Abby.*

*Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury and Bigot.*

*Henry.* IT is too late, the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,  
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretel the ending of mortality.

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A a

*Enter*



*Enter Pembroke.*

*Pemb.* His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief  
That being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

*Henry.* Let him be brought into the orchard here ;  
Doth he still rage ?

*Pemb.* He is more patient  
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

*Henry.* Oh vanity of sickness ! fierce extreams  
In their continuance will not feel themselves.  
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts  
Leaves them insensible ; his siege is now  
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds  
With many legions of strange fantasies,  
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,  
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing :  
I am the Cygnet to this pale, faint Swan,  
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death,  
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*Sal.* Be of good comfort, Prince, for you are born  
To set a form upon that Indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*King John brought in.*

*K. John.* Ay marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;  
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :  
I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

*Henry.* How fares your Majesty ?

*K. John.* Poison'd, ill fare ! oh ! dead, forsook, cast off,

And



And none of you will bid the winter come  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom: nor intreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold. I ask not much,  
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait  
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

*Henry.* Oh that there were some virtue in my tears,  
That might relieve you!

*K. John.* The salt of them is hot.  
Within me is a hell, and there the poison  
Is as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

S C E N E X.

*Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,  
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

*K. John.* Oh cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:  
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt,  
And all the shrouds wherewith my life shou'd sail  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;  
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,  
And model of confounded royalty.

*Bast.* The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,  
Where heav'n he knows how we shall answer him.  
For, in a night, the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the washes all, unwarily,  
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The King dies.*

*Sal.* You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear:  
My Liege! my Lord! ---- but now a King ---- now thus.

A a 2

*Henry.*



*Henry.* Ev'n so must I run on, and ev'n so stop. \*

*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind  
To do the office for thee of revenge:  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heav'n,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.  
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your pow'rs? shew now your mended faiths,  
And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction and perpetual shame  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:  
Strait let us seek, or strait we shall be sought;  
The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

*Sal.* It seems you know not then so much as we:  
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the *Dauphin*;  
And brings from him such offers of our peace,  
As we with honour and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

*Bast.* He will the rather do it, when he sees  
Our selves well finewed to our defence.

*Sal.* Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the Cardinal:  
With whom your self, my self, and other Lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.

*Bast.* Let it be so; and you, my noble Prince,  
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

*Henry.* At *Worcester* must his body be interr'd,  
For so he will'd it.

*Bast.* Thither shall it then.  
And happily may your sweet self put on

(a) ----- and ev'n so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

*Bast.* Art thou gone so? -----

The



The lineal state and glory of the land !  
To whom with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services,  
And true subjection everlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.

*Henry.* I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,  
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

*Bast.* Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.

Thus *England* never did, and never shall,  
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound it self.  
Now these her Princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms  
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,  
If *England* to it self do rest but true.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]











WILLIAM RICHARD H. [illegible]





*F. Hayman Inv.*

*H. Gravelot sculp.*

**KING RICHARD II. Act 1. Sc. 4.**



---

THE  
*LIFE* and *DEATH*  
OF  
RICHARD  
THE  
SECOND.

---



## Dramatis Personæ.

*KING Richard the Second.*

*Duke of York,*

*John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster,* } *Uncles to the King.*

*Bolingbroke, Earl of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt, afterwards*

*King Henry the Fourth.*

*Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.*

*Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.*

*Earl of Salisbury.*

*Earl Barkley.*

*Bulhy,* }

*Bagot,* } *Servants to King Richard.*

*Green,* }

*Earl of Northumberland,*

*Percy, Son to Northumberland,*

*Rofs,*

*Willoughby,*

*Bishop of Carlisle,*

*Sir Stephen Scroop,*

*Fitzwater,*

*Surrey,*

*Abbot of Westminster,*

*Sir Pierce of Exton, one of Bolingbroke's Creatures.*

*A Captain of a band of Welshmen.*

*Queen to King Richard.*

*Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.*

*Dutcheſs of York.*

*Ladies attending on the Queen.*

*Heralds, two Gardiners, Keeper, Meſſenger, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, ENGLAND.

THE





THE  
LIFE and DEATH  
OF  
KING RICHARD II.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The COURT.*

*Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles  
and Attendants.*

*King RICHARD.*

**O**LD *John of Gaunt*, time-honour'd *Lancaster*,  
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,  
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold son,  
Here to make good the boist'rous late Appeal,  
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,  
Against the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

*Gaunt.* I have, my Liege.

*K. Rich.* Tell me moreover, hast thou founded him,  
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,  
Or worthily, as a good subject should,  
On some known ground of treachery in him?

*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,  
On some apparent danger seen in him  
Aim'd at your Highness; no invet'rate malice.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence; face to face,  
And frowning brow to brow, our selves will hear.

VOL. III.

B b

Th'



Th' accuser, and th' accused freely speak :  
 High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire ;  
 In rage, deaf as the sea ; hasty as fire.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.*

*Boling.* May many years of happy days befall  
 My gracious Sovereign, my most loving Liege !

*Mowb.* Each day still better others happiness ;  
 Until the heavens envying earth's good hap,  
 Add an immortal title to your crown !

*K. Rich.* We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,  
 As well appeareth by the cause you come for ;  
 Namely t' appeal each other of high treason.  
 Cousin of *Hereford*, what dost thou object  
 Against the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray* ?

*Boling.* First, (Heaven be the record to my speech !)  
 In the devotion of a subject's love,  
 Tend'ring the precious safety of my Prince,  
 And free from other mis-begotten hate,  
 Come I Appellant to this princely presence.  
 Now, *Thomas Mowbray*, do I turn to thee,  
 And mark my greeting well ; for what I speak,  
 My body shall make good upon this earth,  
 Or my divine soul answer it in heav'n.  
 Thou art a traitor and a miscreant. <sup>a</sup>

*Mowb.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal ;  
 'Tis not the tryal of a woman's war,  
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,

(a) ----- a miscreant.

Too good to be so, and too bad to live.

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,

The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly ;

Once more, the more to aggravate the Note,

With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat,

And wish, to please my Sovereign, ere I move,

What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may prove.

*Mowb.* Let not &c.



Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;  
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.  
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,  
As to be husht, and nought at all to say.  
First the fair rev'ence of your Highness curbs me  
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,  
Which else would post, until it had return'd  
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.  
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,  
Let him but be no kinsman to my Liege,  
And I defie him, and I spit at him,  
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain;  
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,  
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot  
Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,  
Or any other ground uninhabitable,  
Where never *Englishman* durst set his foot.  
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty;  
By all my hopes, most falsly doth he lie.

*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,  
Disclaiming here the kindred of a King,  
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,  
(Which fear, not rev'ence, makes thee to except:)  
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,  
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.  
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,  
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,  
What I have spoken, as what thou hast devised.

*Mowb.* I take it up, and by that sword I swear,  
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,  
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,  
Or chivalrous design of knightly tryal;  
And when I mount, alive may I not light,  
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to *Mowbray's* charge?  
It must be great that can inherit us



So much as of a thought of ill in him.

*Boling.* Look, what I said, my life shall prove it true;  
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,  
In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers,  
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments;  
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.  
Besides, I say, and will in battel prove,  
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge  
That ever was survey'd by *English* eye;  
That all the treasons for these eighteen years,  
Complotted and contrived in this land,  
Fetch from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.  
Further, I say, and further will maintain,  
That he did plot the Duke of *Gloucester's* death,  
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,  
And consequently, like a traitor-coward,  
Sluc'd out his inn'cent soul through streams of blood;  
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abel's*, cries  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,  
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement.  
And by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars!  
*Thomas of Norfolk*, what say'st thou to this?

*Mowb.* O, let my Sovereign turn away his face,  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
'Till I have told this slander of his blood,  
How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

*K. Rich.* *Mowbray*, impartial are our eyes and ears.  
Were he my brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,  
As he is but my father's brother's son;  
Now by my scepter's awe, I make a vow,  
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize  
Th' unstooping firmness of my upright soul.  
He is our subject, *Mowbray*, so art thou,

Free



Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

*Mowb.* Then, *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!  
Three parts of that receipt I had for *Calais*,  
Disburst I to his Highness' soldiers;  
The other part reserv'd I by consent,  
For that my sovereign Liege was in my debt,  
Upon remainder of a dear account,  
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queen.  
Now swallow down that lie. For *Gloucester's* death,  
I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,  
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.  
For you, my noble Lord of *Lancaster*,  
The honourable father to my foe,  
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,  
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;  
But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,  
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd  
Your Grace's pardon; and I hope I had it.  
This is my fault; as for the rest appeal'd,  
It issues from the rancour of a villain,  
A recreant and most degen'rate traitor:  
Which in my self I boldly will defend,  
And interchangeably hurl down my gage  
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,  
To prove my self a loyal gentleman,  
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.  
In haste whereof most heartily I pray  
Your Highness to assign our tryal-day.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;  
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:<sup>a</sup>

(a) ----- without letting blood:

This we prescribe though no physician,  
Deep malice makes too deep incision:  
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,  
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.  
Good uncle, &c.

Good



Good uncle, let this end where it begun,  
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your son.

*Gaunt*. To be a make-peace shall become my age;  
Throw down, my son, the Duke of *Norfolk's* gage.

*K. Rich.* And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

*Gaunt*. When, *Harry*, when?  
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

*K. Rich.* *Norfolk*, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

*Mowb.* My self I throw, dread Sovereign, at thy foot.  
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame;  
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,  
Despight of death, that lives upon my grave,  
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.  
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,  
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear:  
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood  
Which breath'd this poison.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood:  
Give me his gage: Lions make Leopards tame.

*Mowb.* Yea, but not change their spots: take but my shame,  
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear Lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford,  
Is spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest,  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;  
Take honour from me, and my life is done.  
Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try,  
In that I live, and for that will I die.

*K. Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

*Boling.* Oh, heav'n defend my soul from such foul sin!  
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's fight,  
Or with pale haggard fear impeach my height,  
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue  
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,

Or



Or found so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbray's* face. [*Exit Gaunt.*

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command,  
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,  
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,  
At *Coventry*, upon Saint *Lambert's* day.  
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate  
The swelling diff'rence of your settled hate:  
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see  
Justice decide the victor's chivalry.  
Lord Marshal, bid our officers at arms  
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

*The Duke of Lancaster's palace.*

*Enter Gaunt and Dutchess of Gloucester.*

*Gaunt.* Alas, the part I had in *Glo'ster's* blood <sup>a</sup>  
Doth more sollicit me than your exclaims,  
To stir against the butchers of his life.  
But since correction lyeth in those hands,  
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,  
Put we our quarrel to the will of heav'n;  
Who when it sees the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders heads.

*Dutch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?  
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
*Edward's* sev'n sons, whereof thy self art one,  
Were as sev'n vials of his sacred blood;  
Or sev'n fair branches springing from one root:  
Some of those sev'n are dry'd by nature's course;

(a) *Meaning* the relation he had to it.



Some of those branches by the dest'nies cut:  
 But *Thomas*, my dear Lord, my life, my *Glo'ster*,  
 (One vial full of *Edward's* sacred blood,  
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root)  
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;  
 Is hackt down, and his summer leaves all faded,  
 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.  
 Ah, *Gaunt*! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,  
 That metal, that self-mould that fashion'd thee,  
 Made him a man; and though thou liv'st and breath'st,  
 Yet art thou slain in him; thou dost consent  
 In some large measure to thy father's death;  
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
 Who was the model of thy father's life.  
 Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is despair.  
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,  
 Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.  
 That which in mean men we entitle patience,  
 Is pale cold cowardise in noble breasts.  
 What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,  
 The best way is to 'venge my *Glo'ster's* death.

*Gaunt*. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,  
 His deputy anointed in his fight,  
 Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,  
 Let God revenge, for I may never lift  
 An angry arm against his minister.

*Dutch*. Where then, alas, may I complain my self?

*Gaunt*. To heav'n, the widow's champion and defence.

*Dutch*. Why then I will: farewell, old *Gaunt*, farewell!  
 Thou go'st to *Coventry*, there to behold  
 Our cousin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.  
 O, fit my husband's wrongs on *Hereford's* spear,  
 That it may enter butcher *Mowbray's* breast!  
 Or if misfortune miss the first career,  
 Be *Mowbray's* sins so heavy in his bosom,

That



That they may break his foaming courser's back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,  
A caitiff recreant to my cousin *Hereford*!  
Farewel, old *Gaunt*; thy <sup>a</sup> sometime brother's wife  
With her companion grief must end her life.

*Gaunt*. Sister, farewel; I must to *Coventry*.  
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

*Dutch*. Yet one word more; grief boundeth where it falls,  
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:  
I take my leave, before I have begun;  
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.  
Commend me to my brother *Edmund York*.  
Lo, this is all ---- nay, yet depart not so,  
Though this be all, do not so quickly go:  
I shall remember more. Bid him ---- oh, what?  
With all good speed at *Plasbie* visit me.  
Alack, and what shall good old *York* see there  
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,  
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?  
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?  
Therefore commend me, let him not come there  
To seek out sorrow that dwells every where;  
All desolate will I from hence and die;  
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE IV.

*The Lists, at Coventry.*

*Enter the Lord Marshal and the Duke Aumerle.*

*Mar.* MY Lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?

*Aum.* Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

*Mar.* The Duke of *Norfolk*, sprightly all and bold,  
Stays but the summons of th' Appellant's trumpet.

(a) Sometime, for formerly.



*Aum.* Why then the champions are prepar'd, and stay  
For nothing but his Majesty's approach. [Flourish.]

*The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they are set, Enter the Duke of Norfolk in arms Defendant, with an Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder champion  
The cause of his arrival here in arms;  
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed  
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* In God's name and the King's, say who thou art:  
[To Mowbray.]

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:  
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.  
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,  
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

*Mowb.* My name is *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,  
Who hither come engaged by my oath,  
(Which heav'n forbid a knight should violate,)  
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,  
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,  
Against the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;  
And by the Grace of God, and this mine arm,  
To prove him, in defending of my self,  
A traitor to my God, my King, and me;  
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

*The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke Appellant, in armour, with an Herald.*

*K. Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,  
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,  
Thus plated in habiliments of war:  
And formally according to our law  
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

*Mar.* What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hither,  
Before King *Richard*, in his royal lists? [To Boling.  
Against



Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?  
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heav'n!

*Boling.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby  
Am I, who ready here do stand in arms,  
To prove, by heav'n's Grace and my body's valour,  
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk,  
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,  
To God of heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me;  
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

*Mar.* On pain of death, no person be so bold,  
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists,  
Except the Marshal, and such officers  
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

*Boling.* Lord Marshal, let me kiss my Sovereign's hand,  
And bow my knee before his Majesty:  
For *Mowbray* and my self are like two men  
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;  
Then let us take a ceremonious leave  
And loving farewell of our several friends.

*Mar.* Th' Appellant in all duty greets your Highness,  
[To K. Rich.

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

*K. Rich.* We will descend and fold him in our arms.  
Cousin of *Hereford*, as thy cause is right,  
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!  
Farewel, my blood, which if to day thou shed,  
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

*Boling.* Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear  
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray's* spear:  
As confident, as is the Faulcon's flight  
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.  
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,  
Of you, my noble Cousin, Lord *Aumerle*.<sup>a</sup>  
Oh thou! the earthly author of my blood,

[To Gaunt.

(a) ----- Lord *Aumerle*:  
Not sick, although I have to do with death,  
But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath.



Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,  
 Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up  
 To reach at victory above my head,  
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;  
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,  
 That it may enter *Mowbray's* waxen coat,  
 And furbish new the name of *John o' Gaunt*  
 Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

*Gaunt.* Heav'n in thy good cause make thee prosperous!  
 Be swift like lightning in the execution,  
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled on,  
 Fall like amazing thunder on the cask  
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.

Rouze up thy youthful blood, be brave and live!

*Boling.* Mine innocence, God and St. *George* to thrive!

*Mowb.* However heav'n or fortune cast my lot,  
 There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard's* throne,  
 A loyal, just and upright gentleman:  
 Never did captive with a freer heart  
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace  
 His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,  
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
 This feast of battel with mine adversary.  
 Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,  
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years;  
 As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,  
 Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

*K. Rich.* Farewel, my Lord, securely I espy  
 Virtue with valour, couched in thine eye.  
 Order the tryal, Marshal, and begin.

*Mar.* *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,*  
 Receive thy lance, and heav'n defend thy right!

*Boling.* Strong as a tower in hope, I cry *Amen!*

Lo, as at *English* feasts, so I regret  
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:  
 Oh thou -----

*Mar.*



*Mar.* Go bear this lance to *Thomas Duke of Norfolk.*

*1 Her.* *Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,*  
 Stands here for God, his Sovereign, and himself,  
 On pain to be found false and recreant,  
 To prove the Duke of *Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,*  
 A traitor to his God, his King, and him,  
 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

*2 Her.* Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,*  
 On pain to be found false and recreant,  
 Both to defend himself, and to approve  
*Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,*  
 To God, his Sovereign, and to him, disloyal:  
 Courageously, and with a free desire,  
 Attending but the signal to begin.

[*A Charge sounded.*

*Mar.* Sound, Trumpets, and set forward, Combatants.  
 --- But stay, the King hath thrown his warder down.

*K. Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets, and their spears,  
 And both return back to their chairs again:  
 Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound,  
 While we return these Dukes what we decree.

[*A long Flourish, after which the King speaks to the Dukes.*  
 Draw near ----

And list what with our Council we have done.  
 For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd  
 With that dear blood which it hath fostered;  
 And, for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
 Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours swords;  
 And for we think, the eagle-winged pride  
 Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
 With rival-hating envy, set you on,  
 To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle  
 Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep,  
 But thus rouz'd up with boist'rous untun'd drums,  
 And harsh-resounding trumpets dreadful bray,  
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,  
 Might from our quiet confines be affrighted,

And



And make us wade even in our kindred's blood :  
 Therefore, we banish you our territories.  
 You, cousin *Hereford*, on pain of death,  
 'Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,  
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done : this must my comfort be,  
 That sun that warms you here, shall shine on me :  
 And those his golden beams to you here lent,  
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* *Norfolk*, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.  
 The fly-flow hours shall not determinate  
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile :  
 The hopeless word, of *never to return*,  
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Mowb.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign Liege,  
 And all unlook'd for from your Highness' mouth :  
 A dearer merit, not so deep a maim  
 As to be cast forth in the common air,  
 Have I deserved at your Highness' hands.  
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,  
 My native *English*, now I must forego ;  
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more,  
 Than an unstringed viol, or a harp,  
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,  
 Or being open, put into his hands  
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.<sup>a</sup>  
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
 Too far in years to be a pupil now :  
 What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,  
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

(a) ----- the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,  
 Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;  
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance  
 Is made my goaler to attend on me.  
 I am too old -----

*K. Rich.*



K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;  
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,  
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with ye.  
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;  
Swear by the duty that you owe to heav'n  
(Our part therein we banish with your selves,  
To keep the oath that we administer:  
You never shall, so help you truth, and heav'n,  
Embrace each other's love in banishment,  
Nor ever look upon each other's face,  
Nor ever write, regret, or reconcile  
This low'ring tempest of your home-bred hate,  
Nor ever by advised purpose meet,  
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,  
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy: --- [*In salutation.*  
By this time, had the King permitted us,  
One of our souls had wandred in the air,  
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land.  
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm;  
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Mowb. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,  
My name be blotted from the book of life,  
And I from heav'n banish'd as from hence!  
But what thou art, heav'n, thou, and I do know,  
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.  
Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I stray;  
Save back to *England* all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*

SCENE



## S C E N E V.

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect  
Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
Pluck'd four away; six frozen winters spent,  
Return with welcome home from banishment.

*Boling.* How long a time lyes in one little word!  
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs  
End in a word; such is the breath of Kings.

*Gaunt.* I thank my Liege, that in regard of me  
He shortens four years of my son's exile:  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;  
For ere the six years that he hath to spend  
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,  
My oyl-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,  
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night:  
My inch of taper will be burnt, and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle? thou hast many years to live.

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, King, that thou canst give;  
Shorten my days thou canst with fullen sorrow,  
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:  
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:  
Thy word is currant with him for my death;  
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*K. Rich.* Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;  
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to low'r?

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sow'r:  
You urg'd me as a judge, but I had rather  
You would have bid me argue like a father.  
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,  
I was too strict to make mine own away:

But



But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,  
Against my will, to do my self this wrong.  
A partial slander fought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell! and, uncle, bid him so:  
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [Flourish.] [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Aum. Cousin, farewell! what presence must not know,  
From where you do remain let paper show.

Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride  
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,  
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongue's office should be prodigal,  
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,  
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The fullen passage of thy weary steps  
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set  
The precious jewel of thy home return.  
All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:

*There is no virtue like necessity.*

Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
And not, the King exil'd thee. Or suppose  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.



Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
 To lye that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.  
 Suppose the finging birds musicians;  
 The grafs whereon thou tread'st, the presence-floor;  
 The flow'rs fair ladies; and thy steps, no more  
 Than a delightful measure or a dance.

*Boling.* Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand  
 By thinking on the frosty *Caucasus*?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
 By bare imagination of a feast?  
 Or wallow naked in *December* snow  
 By thinking on fantastick summer's heat?  
 Oh no, the apprehension of the good  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;  
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Gaunt.* Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way;  
 Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

*Boling.* Then, *England's* ground, farewell! sweet soil, adieu!  
 My mother and my nurse, which bears me yet.  
 Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,  
 Though banish'd, yet a true-born *Englishman*. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E VII.

*The Court.*

*Enter King Richard, Bagot and Green at one door, and the  
 Lord Aumerle at the other.*

*K. Rich.* **W**E did indeed observe --- Cousin *Aumerle*,  
 How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?

*Aum.* I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him so,  
 But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

*K. Rich.* And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

*Aum.* 'Faith, none by me; except the north-east wind  
 (Which



(Which then blew bitterly against our faces)  
Awak'd the sleepy rheum, and so by chance  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said your cousin when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewel!

And for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so prophane the word, That taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.  
But would the word *farewel* have lengthen'd hours,  
And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of *farewels*;  
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our kinsman, cousin; but 'tis doubt,  
When time shall call him home from banishment,  
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.  
Our self, and *Bushy*, *Bagot* here, and *Green*,  
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,  
With humble and familiar courtesie;  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;  
Wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of smiles,  
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,  
As 'twere to banish their affections with him.  
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;  
A brace of dray-men bid God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With *thanks*, *my countrymen*, *my loving friends*;  
As were our *England* in reversion his,  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Green*. Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts!  
Now for the rebels, which stand out in *Ireland*,  
Expedient manage must be made, my Liege;  
Ere further leisure yield them further means  
For their advantage, and your Highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will our self in person to this war;



And, for our coffers with too great a court  
 And liberal largess are grown somewhat light,  
 We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm,  
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us  
 For our affairs in hand; if they come short,  
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters:  
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,  
 And send them after to supply our wants:  
 For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

*Enter Busby.*

*K. Rich.* What news?

*Busby.* Old *John* of *Gaunt* is sick, my Lord,  
 Suddenly taken, and hath sent post haste  
 T' intreat your Majesty to visit him.

*K. Rich.* Where lyes he?

*Busby.* At *Ely-house*.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, heav'n, in his physician's mind,  
 To help him to his grave immediately!  
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
 To deck our soldiers for these *Irish* wars.  
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:  
 Pray heav'n we may make haste, and come too late! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*ELY-HOUSE.*

*Enter Gaunt sick, with the Duke of York.*

GAUNT.

**W**ILL the King come, that I may breathe my last  
 In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth?  
*York.* Vex not your self, and strive not with your  
 breath;

For



For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

*Gaunt.* Oh but, they say, the tongues of dying men  
Inforce attention like deep harmony :

Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain ;  
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain. <sup>a</sup>

*York.* His ear is stopt with other flatt'ring charms,  
As praises of his state ; there are beside  
Lascivious meeters, to whose venom'd sound  
The open ear of youth doth always listen :  
Report of fashions in proud *Italy*,  
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
Limps after, in base aukward imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)  
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?  
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard. <sup>b</sup>

*Gaunt.* Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,  
And thus expiring do foretel of him,  
His rash, fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves.  
Small show'rs last long, but sudden storms are short ;  
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;  
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder ;  
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon it self.

(a) ----- their words in pain.

He that no more must say, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose ;

More are mens ends mark'd than their lives before :

The setting sun, and musick in the close.

As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last,

Writ in remembrance, more than things long past ;

Though *Richard* my life's counsel would not hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* His ear -----

(b) ----- with wit's regard.

Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse ;

'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

*Gaunt.* Methinks I am -----

This



This royal throne of Kings, this scepter'd Isle,  
 This earth of Majesty, this seat of *Mars*,  
 This other *Eden*, demy *Paradise*,  
 This fortress built by Nature for her self,  
 Against infection, and the hand of war;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happy lands;  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal Kings,  
 Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,  
 For christian service and true chivalry,  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn *Jury*  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed *Mary's* son;  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it)  
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.  
*England* bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watry *Neptune*, is bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.  
 That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of it self.  
 Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,  
 How happy then were my ensuing death!

## S C E N E II.

*Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot,  
 Ross, and Willoughby.*

*York.* The King is come, deal mildly with his youth;  
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

*Queen.* How fares our noble uncle *Lancaster*?

K. Rich.



K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt? <sup>a</sup>

Gaunt. Ill in my self, but seeing thee too, ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,  
Wherein thou lyest in reputation sick;  
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,  
Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure  
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:  
A thousand flatt'ers sit within thy crown,  
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,  
And yet incaged in so small a verge,  
Thy waste is no whit lesser than thy land.  
Oh, had thy grandfire with a prophet's eye  
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,  
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,  
Deposing thee before thou wert possesst,  
Who art possesst now to depose thy self.  
Why, cousin, wert thou Regent of the world,  
It were a shame to let this land by lease:  
But for thy world enjoying but this land,  
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?  
Landlord of *England* art thou, and not King:

(a) ----- with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my composition!  
Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:  
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;  
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?  
For sleeping *England* long time have I watcht,  
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt;  
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,  
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks,  
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt;  
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock it self:  
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,  
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou now a dying say'st thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh no, thou dy'st, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he that made me, knows I see thee ill:  
Ill in my self -----

Thy



Thy state o'er law is bondslave to the law,  
And ——

*K. Rich.* And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek, chafing the royal blood  
With fury from his native residence.  
Now by my seat's right royal Majesty,  
Wert thou not brother to great *Edward's* son,  
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head  
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

*Gaunt.* Oh, spare me not, my brother *Edward's* son,  
For that I was his father *Edward's* son.  
That blood already, like the Pelican,  
Hast thou tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.  
My brother *Glo'ster*, plain well-meaning soul,  
(Whom fair befall in heav'n 'mongst happy souls!)  
May be a precedent and witness good,  
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edward's* blood,  
Join with the present sickness that I have,  
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too-long-wither'd flower.  
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!  
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!  
Convey me to my Bed, then to my Grave:  
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* And let them die, that age and fullens have;  
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

*York.* I do beseech your Majesty, impute  
His words to wayward fickleness, and age:  
He loves you on my life, and holds you dear  
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

*K. Rich.* Right, you say true; as *Hereford's* love, so his;  
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is!

SCENE



SCENE III.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*North.* My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Majesty.

*K. Rich.* What says old *Gaunt*?

*North.* Nay, nothing; all is said:

His tongue is now a stringless instrument,

Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

*York.* Be *York* the next, that must be bankrupt so!  
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:

So much for that. Now for our *Irish* wars;

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,

Which live like venom, where no venom else,

But only they, have privilege to live.

And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,

Towards our assistance we do seize to us

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,

Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did stand possessor.

*York.* How long shall I be patient? Oh, how long  
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not *Gloster's* death, not *Hereford's* banishment,

Not *Gaunt's* rebukes, nor *England's* private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*

About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me fow'r my patient cheek,

Or bend one wrinkle on my Sovereign's face.

I am the last of noble *Edward's* sons,

Of whom thy father Prince of *Wales* was first:

In war, was never Lion rag'd more fierce;

In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,

Than was that young and princely gentleman;

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he

Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours.



But when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,  
 And not against his friends: His noble hand  
 Did win what he did spend; and spent not that  
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won.  
 His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,  
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

Oh *Richard*, *York* is too far gone with grief,  
 Or else he never would compare between —

*K. Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?

*York.* Oh, my Liege! <sup>a</sup>

Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands  
 The royalties and rights of banish'd *Hereford*?  
 Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?  
 Was not *Gaunt* just, and is not *Harry* true?  
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir?  
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son?  
 Take *Hereford*'s rights away, and take from time  
 His charters, and his customary rights.  
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day,  
 Be not thy self. For how art thou a King  
 But by fair sequence and succession?  
 If you do wrongfully seize *Hereford*'s right,  
 Call in his letters patents that he hath,  
 By his attorneys-general, to sue  
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage;  
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head;  
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts;  
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts  
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Rich.* Think what you will; we seize into our hands  
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

*York.* I'll not be by the while; my Liege, farewell!  
 What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell.

(a) ----- my Liege,  
 Pardon if you please; if not,  
 I, pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content.  
 Seek you to seize, &c.



But by bad courses may be understood,  
That their events can never fall out good.

[Exit.

K. Rich. Go, *Busby*, to the Earl of *Wiltshire* straight,  
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-house*,  
To see this business done: to-morrow next  
We will for *Ireland*; and 'tis time I trow.  
And we create, in absence of our self,  
Our uncle *York* Lord-governor of *England*:  
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.  
Come on, our Queen, to-morrow must we part;  
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[Flourish.

[Exeunt King, Queen, &c.

SCENE IV.

*Manent* Northumberland, Willoughby, and Ross.

*North.* Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaster* is dead.

*Ross.* And living too, for now his son is Duke.

*Will.* Barely in title, not in revenue.

*North.* Richly in both, if justice had her right.

*Ross.* My heart is great; but it must break with silence,  
Ere't be disburthen'd with a lib'ral tongue.

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more  
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.

*Will.* Tends what you'd speak, to th' Duke of *Hereford*?  
If it be so, out with it boldly, man:

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

*Ross.* No good at all that I can do for him,  
Unless you call it good to pity him,  
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

*North.* Now afore heav'n, it's shame such wrongs are born  
In him a royal Prince, and many more  
Of noble blood in this declining land;  
The King is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers; and what they will inform  
Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,

E c 2

That



That will the King severely prosecute  
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

*Rofs.* The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,  
And lost their hearts; the Nobles hath he fin'd  
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

*Willo.* And daily new exactions are devis'd;  
As blanks, benevolences, I wot not what:  
But what o' God's name doth become of this?

*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,  
But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his ancestors atchiev'd with blows:  
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

*Rofs.* The Earl of *Wiltshire* hath the realm in farm.

*Willo.* The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

*North.* Reproach and dissolution hang o'er him.

*Rofs.* He hath not mony for these *Irish* wars,  
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)  
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

*North.* His noble kinsman ---- most degenerate King!  
But, Lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:  
We see the wind sit fore upon our sails,  
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*Rofs.* We see the very wreck that we must suffer,  
And unavoidable the danger now,  
For suff'ring so the causes of our wreck.

*North.* Not so: ev'n through the hollow eyes of death  
I spy life peering; but I dare not say  
How near the tidings of our comfort are.

*Willo.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

*Rofs.* Be confident to speak, *Northumberland*;  
We three are but thy self, and speaking so,  
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

*North.* Then thus, my friends. I have from *Port le Blanc*,  
A bay in *Bretagne*, had intelligence,  
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald Lord Cobham*,

That



That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,  
 His brother, Archbishop late of *Canterbury*,  
 Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, with Sir *John Rainston*,  
 And Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*,  
 And *Francis Coines*,  
 All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Bretagne*,  
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,  
 Are making hither with all due expedience,  
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore;  
 Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay  
 The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.  
 If then we will shake off our slavish yoke,  
 Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,  
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,  
 Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,  
 And make high Majesty look like it self:  
 Away with me in haste to *Ravenspurg*.  
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
 Stay, and be secret, and my self will go.  
*Ross.* To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.  
*Will.* Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The Court of England.*

*Enter Queen, Busby, and Bagot.*

*Busby.* **M**Adam, your Majesty is much too sad:  
 You promis'd, when you parted with the King,  
 To lay aside self-harming heaviness,  
 And entertain a chearful disposition.

*Queen.* To please the King, I did; to please my self,  
 I cannot do it; yet I know no cause  
 Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As



As my sweet *Richard*: yet again methinks  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,  
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles, yet at something grieves,  
More than with parting from my Lord the King.

*Bushy*. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
Which shew like grief it self, but are not so:  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;  
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon  
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,  
Distinguish form. So your sweet Majesty  
Looking awry upon your Lord's departure,  
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself to wail,  
Which look'd on as they are, are nought but shadows  
Of what they are not; gracious Queen, then weep not  
More than your Lord's departure; more's not seen:  
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,  
Which for things true, weeps things imaginary.

*Queen*. It may be so; but yet my inward soul  
Persuades me otherwise: how-e'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad; most heavy sad.<sup>a</sup>

*Bushy*. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious Lady.

*Queen*. 'Tis nothing less; conceit is still deriv'd  
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so,<sup>b</sup>  
But what it is not known; 'tis nameless woe.

(a) ----- heavy sad.

As though on thinking, on no thought I think,  
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy*. 'Tis nothing -----

(b) ----- mine is not so,

For nothing hath begot my something grief;  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve,  
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;  
But what it is, that is not yet known, what  
I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe I wot.

*Enter Green* -----

SCENE



SCENE VI.

*Enter Green.*

*Green.* Heav'n save your Majesty! and well met, gentlemen:  
I hope the King is not yet shipt for *Ireland*.

*Queen.* Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is:  
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:  
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

*Green.* That he, our hope, might have retir'd his Power,  
And driv'n into despair an enemy  
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.  
The banish'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himself;  
And with up-lifted arms is safe arriv'd  
At *Ravensturg*.

*Queen.* Now God in heav'n forbid!

*Green.* O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worse,  
The Lord *Northumberland*, his young son *Percy*,  
The Lords of *Ross*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,  
With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.

*Busby.* Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*,  
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

*Green.* We have: whereon the Earl of *Worcester*  
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,  
And all the household servants fled with him  
To *Bolingbroke*.

*Queen.* So, *Green*, thou art the midwife of my woe,  
And *Bolingbroke* my sorrow's dismal heir:  
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,  
And I, a gasping new-delivered mother,  
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

*Busby.* Despair not, Madam.

*Queen.* Who shall hinder me?  
I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper back of death,

Who



Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hopes linger, in extremity.

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter York.*

*Green.* Here comes the Duke of *York*.

*Queen.* With signs of war about his aged neck;  
Oh, full of careful business are his looks.  
Uncle, for heav'n's sake, comfortable words.

*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts;  
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, care and grief.  
Your husband he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at home.  
Here am I left to underprop his land;  
Who, weak with age, cannot support my self.  
Now comes the sick hour after surfeit made;  
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord, your son was gone before I came.

*York.* He was; why, so; go all which way it will!  
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons cold,  
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford's* side.  
Get thee to *Plasbie*, to my sister *Glo'ster*;  
Bid her send presently a thousand pound:  
Hold, take my ring.

*Serv.* My Lord, I had forgot  
To tell, to-day I came by, and call'd there,  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is't?

*Serv.* An hour before I came, the Dutchess dy'd.

*York.* Heav'n for his mercy! what a tide of woes  
Comes rushing on this woful land at once!  
I know not what to do: I would to heav'n,

(So



(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)  
 The King had cut off my head with my brother's.  
 What, are there posts dispatch'd for *Ireland*?  
 How shall we do for money for these wars?  
 Come, sister; (cousin, I would say;) pray, pardon me.  
 Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts, [*To the Servant.*  
 And bring away the armour that is there.  
 Gentlemen, will you go and muster men?  
 If I know how to order these affairs,  
 Disorderly thus thrust into my hands,  
 Never believe me. They are both my kinsmen;  
 The one my Sovereign, whom both my oath  
 And duty bid defend; th' other again  
 My kinsman is, one whom the King hath wrong'd,  
 Whom conscience and my kindred bid to right.  
 Well, somewhat we must do: come, cousin, I'll  
 Dispose of you. Go muster up your men,  
 And meet me presently at *Barkley* castle:  
 I should to *Plasbie* too, —  
 But time will not permit. All is uneven,  
 And every thing is left at six and seven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*

S C E N E VIII.

*Busby.* The wind fits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,  
 But none returns; for us to levy power  
 Proportionable to the enemy,  
 Is all impossible.

*Green.* Besides, our nearness to the King in love  
 Is near the hate of those, love not the King.

*Bagot.* And that's the wav'ring Commons, for their love  
 Lyes in their purses; and who empties them,  
 By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

*Busby.* Wherein the King stands gen'rally condemn'd.

*Bagot.* If judgment lye in them, then so do we,

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F f

Because



Because we have been ever near the King.

*Green.* Well; I'll for refuge strait to *Bristol* castle;  
The Earl of *Wiltshire* is already there.

*Busby.* Thither will I with you; for little office  
The hateful Commons will perform for us,  
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces:  
Will you go with us?

*Bagot.* No: I'll to *Ireland* to his Majesty.  
Farewel: if hearts presages be not vain,  
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

*Busby.* That's as *York* thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke*.

*Green.* Alas poor Duke, the task he undertakes  
Is numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry,  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.

*Busby.* Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever!

*Green.* Well, we may meet again.

*Bagot.* I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IX.

*In Gloucestershire.*

*Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.*

*Boling.* **H**OW far is it, my Lord, to *Barkley* now?

*North.* I am a stranger here in *Glostershire*:  
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways  
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:  
And yet our fair discourse has been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.  
But I bethink me what a weary way  
From *Ravenespurg* to *Cotswold* will be found  
By *Rofs* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,  
Which I protest hath very much beguil'd  
The tediousness and process of my travel:  
But theirs is sweetned with the hope to have

The



The present benefit that I possess:  
And hope to joy is little less in joy,  
Than hope enjoy'd. By this the weary Lords  
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done  
By fight of what I have, your noble company.

*Boling.* Of much less value is my company  
Than your good words: but who comes here?

*Enter Percy.*

*North.* It is my son, young *Harry Percy*,  
Sent from my brother *Worcester*: whencesoever,  
*Harry*, how fares your uncle?

*Percy.* I thought, my Lord, t' have learn'd his health of you.

*North.* Why? is he not with the Queen?

*Percy.* No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,  
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd  
The household of the King.

*North.* What was his reason? he was not so resolv'd,  
When we last spake together.

*Percy.* Because your Lordship was proclaimed traitor.  
But he, my Lord, is gone to *Ravenespurg*,  
To offer service to the Duke of *Hereford*,  
And sent me o'er by *Barkley*, to discover  
What pow'r the Duke of *York* had levy'd there;  
Then with direction to repair to *Ravenespurg*.

*North.* Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, boy?

*Percy.* No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot  
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,  
I never in my life did look on him.

*North.* Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

*Percy.* My gracious Lord, I tender you my service,  
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,  
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm  
To more approved service and desert.

*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle *Percy*, and be sure



I count my self in nothing else so happy,  
 As in a soul remembring my good friends:  
 And as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
 It shall be still thy true love's recompence.  
 My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus seals it.

*North.* How far is it to *Barkley*? and what stir  
 Keeps good old *York* there with his men of war?

*Percy.* There stands the castle by yond tuft of trees,  
 Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,  
 And in it are the Lords, *York*, *Barkley*, *Seymour*;  
 None else of name, and noble estimate.

*Enter Ros and Willoughby.*

*North.* Here come the Lords of *Ros* and *Willoughby*,  
 Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

*Boling.* Welcome, my Lords; I wot your love pursues  
 A banish'd traitor; all my treasury  
 Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,  
 Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

*Ros.* Your presence makes us rich, most noble Lord.

*Willo.* And far furmounds our labour to attain it.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, (th' exchequer of the poor)  
 Which, 'till my infant-fortune comes to years,  
 Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

*Enter Barkley.*

*North.* It is my Lord of *Barkley*, as I guess.

*Bark.* Lord *Hereford*, my message is to you.

*Boling.* My Lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*,  
 And I am come to seek that name in *England*,  
 And I must find that title in your tongue,  
 Before I make reply to ought you say.

*Bark.* Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning  
 To raze one title of your honour out.  
 To you, my Lord, I come, what Lord you will,  
 From the most glorious of all this land,

The



The Duke of *York*, to know what pricks you on  
To take advantage of the absent time,  
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

SCENE X.

*Enter York.*

*Boling.* I shall not need transport my words by you,  
Here comes his Grace in person. Noble uncle! [Kneels.

*York.* Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,  
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

*Boling.* My gracious uncle!

*York.* I am no traitor's uncle; and that word *Grace*,  
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.  
Why have these banish'd and forbidden legs  
Dar'd once to touch a dust of *England's* ground?  
But more then, why, why have they dar'd to march  
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,  
And ostentation of despightful arms?  
Com'st thou because th' anointed King is hence?  
Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lyes his power.  
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,  
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy father, and my self  
Rescued the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,  
From forth the ranks of many thousand *French*;  
Oh then, how quickly should this arm of mine,  
Now prisoner to the palfie, chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy fault!

*Boling.* My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;  
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

*York.* Ev'n in condition of the worst degree;  
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,  
Before the expiration of thy time,

In



In braving arms against thy Sovereign.

*Boling.* As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*;  
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace,  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye;

You are my father, for methinks in you  
I see old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then, my father!

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties

Pluckt from my arms perforce, and giv'n away  
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?

If that my cousin King be King of *England*,  
It must be granted I am Duke of *Lancaster*.

You have a son, *Aumerle* my noble kinsman:

Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,

He should have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,

To rowze his wrongers, chasing them to the bay.

I am deny'd to sue my livery here,

And yet my letters patents give me leave:

My father's goods are all distrain'd and fold,

And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do? I am a subject,

And challenge law: attorneys are deny'd me,

And therefore personally I lay my claim

To mine inheritance of free descent.

*North.* The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

*Rofs.* It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

*Willo.* Base men by his endowments are made great.

*York.* My Lords of *England*, let me tell you this,

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,

And labour'd all I could to do him right:

But in this kind, to come in braving arms,

Be his own carver, and cut out his way,

To find out right with wrongs, it may not be;

And you that do abet him in this kind

Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

*North.*



*North.* The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is  
But for his own; and for the right of that  
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;  
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

*York.* Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;  
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,  
Because my pow'r is weak, and all ill-left:  
But if I could, by him that gave me life,  
I would attach you all, and make you stoop  
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King.  
But since I cannot, be it known to you,  
I do remain as neuter. So farewell!  
Unless you please to enter in the castle,  
And there repose you for this night.

*Boling.* An offer, uncle, that we will accept;  
But we must win your Grace to go with us  
To *Bristol-Castle*, which they say is held  
By *Busby*, *Bagot*, and their complices,  
The caterpillars of the common-wealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

*York.* It may be I will go: but yet I'll pause,  
For I am loth to break our country's laws:  
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;  
Things past redress are now with me past care. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XI.

*In Wales.*

*Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.*

*Cap.* MY Lord of *Salisbury*, we have staid ten days,  
And hardly kept our countrymen together,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the King:  
Therefore we all disperse our selves: farewell!

*Sal.* Stay yet another day, thou trusty *Welshman*:

The



The King reposes all his trust in thee.

*Cap.* 'Tis thought the King is dead: we will not stay.

The Bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heav'n;

The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap;

The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,

The other hope to enjoy by rage and war.

These boding signs forerun the death of Kings.

Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,

As well assur'd, *Richard* their King is dead.

[*Exit.*

*Sal.* Ah, *Richard*, ah! with eyes of heavy mind

I see thy glory, like a shooting star,

Fall to the base earth from the firmament:

Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,

Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:

Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes;

And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exit.*

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's Camp.

*Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy,
Willoughby, with Bushy and Green Prisoners.*

BOLINGBROKE.

B Ring forth these men. —

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)

With too much urging your pernicious lives;

For 'twere no charity: yet to wash your blood

From

From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have mis-led a Prince, a royal King,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and disfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes, by your foul wrongs.
My self a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, (and near in love,
'Till you did make him mis-interpret me,)
Have stoopt my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my *English* breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
While you have fed upon my signiories;
Dis-park'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
From mine own windows torn my household-coat,
Raz'd out my Impres; leaving me no sign,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
To execution, and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroak of death to me,
Than *Bolingbroke* to *England*.

Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd.
Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house;
For heav'n's sake, fairly let her be intreated;
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle: come, my Lords, away,
A while to work; and, after, holiday. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Coast of Wales.

Flourish: Drums, and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. **B** *Arkloughly-castle* call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my good Lord; how brooks your Grace
the air,

After your tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;

So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy Sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:

But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lye in his way,

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy Sovereign's enemies.

Mock not my senseless conjuration, Lords;

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native King
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.

Carl. Fear not, my Lord, that Pow'r that made you King
Hath pow'r to keep you King, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
And not neglected: else if heaven would
And we would not, heav'n's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiss,
Whilst *Bolingbroke*, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin, know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heav'n is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody here:
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through ev'ry guilty hole;
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with th' Antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east;
His treasons will set blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day;
But self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The Deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that *Bolingbroke* hath prest,
To lift sharp steel against our golden crown,
Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly pay

A glorious angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heav'n still guards the right.

S C E N E III.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my Lord, how far off lyes your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Than this weak arm; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair:
One day too late, I fear, my noble Lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men.
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late
O'er-throws thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state.
For all the *Welshmen*, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, disperst and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; why looks your Grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.^a
All souls, that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot my self: am I not King?
Awake, thou coward Majesty, thou sleepest:
Is not the King's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a King! are we not high?
High be our thoughts! I know my uncle *York*
Hath pow'r to serve our turn. But who comes here?

(a) ----- and they are fled,
And 'till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?
All souls -----

SCENE IV.

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care:

And what loss is it to be rid of care?

Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,

We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.

Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

They break their faith to God as well as us.

Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;

So high above his limits swells the rage

Of *Bolingbroke*, cov'ring your fearful land

With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel.

White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps

Against thy Majesty; boys with womens voices

Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms, against thy crown:

The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows

Of doubly-fatal yew^a, against thy state:

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills.

Against thy feat both young and old rebel,

And all goes worse than I have pow'r to tell.

(a) The Yew is said to be doubly fatal, from a poisonous quality in it, and from affording instruments of death in war.

K. Rich.

K. *Rich.* Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
 Where is the Earl of *Wiltshire*? ---
 What is become of *Busby*? where is *Green*?
 That they have let the dang'rous enemy
 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
 If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
 I warrant they've made peace with *Bolingbroke*.

Scroop. Peace they have made with him indeed, my Lord.

K. *Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption;
 Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man;
 Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart;
 Three *Judasses*, each one thrice worse than *Judas*!
 Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
 Turns to the sow'rest and most deadly hate:
 Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
 With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
 Have felt the worst of death's destroying hand,
 And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is *Busby*, *Green*, and th' Earl of *Wiltshire* dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Bristol* lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father, with his power?

K. *Rich.* No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow in the bosom of the earth!
 Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills;
 And yet not so --- for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
 Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke's*,
 And nothing can we call our own, but death;
 And that small model of the barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heav'n's sake let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:

How

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war:
 Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossest'd:
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd:
 All murther'd. — For within the hollow crown,
 That rounds the mortal temples of a King,
 Keeps Death his Court, and there the Antick fits
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable: and humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle-walls, and farewell King!
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn rev'rence: throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while:
 I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
 Taste grief, need friends, like you: subjected thus,
 How can you say to me I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
 But presently prevent the ways to wail:
 To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
 Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe;
 And so your follies fight against your self.^a

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bolingbroke*, I come ---^b

(a) ----- against your self.

Fear, and be slain, no worse can come from fight,
 And fight and die, is death destroying death.
 Where fearing, dying, pays death servile breath.

Ann. My father hath a pow'r, enquire of him,
 And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou -----

(b) ----- I come

To change blows with thee, for our day of doom;
 This ague-fit of fear is over-blown,
 An easie task it is to win our own.

Say, *Scroop*, -----

Say,

Say, *Scroop*, where lyes our uncle with his power? ^a

Scroop. I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
Your uncle *York* is join'd with *Bolingbroke*,
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By heav'n, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-castle*, there I'll pine away;
A King, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey:
That pow'r I have, discharge, and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath some hope to grow:
For I have none. Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them away,
From *Richard's* night to *Bolingbroke's* fair day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Bolingbroke's Camp, near Flint.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, and Attendants.

Boling. SO that by this intelligence we learn
The *Welshmen* are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed

(a) ----- his power?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sower.

Scroop.

With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my Lord,
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the Lord *Northumberland*,
To say King *Richard*. Ah, the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head!

North. Your Grace mistakes me; only to be brief
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief to shorten you the head.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Left you mistake; the heav'ns are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppose my self
Against their will. But who comes here? 'tis *Percy*.

Enter Percy.

Well, *Harry*; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against your entrance.

Boling. Royally? why, it doth contain no King?

Percy. Yes, my good Lord,
It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond lime and stone;
And with him Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, besides a clergy-man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike it is the Bishop of *Carlisle*.

Boling. Noble Lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle

[To *North*.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say:
I play -----

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver :
Henry of Bolingbroke upon his knees
 Doth kiss King *Richard's* hand, and sends allegiance
 And faith of heart unto his royal person :
 Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
 Provided that my banishment repeal'd
 And lands restor'd again be freely granted ;
 If not, I'll use th' advantage of my pow'r,
 And lay the summer's dust with show'rs of blood,
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd *Englishmen*.
 The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fair King *Richard's* land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
 Go signifie as much, while here we march
 Upon the grassie carpet of this plain ;
 Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
 That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
 Methinks King *Richard* and my self should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n :^a
 March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

S C E N E VI.

*Parle without, and answer within ; then a flourish. Enter on the
 walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop,
 and Salisbury.*

York. See, see, King *Richard* doth himself appear
 As doth the blushing discontented sun

(a) ----- cheeks of heav'n :

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
 March on, &c.

From out the fiery portal of the East,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
Yet looks he like a King; behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majesty; alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [To North.
Because we thought our self thy lawful King;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God,
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yond methinks he is)
That every stride he makes upon the land
Is dangerous treason; he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war.
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers sons
Shall mis-become the flow'ry *England's* face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew

Her pasture's grafs with faithful *English* blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid, our Lord the King
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! no, thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry of Bolingbroke, doth kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandfire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious head)
And by the bury'd hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn, or said,
His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to rust;
His barbed steeds to stables; and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.
This swears he, as he is a Prince, is just;
And as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. *Northumberland*, say thus the King returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase our self, cousin, do we not, [To Aum.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
'Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again,

With

With

With words of footh ; oh that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now !
Swell'ft thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the King do now ? must he submit ?
The King shall do it : must he be depos'd ?
The King shall be contented : must he lose
The name of King ? o' God's name let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads ;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown ;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood ;
My scepter, for a palmer's walking-staff ;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's highway ;
Some way of common tread, where subjects feet
May hourly trample on their Sovereign's head. ^a
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin,
We'll make foul weather with despised tears :
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears ?
As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
'Till they have fretted us a pair of graves. ^b

(a) ----- Sovereign's head.

For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live ;
And bury'd once, why not upon my head ?

Aumerle, &c.

(b) ----- a pair of graves,

Within the earth ; and therein laid, there lyes
'Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes ?
Would not this ill do well ? well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.

Most mighty Prince, &c.

Most

Most mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
 What says King *Bolingbroke*? will his Majesty
 Give *Richard* leave to live, 'till *Richard* die?
 You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* says ay.

North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend
 To speak with you, may't please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come, like glitt'ring *Phaeton*,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.^a

Boling. What says his Majesty?

North. Sorrow of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man;
 Yet he is come.

Boling. Stand all apart, and show
 Fair duty to his Majesty.

My gracious Lord ----

[*Kneels.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
 Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
 Than my un-pleas'd eye see your courtesie.^b

Boling. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
 As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserv'd: they well deserve to have,
 That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
 Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.

[*To York.*

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
 Though you are old enough to be my heir.

[*To Bolingbroke.*

(a) ---- of unruly jades.

In the base court? base court where Kings grow base,

To come at traitors calls, and do them grace.

In the base court come down? down, court, down, King;

For Night-owls shriek, where mounting Larks should sing.

Boling. What, &c.

(b) ---- your courtesie.

Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,

Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My, &c.

What you will have I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards *London*. Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good Lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Garden.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. **W**Hat sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

Lady. Of either, Madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl.

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have I need not to repeat:
And of what I want it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause:
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,

And

And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees:
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so,
Against a change; woe is fore-run with woe.

[Queen and Ladies retire.]

Gard. Go bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their Sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our common-wealth:
All must be even in our government.
You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm state?
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with Caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf;
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
(That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,)
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;
I mean the Earl of *Wiltshire*, *Busby*, *Green*.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard.

Gard. They are,
And *Bolingbroke* hath seiz'd the wasteful King.
What pity is it, that he had not trimm'd
And drest his land, as we this garden drest,
And wound the bark, the skin, of our fruit-trees,
Left being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound it self?
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had born the crown,
Which waste and idle hours have quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters last night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am prest to death through want of speaking:
Thou *Adam's* likeness, set to drest this garden,
How dares thy tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What *Eve*, what serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second fall of curst man?
Why dost thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe these news; yet what I say is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bolingbroke*; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the balance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Besides himself, are all the *English* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.

Post you to *London*, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me?
And am I last that know it? Oh, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
The sorrow in my breast. Come, Ladies, go,
To meet, at *London*, *London's* King in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke*!
Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Ex. Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor Queen, so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she drop a tear, here in this place
I'll set a bank of Rue, sow'r herb of grace:
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen. [*Ex. Gard. and Serv.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

LONDON.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL *Bagot* forth: now freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble *Glo'ster's* death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord *Aumerle*.

Boling.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glo'ster's* death was plotted,
I heard you say, *Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the restful English Court
As far as Calais to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, you rather had refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England*; adding
Withal how blest this land would be in this
Your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords!
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou liest, *Bagot*,
And I'll maintain, what thou hast said is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. *Bagot*, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

Fitzw. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun, that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble *Glo'ster's* death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest,
And I will turn thy falshood to thy heart
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. *Fitzwater*, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. *Aumerle*, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And that thou art so, there I throw my gage
To prove it on thee, to th'extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Who sets me else? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thousand spirits in my breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk.

Fitzw. My Lord, 'tis true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heav'n, as heav'n it self is true.

Fitzw. *Surrey*, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, rest
In earth as quiet, as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the tryal, if thou dar'st.

Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet *Surrey* in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.

Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolk* say,

That thou, *Aumerle*, didst send two of thy men

To

To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.

Aum. Some honest christian trust me with a gage,
That *Norfolk* lies; here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These diff'rences shall all rest under gage,
'Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his signiories; when he's return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his tryal.

Carl. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolk* fought
For *Jesu Christ*, in glorious christian field
Streaming the ensign of the christian Cross,
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain *Christ*,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, Bishop, is *Norfolk* dead?

Carl. Sure as I live, my Lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his soul
To th' bosom of good *Abraham*! — Lords appealants,
Your diff'rences shall all rest under gage,
'Till we assign you to your days of tryal.

S C E N E II.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaster*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that name the Fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Carl.

Carl. Marry, heav'n forbid I
 Worst in this royal presence may I speak?
 Yet best befitting me to speak the truth.
 Would God, that any in this noble presence
 Were enough noble to be upright judge
 Of noble *Richard*; then true nobleness would
 Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
 What subject can give sentence on his King?
 And who sits here that is not *Richard's* subject?
 Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them.
 And shall the figure of God's Majesty,
 His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
 Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? oh, forbid it,
 That in a christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stirr'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
 My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
 Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford's* King.
 And if you crown him, let me prophesie,
 The blood of *English* shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act.
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
 And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound.
 Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's skulls.
 Oh, if you rear this house against this house,
 It will the wofullest division prove,
 That ever fell upon this curst earth,
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest children's children cry against you, woe!

North.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of *Westminster*, be it your charge,
To keep him safely 'till his day of tryal.
May't please you, Lords, to grant the Commons suit?

Boling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit]

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
Little are we beholden to your love, [To Clerk]
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

SCENE III.

Enter King Richard and York.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
Give sorrow leave a-while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail to me?
So *Judas* did to *Christ*: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majesty did make thee offer:
The resignation of thy state and crown.

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize the crown.

(a) ----- in twelve thousand, none.

God save the King! will no man say, *Amen*?

Am I both priest and clerk? well then, *Amen*.

God save the King, although I be not he:

And yet *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.

To do what service, &c.

Here,

Here, on this side my hand, on that side thine.^a
 Now, mark me how I will undo my self;
 I give this heavy weight from off my head,
 And this unweildy scepter from my hand,
 The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,
 With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
 With mine own hands I give away my crown,
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
 All pomp and Majesty I do forswear:
 My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
 My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
 God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
 God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
 Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
 And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd!^b
 What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
 These accusations, and these grievous crimes

(a) ----- on that side thine.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
 That owes two buckets, filling one another,
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,
 The other down, unseen, and full of water:
 That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am, but still my griefs are mine:
 You may my glories, and my state depose,
 But not my griefs; still am I King of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
 My care, is loss of care, by old care done;
 Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
 The cares I give, I have, though given away;
 They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. I, no; no, I; for I must nothing be:
 Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
 Now, mark me, &c.

(b) ----- that hast all atchiev'd!

Long may'st thou live in *Richard's* seat to sit,
 And soon lye *Richard* in an earthy pit!
 God save King *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* says,
 And send him many years of sun-shine days!
 What more, &c.

Com-

Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land:
That by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Oh *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? if thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait my self,
Though some of you with *Pilate* wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my sow'r cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My Lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot see:
And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon my self,
I find my self a traitor with the rest:
For I have given here my foul's consent,
T' undeck the pompous body of a King;
Made glory base; a Sovereign, a slave;
Proud Majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My Lord —

K. Rich. No Lord of thine, insulting man;
Nor no man's Lord: I have no name, no title;
No, not that name was giv'n me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd. Alack the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call my self.

Oh, that I were a mockery King of snow,
 Standing before the sun of *Bolingbroke*,
 To melt my self away in water-drops! ^a
 An if my word be sterling yet in *England*,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 That it may shew me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his Majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me, ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
 When I do see the very book indeed,
 Where all my sins are writ, and that's my self.

Enter one with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
 No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
 So many blows upon this face of mine,
 And made no deeper wounds? oh flatt'ring glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me. Was this face the face
 That every day under his household-roof
 Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face,
 That like the sun did make beholders wink? ^b
 How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face!

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd

(a) ----- in water-drops.

Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
 An if my, &c.

(b) ----- beholders wink?

Is this the face, which fac'd so many follies,
 That was at last out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke*?
 A brittle glory shineth in this face,
 As brittle as the glory, is the face,
 For there it is, crackt in an hundred shivers.
 Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport,
 How soon my sorrow, &c.

The

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow! ha, let's see;

'Tis very true, my grief lyes all within,

And these external manners of laments

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,

That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.

There lyes the substance: and I thank thee, King,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st

Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, my fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a King:

For when I was a King, my flatterers

Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

I have a King here to my flatterer:

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.^(a)

On Wednesday next we solemnly set down

Our coronation: Lords, prepare your selves.

[Ex. all but Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle and Aumerle.

SCENE IV.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

(a) ----- to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh, good! convey: conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true King's fall.

Boling. On Wednesday, &c.

K k 2

Carl.

Carl. The woe's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay
A plot shall shew us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street in London.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

QUEEN.

THis way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Caesar's* ill-erected tow'r,
To whose flint bosom my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud *Bolingbroke*.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
O thou, the model where old *Troy* did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou *King Richard's* tomb,
And not *King Richard*; thou most beauteous Inn,

[*To K. Rich.*]

Why

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league 'till death. Hye thee to *France*,
And cloister thee in some religious house;
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. How, is my *Richard* both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weak? hath *Bolingbroke* depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpow'r'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a Lion and a King of beasts?

K. Rich. A King of beasts indeed; if ought but beasts,
I had been still a happy King of men.
Good, ^a sometime Queen! prepare thee hence for *France*;
Think I am dead, and that ev'n here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.^b

(a) Sometime, *for* formerly.

(b) ----- to their beds.

For why? the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out:

S C E N E II.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang'd:
 You must to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*.
 And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
 With all swift speed you must away to *France*.

K. Rich. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithal
 The mounting *Bolingbroke* ascends my throne,
 The time shall not be many hours of age
 More than it is, ere foul sin gath'ring head
 Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,
 Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
 It is too little, helping him to all:
 And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
 To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
 To pluck him headlong from th'usurped throne.
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
 That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
 To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head! and there's an end.
 Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd? Bad men, ye violate
 A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
 And then betwixt me and my married wife.
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me: [To the Queen.
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
 Part us, *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
 Where shiv'ring cold and sickness pines the clime:
 My Queen to *France*; from whence, set forth in pomp,
 She came adorned hither like sweet *May*,
 Sent back like *Hallowmas*, or shortest day.

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
 For the deposing of a rightful King.

SCENE -----

Queen.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.^a

K. Rich. Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu! the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York and his Dutchess.

Dutch. MY Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into *London*.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my Lord,
Where rude mis-govern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King *Richard's* head.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great *Bolingbroke*,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,

(a) ----- but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe.

Weep thou for me in *France*; I for thee here:

Better far off; than near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans:

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

Thus give I mine, &c.

With

With slow but stately pace kept on his course :
 While all tongues cry'd, *God save thee, Bolingbroke !*
 You would have thought the very windows spake,
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage ; and that all the walls
 With painted imag'ry had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespoke them thus ; *I thank you, country-men ;*
 And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas ! poor *Richard*, where rides he the while ?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on *Richard* ; no man cry'd, *God save him !*
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience ;
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism it self have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events,
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To *Bolingbroke* are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

SCENE IV.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my son *Aumerle*.

York.

York. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richard's* friend.
And, Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now :
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made King.

Dutch. Welcome, my son ; who are the Violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor do greatly care :
God knows I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from *Oxford* ? hold those jousts and triumphs ?

Aum. For ought I know, they do.

York. You will be there.

Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom ?
Yea, look'st thou pale ? come, let me see the writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it.
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, Sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear ---

Dutch. What should you fear, my Lord ?
'Tis nothing but some bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel, now against the triumph.

York. Bound to himself ? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to ? wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

York. I will be satisfied, let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it, and reads.]

Treason ! foul treason ! villain, traitor, slave !

Dutch. What's the matter, my Lord ?

York. Hoa, who's within there? faddle me my horse.
Heav'n for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Dutch. Why, what is't, my Lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; faddle my horse.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Dutch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman!

Dutch. I will not peace: what is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Dutch. Thy life answer!

S C E N E V.

Enter Servant with boots.

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.

Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle*. (Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.)
Hence, villain, never more come in my fight!

[*Speaking to the Servant.*]

York. Give me my boots.

Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably have set their hands,
To kill the King at *Oxford*.

Dutch. He shall be none:

'We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times

My

My son, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful:
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet *York*, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman!

[*Exit.*

Dutch. After, *Aumerle*, mount thee upon his horse,
Spur post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as *York*:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
'Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Windsor-Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. CAN no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heav'n, my Lords, he might be found.
Enquire at *London*, 'mongst the taverns there:
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions:
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

L 1 2

Percy.

Percy. My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
And told him of the triumphs held at *Oxford*.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desp'rate; yet through both
I see some sparks of hope; which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares
And looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your Grace! I do beseech your Majesty,
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone. [*Ex. Lords.*
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise or speak!

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter 'till the tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

[*York within.*

York. My Liege, beware, look to thy self,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou hast no cause to fear.

York. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy King:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak, take breath:
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.

York. Villain, it was, ere thy hand set it down.
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King.
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous son!
Thou clear, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages,
Hath had his current, and defil'd himself,
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame;
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives, when his dishonour dies:
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lyes:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death. [*Dutchess within.*

Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for heav'n's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I.

Speak

Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.^a

Boling. My dang'rous cousin, let your mother in,
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may;
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest is sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not it self, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet *York*, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege!

[*Kneels.*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
'Till thou give joy, until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning *Rutland*, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*

York. Against them both my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside.

(a) ----- begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the beggar, and the King.
My dang'rous cousin, &c.

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel, 'till to the ground they grow.
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not say stand up,
But pardon first, say afterwards stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word 'till now:
Say, *Pardon*, King, let pity teach thee how.^a

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the fruit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heav'n shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear; speak it again:
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Dutch. A God on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law; the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consoorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

(a) ----- teach thee how.

The word is short, but not so short as sweet,
No word like pardon, for Kings mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in *French*, King, say *Pardonnez moy*.

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon, pardon to destroy?

Ah, my fow'r husband, my hard-hearted Lord,

That set'st the word it self, against the word.

Speak pardon as 'tis currant in our land,

The chopping *French* we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:

Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear,

That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, &c.

Good

Good uncle, help to order several powers
To *Oxford*, or where-e'er these traitors are. ^a [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Exton and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this fear?
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he; he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it he wistly look'd on me,
As who shall say, I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E X.

A Prison at Pomfret Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I Have been studying how to compare
This prison where I live unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but my self,
I cannot do it, yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain shall prove the female to my foul,

(a) ----- traitors are.

They shall not live within this world, I swear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell; and, cousin, adieu;

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old son, I pray heav'n make thee new.

SCENE, &c.

My

My foul, the father; and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts;
 And these same thoughts people this little world;
 In humour, like the people of this world,
 For no thought is content. The better fort,
 (As thoughts of things divine,) are intermixt
 With scruples, and do set the word it self
 Against the word; as thus; *Come, little ones; and then again,*
It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls:
 And for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 And shall not be the last. Like silly beggars,
 Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
 That many have and others must sit there;
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.
 Thus play I, in one prison, many people,
 And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
 Then treason makes me wish my self a beggar,
 And so I am. Then crushing penury
 Perswades me, I was better when a King;
 Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
 Think that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
 And straight am nothing — but what-e'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd
 With being nothing — Musick do I hear? [Musick.
 Ha, ha; keep time: how sow'r sweet musick is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept!

So is it in the musick of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
 But for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numbring clock:
 My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
 Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch;
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, Sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell; so sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Shew minutes, hours, and times — O, but my time
 Runs posting on, in *Bolingbroke's* proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his jack o' th' clock.
 This musick mads me, let it sound no more;
 For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
 In me it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
 For 'tis a sign of love; and love to *Richard*
 Is a strange brooch, in this fall-hating world.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!^a

K. Rich. What art? how com'st thou hither?
 Where no man ever comes, but that sad drudge
 That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,
 When thou wert King; who travelling tow'rs *York*,

(a) ----- royal Prince:

K. Rich. Thanks, noble Peer.

The cheapest of us, is ten groats too dear.
 What art thou? and how com'st, &c.

With

With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my, ^a sometime, master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In *London* streets, that coronation day;
When *Bolingbroke* rode on Roan Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as he had disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse,
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jaunting *Bolingbroke*.

SCENE XII.

Enter Keeper with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay. [*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My Lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My Lord, I dare not; for Sir *Pierce of Exton*,
Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The Dev'l take *Henry of Lancaster*, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help! ---

(a) Sometime, *for* formerly.

Enter *Exton and Servants.*

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument;

[*Snatching a Sword from one of the Servants kills him.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*

[*Exton strikes him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood;
Both have I spilt: Oh, would the deed were good!

For now the devil that told me I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead King to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

The Court at Windsor.

Flourish. *Enter* *Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords*
and Attendants.

Boling. **K**Ind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of *Cicester* in *Gloucestershire*;
But whether they be ta'en or slain, we hear not.

Enter *Northumberland.*

Welcome, my Lord: what is the news?

North. First to thy sacred state with I all happiness;
The next news is, I have to *London* sent
The heads of *Sal'sbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt* and *Kent*:

The

The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitzw. My Lord, I have from *Oxford* sent to *London*
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That fought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, *Fitz-water*, shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator *Abbot of Westminster*,
With clog of conscience, and four melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is *Carlisle*, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. *Carlisle*, this is your doom:
Chuse out some secret place, some reverend room
More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life;
So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife.
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee I have seen.

Enter Exton with a coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear. Herein all breathless lyes
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. *Exton*, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this deed.

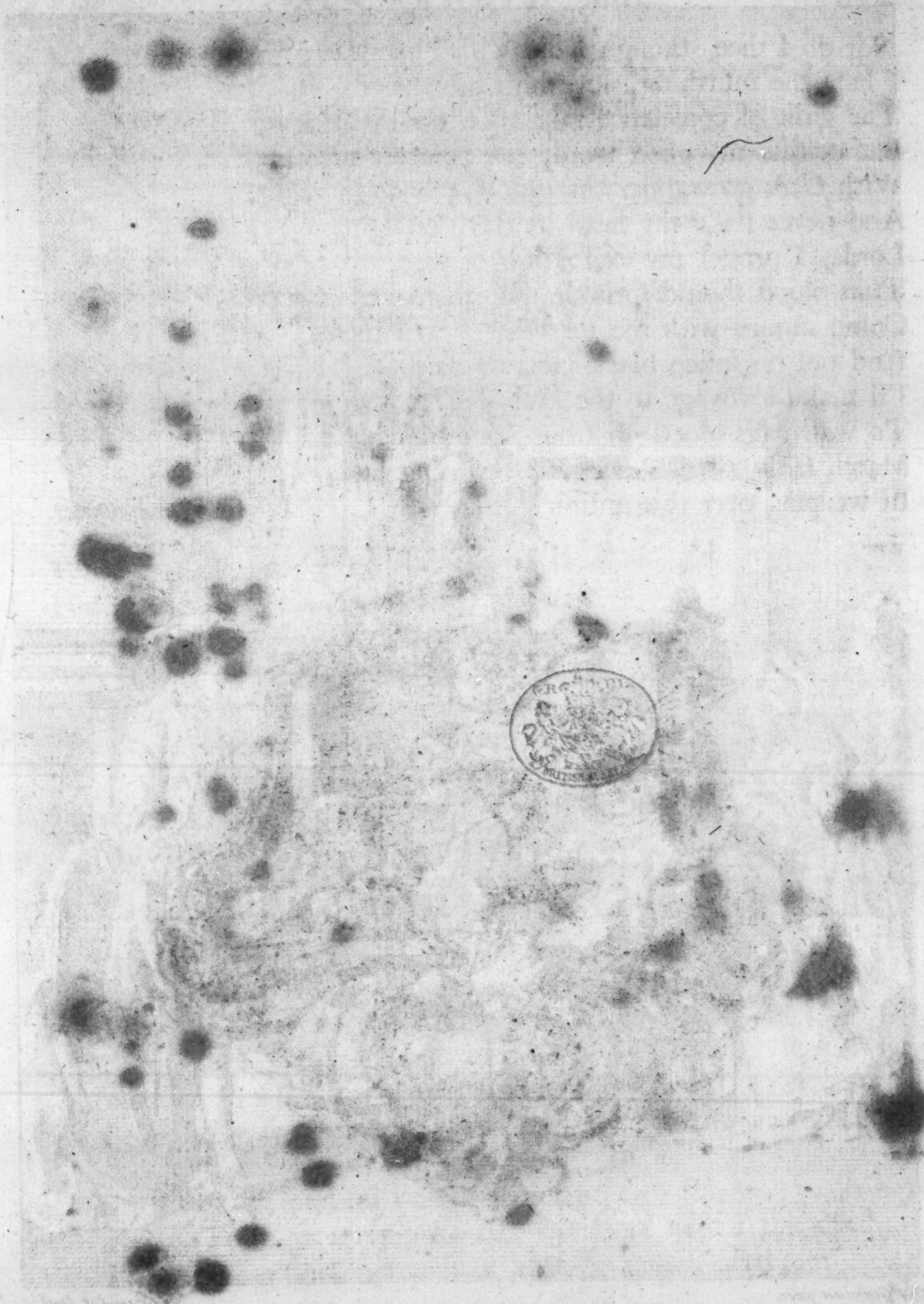
Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need;

Nor

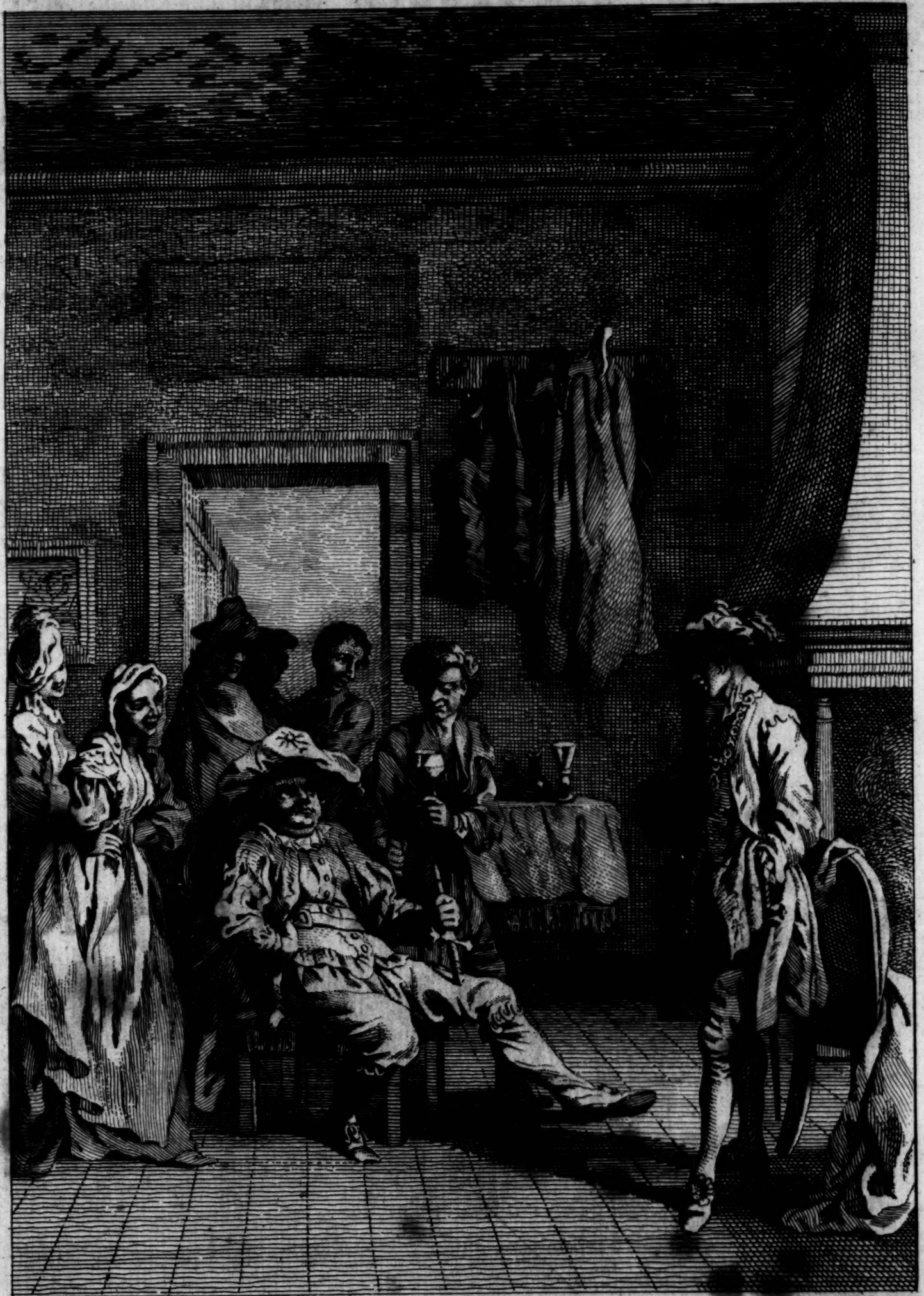
Nor do I thee, though I did wish him dead;
 I hate the murth'rer, love him murdered.
 The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
 But neither my good word, nor princely favour.
 With *Gain* go wander through the shade of night,
 And never shew thy head by day, or light.
 Lords, I protest my soul is full of woe,
 That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
 Come mourn with me for what I do lament,
 And put on fullen black incontinent:
 I'll make a voyage to the Holy-land,
 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
 March sadly after, grace my mourning here,
 In weeping over this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





The postmark of King Henry VI.



F. Hayman inv.

H. Gravelot Sculp.

The first Part of King HENRY IV. Ac. 2. Sc. 11.

The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

HENRY Sirnam'd HOT-SPUR.

SCENE, ENGLAND.

The

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fourth.

Henry, *Prince of Wales,* } *Sons to the King.*
John, *Prince of Lancaster,* }

Worcester,

Northumberland,

Hot-spur,

Mortimer,

Archbishop of York, } *Enemies to the King.*

Dowglas,

Owen Glendower,

Sir Richard Vernon,

Sir Michell,

Westmorland,

Sir Walter Blunt, } *of the King's Party.*

Sir John Falstaff.

Poins,

Gads-hill,

Peto,

Bardolph,

} *Companions of Falstaff.*

Lady Percy, Wife to Hot-spur.

Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.

Hostess Quickly.

*Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers,
and Attendants.*

SCENE, ENGLAND.



The

The FIRST PART of
K I N G H E N R Y IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Court at LONDON.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, and others.

King HENRY.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote!
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall dawb her lips with her own children's blood:
No more shall trenching War channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those opposed arms
Which like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of *Christ*,

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N n

(Whose

(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed Cross
 We are impressed, and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a power of *English* shall we levy;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
 For our advantage on the bitter Cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin *Westmorland*,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when all athwart there came
 A post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
 Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
 Against th' irregular and wild *Glendower*,
 Was by the rude hands of that *Welshman* taken;
 A thousand of his people butchered,
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly shameless transformation
 By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be
 Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. Henry. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the holy land.

West. This, matcht with other like, my gracious Lord;
 Farther uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the North, and thus it did import.
 On holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot-spur* there
 Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*
 That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
 At *Holmedon* spent a sad and bloody hour:

As

As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each foil
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this feat of ours:
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon's* plains. Of prisoners, *Hot-spur* took
Mordake the Earl of *Fife*, and eldest son
Unto the beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earls
Of *Athol*, *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith, a conquest for a Prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me fin,
In envy that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of so blest a son;
A son, who is the theam of honour's tongue,
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd,
That some night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-cloaths, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, cousin,
Of this young *Percy's* pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,

To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Worcester*,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him plume himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.

Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our council we
Will hold at *Windsor*, so inform the Lords:
But come your self with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

An Apartment of the Prince's.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. **N**OW, *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal*. For we that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars, and not by *Phæbus*, he, that wandering knight so fair. And I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou

thou art King --- as God save thy Grace, (Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none.) ----

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's booty. Let us be *Diana's* foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we ---- steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea, being govern'd as the sea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Monday* night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* morning; got with swearing, *lug out*; and spent with crying, *bring in*: now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows ----

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad: and is not mine hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of *Hybla*, my old lad of the castle^a; and is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch, and where it would not I have us'd my credit.

(a) This is a proof that the name of Sir John Oldcastle stood first under this character of Falstaff.

Fal.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent ---- But I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in *England* when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already; I mean thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old Lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnshire* bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury similes, and art indeed the most incomparative, rascalliest, sweet young Prince ---- But, *Hal*, I pr'ythee trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, and in the street too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable attraction, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over, by the Lord; an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's son in christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, *Jack*?

Fal.

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my vocation, *Hal*. 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. ---- *Poins!* ----

S C E N E III.

Enter Poins.

Now shall we know if *Gads-bill* have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, *stand*, to a true man. ----

P. Henry. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet *Hal*. What says Monsieur remorse? what says Sir *John* sack and sugar? *Jack!* how agree the devil and thou about thy soul, that thou soldest him on *Good Friday* last, for a cup of *Madera*, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir *John* stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; *He will give the devil his due*.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four a clock early at *Gads-bill*; there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for your selves: *Gads-bill* lyes to-night in *Rocheſter*, I have bespoke supper to-morrow in *East-cheap*; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal.

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; thou cam'st not of the blood-royal, if thou dar'st not cry, *stand*, for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting! that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel, you shall find me in *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. Farewel, thou latter spring! Farewel, all-hallown summer! [*Exit Fal.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet hony Lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff*, *Bardolph*, *Peto*, and *Gads-bill*, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; your self and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be our selves.

Poins. Tut, our horses they shall not see, I'll tye them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, firrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this, lyes the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in *East-cheap*, there I'll sup. Farewel!

Poins. Farewel, my Lord! [Exit Poins.]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the fun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised;
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittering o'er my fault
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hot-spur,
Sir Walter Blunt, and others.*

K. Henry. **M**Y blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities;
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be my self,
Mighty and to be fear'd in my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oyl, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign Liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it,
And that same greatness too, which our own hands
Have help'd to make so portly.

North. My good Lord —

K. Henry. Hence, *Worcester*, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

O Sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us. When we need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. [*Exit Worcester.*

You were about to speak.

[*To Northumberland.*

North. Yes, my good Lord.

Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majesty.

Or envy therefore, or misprision,

Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extream toil,
 Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my sword;
 Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dress'd:
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new-reap'd
 Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
 He was perfumed like a milliner,
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose: ^a and still he smil'd and talk'd;
 And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome coarse
 Betwixt the wind, and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me: among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
 I, then all-smarting with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
 He should or should not; for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the mark!)
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good, tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly: And but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.

(a) ----- nose, and took't away again;
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff. ----- And still he smil'd, &c.

This bald, unjointed chat of his, my Lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
 And I beseech you, let not this report
 Come currant for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my Lord,
 Whatever *Harry Percy* then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
 But with proviso and exception,
 That we at our own charge shall ransom strait
 His brother-in-law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those, that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
 Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
 Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with foes,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No; on the barren mountains let him starve;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?
 He never did fall off, my sovereign Liege,
 But bore the chance of war; to prove that true,
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle *Severn's* sedge bank,
 In single opposition hand to hand,

(a) Indent, for article, bargain.

He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*;
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift *Severn's* flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp'd head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou beliest him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art not asham'd? but from this hour, Sir,
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it. [*Exit K. Henry.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after strait,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay and pause a while;
Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all these veins,

And

And shed my dear blood drop by drop in dust,
 But I will lift the downfall'n *Mortimer*
 As high i' th' Air as this unthankful King,
 As this ingrate and cankered *Bolingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad.

[*To Worcester.*

Wor. Who strook this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
 And when I urg'd the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling ev'n at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
 By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation;
 And then it was, when the unhappy King
 (Whose wrongs in us God pardon) did set forth
 Upon his *Irish* expedition;
 From whence he intercepted did return
 To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
 Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
 Proclaim my brother *Mortimer* as lawful
 Heir to the crown?

North. He did; my self did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King,
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
 But shall it be, that you that set the crown
 Upon the head of this forgetful man,
 And for his sake wear the detested blot
 Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo,
 Being the agents or base second means,
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangmen rather,
 (O pardon me, that I descend so low,

To

To shew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle King)
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Ingag'd them both in an unjust behalf;
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done,)
To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker *Bolingbroke*?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore your selves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore I say ----

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If we fall in, good night, or sink or swim:
Send Danger from the east unto the west,
So Honour cross it from the north to south;
And let them grapple. O! the blood more stirs
To rouse a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heav'n, methinks it were an easie leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moon;

Or

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:
 So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
 Without co-rival all her dignities.
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
 But not the form of what he should attend.
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble *Scots*:
 That are your prisoners ---

Hot. I'll keep them all.

By heav'n, he shall not have a *Scot* of them:
 No, if a *Scot* would save his soul, he shall not;
 I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
 And lend no ear unto my purposes.
 Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. I will; that's flat:

He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*:
 Forbad my tongue to speak of *Mortimer*:
 But I will find him when he lyes asleep,
 And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer*!
 Nay, I will have a Starling taught to speak
 Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
 To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin: a word ---

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defie,
 Save how to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke*:
 And that same sword-and-buckler-Prince of *Wales*,
 But that I think his father loves him not,
 And would be glad he met with some mischance,
 I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewel, my kinsman; I will talk to you
 When you are better temper'd to attend.

North.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician *Bolingbroke*:

In *Richard's* time ---- what do ye call the place? ----

A plague upon't ---- it is in *Glo'stershire* ----

'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept ----

His uncle *York* ---- where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this King of smiles, this *Bolingbroke*:

When you and he came back from *Ravenespurg*.

North. At *Barkley* castle.

Hot. You say true:

Why, what a deal of candied courtesie

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look, when his *infant fortune* came to age, ----

And gentle *Harry Percy* ---- and kind cousin ----

The devil take such cozeners ---- God forgive me ----

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again, we'll stay
Your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottish* prisoners.

Deliver them without their ransom strait,

And make the *Dowglas'* son your only mean

For pow'rs in *Scotland*; which for divers reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd

Will easily be granted: you, my Lord,

(Your son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd)

Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble Prelate, well belov'd,

Th' Arch-bishop.

Hot. *York*, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard

His brother's death at *Bristol*, the Lord *Scroop*.

[To *North*.

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fadom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:
 So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
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Will easily be granted: you, my Lord,
(Your son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd)
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble Prelate, well belov'd,
Th' Arch-bishop.

[To North.]

Hot. *York*, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at *Bristol*, the Lord *Scroop*.

I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: on my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hot. It cannot chuse but be a noble plot;
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer*; ha!

Wor. So they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads, by raising of a head:
For bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we deem our selves unsatisfy'd,
'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

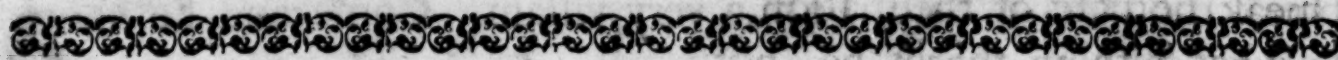
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course;
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to *Glendower*, and Lord *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Douglas*, and our pow'rs at once,
(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother; we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu! O let the hours be short,
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport. [*Exeunt.*

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

An Inn at Rochester.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

I CARRIER.

HEigh ho, an't be not four by the day I'll be hang'd.
Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse
not packt. What, ostler!

Ost. Anon, anon!

I Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cutt's faddle, put a few flocks in
the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers, out of all case.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is
the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turn'd up-
side down, since Robin Ostler dy'd.

I Car. Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose, it
was the death of him.

2 Car. I think this be the most villainous house in all London
road for fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

I Car. Like a Tench? by th' Mass there's ne'er a King in
Christendom could be better bit, than I have been since the first
cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we
leak in the chimney: and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a
Loach.

I Car. What, ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away!

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger,
to be deliver'd as far as Charing-Cross.

I Car. 'Odsbody, the Turkies in my panniers are quite starv'd.
What, ostler! a plague on thee; hast thou never an eye in thy
head? canst not hear? an'twere not as good a deed as drink, to

break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's a clock?

1 Car. I think it be two a Clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when? canst tell? lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a! marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London*?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[Exeunt Carriers.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho, chamberlain!

Chamb. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the plot how.

Chamb. Good-morrow, master *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what: they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

Gads.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with ^aSt. *Nicholas*' clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipp'st St. *Nicholas* as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no starveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit-sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff fix-penny-strikers, none of those mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters and great owners, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than think; and think sooner than pray; and yet I lie, for they pray continually unto their saint the common-wealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, or make her their boots.

Chamb. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal, as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of Fern-feed, we walk invisible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the Fern-feed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to, *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, you muddy knave!

[*Exeunt.*]

(a) *A cant-word for the Devil, old Nick.*

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*The Highway.**Enter Prince Henry, Poins and Peto.*

Poins. **C**ome, shelter, shelter; I have removed *Falstaff's* horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *Poins, Poins,* and be hang'd, *Poins!*

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal, what a bawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins! Hal!*

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. *Poins! Hal!* a plague upon you both. *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whistle.*] Whew! a plague upon you all. Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat guts, lye down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal.

Fal. Have you any leavers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horse, good King's son.

P. Henry. Out, you rogue, shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy self in thy own heir-apparent garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; an I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison; when a jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill and Bardolph.

Gads. Stand!

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter, I know his voice:

Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Cae ye, cae ye; on with your vizards; there's mony of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. You four shall front them in the narrow lane: *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a coward, Sir *John Paunch*?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John* of *Gaunt*, your grandfather; but yet no coward, *Hal*.

P. Henry. Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him; farewell, and stand fast.

Fal.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. *Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here hard by: stand close.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole say I; every man to his business.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk a foot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Trav. *Jesu* bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains throats; ah! whorson caterpillars; bacon-fed knaves, they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here. On, bacons, on! what, ye knaves? young men must live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i' faith. *[Here they rob and bind them: Exeunt.]*

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true-men: now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day; an the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. Henry. Your mony!

Poins. Villains!

[As

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, and Falstaff after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Now Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.
Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Lord Percy's House.

Enter Hot-spur solus, reading a letter.

BUT for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house. He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? in respect of the love he bears our house: he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you undertake is dangerous. Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my Lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower safety. The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition. Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with

his Lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and my self, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides, the *Dowglas*? have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this! an infidel. Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate*! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
 For what offence have I this fortnight been
 A banish'd woman from my *Harry's* bed?
 Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
 Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth?
 And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks?
 And given my treasures and my rights of thee,
 To thick-ey'd musing, and curst melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watcht,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry, *Courage! to the field!* and thou hast talk'd
 Of fallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, fortins, parapets;
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
 Of prisoners ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the current of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

And

And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it; else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the Sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my Lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him strait. O *Esperance*!

Bid *Butler* lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Lady. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my Lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! A weazel hath
Not such a deal of spleen as you are toft with.

In faith, I'll know your business, that I will.

I fear my brother *Mortimer* doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprize: but if you go ----

Hot. ---- So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question, I shall ask.

I'll break thy little finger, *Harry*, if

Thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, you trifler: love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no world

To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips.
 We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
 And pass them currant too ---- gods me! my horse!
 What say'st thou, *Kate*? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not indeed?
 Well, do not then. For since you love me not,
 I will not love my self. Do you not love me?
 Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
 And when I am o' horse-back, I will swear
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
 I must not have you henceforth question me,
 Whither I go; nor reason whereabout.
 Whither I must, I must; and to conclude,
 This evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
 I know you wise, but yet no further wise
 Than *Harry Percy's* wife. Constant you are,
 But yet a woman; and for secrecie,
 No Lady closer. For I will believe,
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you me, *Kate*,
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
 Will this content you, *Kate*?

Lady. It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

The Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. **N**ED, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, and
 lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins.

Poins. Where hast been, *Hal*?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore hogheads. I have founded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their conscience that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of courtesie; telling me flatly, I am no proud *Jack*, like *Jack Falstaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettle, a good boy: and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, *hem!* and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but, sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under skinker, one that never spake other *English* in his life, than *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and *You are welcome, Sir*: with this shrill addition, *Anon, Sir, anon, Sir*; *Score a pint of bastard in the half moon*, or so. But, *Ned*, to drive away time 'till *Falstaff* come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some bye-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar: and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon*. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent. [*Poins retires.*]

Poins. *Francis!*

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. *Francis!*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Francis the Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir; look down into the pomgranet, *Ralph*.

P. Henry. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis*?

Fran.

Fran. Forfooth, five years, and as much as to ----

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five years; by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in *England*, I could find in my heart ----

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be ----

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, Sir; pray you stay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, *Francis*, for the fugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, *Francis*? no, *Francis*, but to-morrow, *Francis*; or, *Francis*, on *Thursday*; or indeed, *Francis*, when thou wilt. But, *Francis*!

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, chrystal-button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-stocking, caddice-garter, smooth-tongue, *Spanish*-pouch?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white canvas doublet will fully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Away, you rogue, dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here*

King HENRY IV.

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[*Here they both call; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. My Lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door.
Poins! [*Exit Vintner.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, *Falstaff* and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this present twelve a clock at midnight. What's a clock, *Francis?*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a Parrot, and yet the son of a Woman! His industry is up stairs and down stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* mind, the hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, washes his hands and says to his wife, *Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he, and answers, *some fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in *Falstaff*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Ribi!* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

SCENE IX.

Enter Falstaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, *Jack*, where hast thou been?

Fal-

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and *Amen!* Give me a cup of sack, boy ---- Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether socks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet face of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward ---- Go thy ways, old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shot-ten herring: there live not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a weaver, I could sing psalms, and all manner of songs. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Henry. How now, *Woolfack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's son? if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales*?

P. Henry. Why, you whorson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me ---- Give me a cup of sack, I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that.

A plague of all cowards, still, say I.

[*He drinks.*]

P. Henry.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards --- let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an *Ebrew Jew*.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heav'n you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse; thou know'st my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, *Hal*?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listning to: these nine in buckram, that I told thee of —

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken —

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the Devil would have it, three mis-begotten knaves in *Kendal* green came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whorson obscene greasie tallow-ketch —

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these men in *Kendal* green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, *Jack*, your reason.

Fal.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? no; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh, ----

Fal. Away, you starveling, you Eel-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's-pizzel, you stock-fish: O for breath to utter what is like thee! You taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck.

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thy self in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, *Jack.*

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four, you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can shew it you here in the house. And, *Falstaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick? what device? what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, *Jack*: what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct: I shall think the better of my self, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the mony. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants,

lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content; and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, *Hal*, if thou lovest me.

S C E N E X.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O *Jesu*! my Lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my Lady the hostess, what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at door would speak with you; he says he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee do, *Jack*.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Henry. Now, Sirs, by'r Lady you fought fair; so did you, *Peto*, so did you, *Bardolph*: you are Lions too, you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest; how came *Falstaff's* sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed, and then beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken in the manour, and ever since thou hast blush'd *extempore*; thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranneſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Falſtaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now, my ſweet creature of bombaſt, how long iſ't ago, *Jack*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's talon in the waſte; I could have crept into any Alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of fighting and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir *John Braby* from your father; you muſt go to the Court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the north, *Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the Devil his true Liege-man upon the croſs of a *Welſh*-hook: what a plague call you him —

Poins. O, *Glendower*.

Fal. *Owen, Owen*; the ſame, and his ſon-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Douglas*, that runs a horſeback up a hill perpendicular —

P. Henry. He that rides at high ſpeed, and with a piſtol kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him, he will not run.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. A horseback, ye cuckow, but afoot he will not budge a foot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blue-caps more. *Worcester* is stol'n away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot *June*, and this civil buffetting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the Mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend *Dowglas*, that spirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower*? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'st to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved ---- Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King ^a *Cambyfes*' vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech ---- Stand aside, Nobility ----

(a) *An old Play intitled A lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant mirth containing the life of Cambyses King of Persia. By Thomas Preston.*

Hof. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hof. O the father! how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, Lords, convey my triftful Queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hof. O rare, he doth it as like one of those harlotry players,
as ever I fee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-brain — *Harry*,
I do not only marvel, where thou spendest thy time; but also,
how thou art accompany'd: for though the camomil, the more it
is trodden on, the faster it grows: yet youth, the more it is wasted,
the sooner it wears. Thou art my fon; I have partly thy mother's
word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine
eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me.
If then thou be fon to me, here lyeth the point; why, being fon
to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Sun of heav'n
prove a micher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be ask'd.
Shall the fon of *England* prove a thief, and take purses? a question
to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often
heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of
pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth
the company thou keep'st; for, *Harry*, now do I not speak to
thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not
in words only, but in woes also; and yet there is a virtuous man,
whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his
name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man i' faith, and a corpulent; of a chear-
ful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and as I think,
his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now
I remember me, his name is *Falstaff*: if that man should be lewd-
ly given, he deceives me; for, *Harry*, I see virtue in his looks.
If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the
fruit, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that *Falstaff*;
him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty
varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a King? do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? — If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-fucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now, *Harry*, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my Lord, they are false. — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carry'd away from grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that boulding-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted *Manning-tree* Ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable mis-leader of youth, *Falstaff*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in my self, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more's the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, (saving your reverence,) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be
to

to be hated, then *Pharaoh's* lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins*; but for sweet *Jack Falstaff*, kind *Jack Falstaff*, true *Jack Falstaff*, valiant *Jack Falstaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falstaff*; banish not him thy *Harry's* company: banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the world.

P. Henry. I do, I will. [Knocking, and Hostess goes out.]

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaff*.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go hide thee behind the arras, the rest walk above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.]

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

S C E N E XII.

*Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.**P. Henry.* Now, master Sheriff, what is your will with me?*Sher.* First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.*P. Henry.* What men?*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious Lord,
A gross fat man.*Car.* As fat as butter.*P. Henry.* The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I my self at this time have imploy'd him;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so let me intreat you leave the house.*Sher.* I will, my Lord: there are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.*P. Henry.* It may be so; if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.*Sher.* Good night, my noble Lord.*P. Henry.* I think it is good morrow, is it not?*Sher.* Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a clock.*[Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.]**P. Henry.* This oily rascal is known as well as *Paul's*; go call
him forth.*Peto.* *Falstaff!* fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like
a horse.*P. Henry.* Hark, how hard he fetches his breath: search his
pockets. *[He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.]*

What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.*P. Henry.* Let's see, what be they? read them.*Peto.* Item, a capon, 2 s. 2 d.*Item,* Sawce, 4 d.*Item,*

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 s. 8 d.

Item, Anchoves and sack after supper, 2 s. 6 d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack? What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep 'till day. I'll to the Court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and I know his death will be a^a march of twelvescore. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good-morrow, good my Lord. [Exeunt.]

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ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Arch-deacon of Bangor's House in Wales.*

*Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.*

MORTIMER.

**T**Hese promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

Will you sit down?

And uncle Worcester — A plague upon it! —

I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is;

Sit, cousin Percy, sit, good cousin *Hot-spur*:

For by that name, as oft as *Lancaster*

Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale, and with

A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heav'n.

*Hot.* And you in hell, as often as he hears  
*Owen Glendower* spoke of.

(a) i. e. it will kill him to march so far as twelvescore yards:



*Glend.* I blame him not: at my nativity  
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning crests; know that at my birth,  
The frame and the foundation of the earth  
Shook like a coward.

*Hot.* So it wou'd have done  
At the same season, if your mother's cat  
Had kitten'd, though your self had ne'er been born.

*Glend.* I say the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* I say the earth then was not of my mind;  
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

*Glend.* The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hot.* O, then th' earth shook to see the heav'ns on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.  
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vext,  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb; which for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down  
High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples. At your birth,  
Our grandam earth, with this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings: give me leave  
To tell you once again, that at my birth  
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clam'rous in the frightened fields:  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,  
And all the courses of my life do shew,  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living, clipt in with the sea  
That chides the banks of *England, Wales, or Scotland,*  
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?  
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,

Can



Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think there is no man speaks better *Welsh*.  
I'll to dinner ----

*Mort.* Peace, cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man:  
But will they come, when you do call for them?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,  
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and shame the devil.*  
If thou have pow'r to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn, I've pow'r to shame him hence.  
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

*Mort.* Come, come!  
No more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made head  
Against my pow'r; thrice from the banks of *Wye*,  
And sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I sent  
Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home, without boots, and in foul weather too!  
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

*Glend.* Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,  
According to our threefold order ta'en?

*Mort.* Th' Arch-deacon hath divided it already  
Into three limits, very equally:

*England*, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,  
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:  
All westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To *Owen Glendower*; and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn:  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A business that this night may execute)  
To-morrow, cousin *Percy*, you and I,

And



And my good Lord of *Worcester*, will set forth,  
 To meet your father and the *Scottish* power,  
 As is appointed us, at *Shrewsbury*.  
 My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,  
 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:  
 Within that space, you may have drawn together  
 Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:  
 And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,  
 From whom you now must steal and take no leave;  
 For there will be a world of water shed,  
 Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks my portion, north from *Burton* here,  
 In quantity equals not one of yours:  
 See, how this river comes me cranking in,  
 And cuts me, from the best of all my land  
 A huge half moon a monstrous cantle out.  
 I'll have the current in this place damm'd up:  
 And here the smug and silver *Trent* shall run  
 In a new channel, fair and evenly:  
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

*Glend.* Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

*Mort.* But mark, he bears his course, and runs me up  
 With like advantage on the other side,  
 Gelding th' opposed continent as much,  
 As on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,  
 And on this north-side win this cape of land,  
 Then he runs strait and even.

*Hot.* I'll have it so, a little charge will do it.

*Glend.* I will not have it alter'd.

*Hot.* Will not you?

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.*



*Hot.* Let me not understand you then, speak it in *Welsh*.

*Glend.* I can speak *English*, Lord, as well as you,  
For I was train'd up in the *English* Court:  
Where, being young, I framed to the harp  
Many an *English* ditty, lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry, I'm glad of it with all my heart.  
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,  
Than one of these same meeter-ballad-mongers;  
I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,  
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;  
'Tis like the forc'd gate of a shuffling nag.

*Glend.* Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

*Hot.* I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land  
As that to any well-deserving friend;  
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

*Glend.* The moon shines fair, you may away by night:  
I will go haste the<sup>a</sup> writer, and withal  
Break with your wives of your departure hence:  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

*Mort.* Fie, cousin *Percy*, how you cross my father!

*Hot.* I cannot chuse; sometime he angers me,  
<sup>b</sup> With telling of the Moldwarp and the Ant,  
Of dreamer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;

(a) He means the writer of the articles.

(b) This alludes to an old prophecy which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against K. Henry. See Hall's Chron. fol. 20.

And



And of a Dragon, and a finless fish,  
 A clipt-wing'd Griffin, and a moulting Raven,  
 A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat;  
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff,  
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,  
 He held me the last night at least nine hours,  
 In reck'ning up the several devils names,  
 That were his lackeys: I cry'd *hum*, and *well*,  
 But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious,  
 As a tir'd horse, or as a railing wife;  
 Worse than a smoaky house. I'd rather live  
 With cheese and garlick in a windmill far,  
 Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
 In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;  
 Exceedingly well read, and profited  
 In strange concealments; valiant as a Lion;  
 And wond'rous affable; as bountiful  
 As mines of *India*: shall I tell you, cousin?  
 He holds your temper in a high respect,  
 And curbs himself, even of his natural scope,  
 When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does.  
 I warrant you, that man is not alive  
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
 Without the taste of danger and reproof.  
 But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful-blame,  
 And since your coming here have done enough  
 To put him quite besides his patience:  
 You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault;  
 Though sometimes it shews greatness, courage, blood,  
 (And that's the dearest grace it renders you;)  
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
 Defect of manners, want of government,  
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:  
 The least of which, haunting a nobleman,

Lofeth



Lofeth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain,  
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!  
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spight that angers me,  
My wife can speak no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

*Glend.* My daughter weeps, she will not part with you,  
She'll be a foldier too, she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her, she and my aunt *Percy*  
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*]

*Glend.* She's desp'rate here: a peevish self-will'd harlotry,  
That no persuation can do good upon.

[*The Lady speaks in Welsh.*]

*Mort.* I understand thy looks; that pretty *Welsh*,  
Which thou pour'st down from those two swelling heav'ns,  
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,  
In such a parly should I answer thee. [*The Lady again in Welsh.*]

*Mort.* I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation:  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
'Till I have learn'd thy language: for thy tongue  
Makes *Welsh* as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division to her lute.

*Glend.* Nay, an if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance it self in this.

*Glend.* She bids you,  
All on the wanton rushes lay you down,



And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
 And on your eye-lids crown the God of sleep,  
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;  
 Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,  
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
 The hour before the heav'nly-harness'd team  
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:  
 By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so;  
 And tho' th' musicians that shall play to you,  
 Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;  
 Yet strait they shall be here: sit, and attend.

*Hot.* Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down: come,  
 quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

*L. Percy.* Go, ye giddy goose. [The musick plays.]

*Hot.* Now I perceive the devil understands *Welsh*, and 'tis no  
 marvel he is so humorous, by'r lady he's a good musician.

*L. Percy.* Then would you be nothing but musical, for you are  
 altogether govern'd by humours; lye still, ye thief, and hear the  
 Lady sing in *Welsh*.

*Hot.* I had rather hear *Lady* my brach howl in *Irish*.

*L. Percy.* Would'st have thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*L. Percy.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.

*L. Percy.* Now God help thee!

*Hot.* To the *Welsh* Lady's bed.

*L. Percy.* What's that?

*Hot.* Peace, she sings. [Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.]  
 Come, I'll have your song too.

*L. Percy.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! you swear like a comfit-ma-  
 ker's wife; not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I love; and,  
 as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day: and givest such farcenet  
 surety



surety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'dst further than *Finsbury*.  
Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *insooth*,  
And such protests of pepper-ginger-bread,  
To velvet-guards, and *Sunday*-citizens.  
Come, sing.

*L. Percy*. I will not sing.

*Hot*. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be *Robin-Red-Breast*-  
teacher: if the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two  
hours: and so come in, when ye will. [Exit.

*Glend*. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,  
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go.  
By this, our book is drawn: we will but seal,  
And then to horse immediately.

*Mort*. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

WINDSOR.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords and others.

*K. Henry*. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of *Wales* and I  
Must have some private conference: but be near,  
For we shall presently have need of you. --- [Exeunt Lords.  
I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done;  
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He breeds revengement and a scourge for me:  
But thou dost in thy passages of life  
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heav'n,  
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me, else  
Could such inordinate and low desires,  
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attainments,  
Such barren pleasures, rude society,



As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
 And hold their level with thy princely heart!

*P. Henry.* So please your Majesty, I wish I could  
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse,  
 As well, as I am doubtless I can purge  
 My self of many I am charg'd withal.  
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,  
 Which oft the ear of Greatness needs must hear,  
 By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers;  
 I may for some things true (wherein my youth  
 Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)  
 Find pardon, on my true submission.

*K. Henry.* Heav'n pardon thee! yet let me wonder, *Harry,*  
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,  
 Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;  
 And art almost an alien to the hearts  
 Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.  
 The hope and expectation of thy time  
 Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man  
 Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.  
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;  
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession,  
 And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
 But like a comet I was wondred at;  
 That men would tell their children, *This is he*  
 Others would say, *Where's he? which is Bolingbroke?*  
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,

With

And



And dress'd my self in such humility,  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
 Even in the presence of the crowned King.  
 Thus I did keep my person fresh and new,  
 My presence like a robe pontifical,  
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at; and so my state,  
 Seldom but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,  
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.  
 The skipping King, he ambled up and down  
 With shallow jesters, and rash bawling wits,  
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt; 'scarded his state,  
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools,  
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns,  
 And gave his countenance, against his name,  
 To laugh with gybing boys, and stand the push  
 Of every beardless, vain comparative:  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,  
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:  
 That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
 They surfeited with honey, and began  
 To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof little  
 More than a little is by much too much.  
 So when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the Cuckow is in June,  
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,  
 As, sick and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze;  
 Such as is bent on fun-like Majesty,  
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:  
 They rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,  
 Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;  
 For thou hast lost thy Princely privilege

With



With vile participation. Not an eye,  
But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;  
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,  
Make blind it self with foolish tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,  
Be more my self.

K. Henry. Harry, for all the world,  
As thou art at this hour, was *Richard* then,  
When I from *France* set foot at *Ravenespurg*;  
And ev'n as I was then, is *Percy* now.  
Now by my scepter, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Than thou, the shadow of succession:  
For of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,  
Turns head against the Lion's armed jaws;  
And being no more in debt to years than thou,  
Leads ancient Lords and rev'rend Bishops on,  
To bloody battels, and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned *Dowglas*, whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
And military title capital,  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ!  
Thrice hath this *Hot-spur Mars* in swathing-cloaths,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprises,  
Discomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,  
Th' Arch-bishop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglas* and *Mortimer*,  
Capitulate against us, and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?

Why,



Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?  
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,  
To fight against me under *Percy's* pay,  
To dog his heels, and curt'sie at his frowns,  
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

*P. Henry.* Do not think so, you shall not find it so:  
And heav'n forgive them, that so much have sway'd  
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on *Percy's* head,  
And in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son:  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
And stain my favour in a bloody mask,  
Which washt away shall scowre my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, when e'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all-praised Knight,  
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet:  
For every honour fitting on his helm,  
Would there were multitudes, and on my head  
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
*Percy* is but my factor, good my Lord,  
T' engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.  
This, in the name of heav'n, I promise here:  
The which, if I perform't and do survive,  
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance;  
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds,

And



And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*K. Henry.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this:  
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

*Enter Blunt.*

How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So is the business that I come to speak of.

*Lord Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,  
That *Dowglas* and the *English* rebels met  
Th' eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury*:

A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
If promises be kept on every hand,  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*K. Henry.* The Earl of *Westmorland* set forth to-day,  
With him my son, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*;  
For this advertisement is five days old.

On *Wednesday* next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward:  
On *Thursday*, we our selves will march: our meeting  
Is at *Bridgnorth*; and, *Harry*, you shall march  
Through *Glostershire*: by which, some twelve days hence  
Our general forces at *Bridgnorth* shall meet.  
Our hands are full of business: let's away,  
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

*The Tavern in East-cheap.*

*Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.*

*Fal.* **B** *Bardolph*, am I not fall'n away vilely, since this last action?  
Do I not 'bate? do I not dwindle? why, my skin hangs  
about me like an old Lady's loose gown: I am withered like an  
old apple *John*. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am  
in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall  
have



have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the infide of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse; the infide of a church! company, villainous company hath been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir *John*, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it; come, sing me a bawdy song, to make me merry: I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter — of an hour; paid mony that I borrow'd, — three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir *John*.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

*Bard.* Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *by this fire*; but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in mony. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light; thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of thine with fire, any time this two and thirty years, heav'n reward me for it!

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

VOL. III.

U u

Enter



*Enter Hostess.*

How now, dame *Parlet* the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

*Host.* Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John*? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tight of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Ye lie, hostess; *Bardolph* was shav'd, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a woman, go!

*Host.* Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, Sir *John*: you do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*; you owe me mony, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers wives, and they have made boulders of them.

*Host.* Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of eight shillings an ell: you owe mony here besides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and mony lent you, four and twenty pounds.

*Fal.* He had his part of it, let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? let him coin his nose, let him coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grand-father's, worth forty mark.

*Host.* O *Jesu*! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

*Fal.* How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a sneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

SCENE



SCENE VI.

*Enter Prince Henry marching, and Peto; Falstaff meets them, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.*

*Fal.* How now, lad? is the wind in that door? must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, *Newgate* fashion.

*Hof.* My Lord, I pray you, hear me.

*P. Henry.* What say'st thou, Mistress *Quickly*? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

*Hof.* Good my Lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

*P. Henry.* What say'st thou, *Jack*?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

*P. Henry.* What didst thou lose, *Jack*?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grand-father's.

*P. Henry.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Hof.* So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and, my Lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

*P. Henry.* What! he did not?

*Hof.* There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; no more truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for woman-hood, Maid *Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go!

*Hof.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

*Hof.* I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it: I am an honest man's wife; and setting thy knight-hood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

U u 2

*Hof.*



*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

*Fal.* What beast? why, an Otter.

*P. Henry.* An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

*Fal.* Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou, or any man, knows where to have me; thou knave thou!

*P. Henry.* Thou say'st true, hostess, and he flanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day, you ow'd him a thousand pound.

*P. Henry.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, *Hal*? a million; thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

*Host.* Nay, my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and said he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, *Bardolph*?

*Bard.* Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

*P. Henry.* I say 'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but a man I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's whelp.

*P. Henry.* And why not as the Lion?

*Fal.* The King himself is to be fear'd as the Lion; do'st thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my Girdle break!

*P. Henry.* O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whorson, impudent, imposthume, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, *Memorandums* of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am  
a vil-



a villain; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, *Hal*? thou know'st in the state of innocence, *Adam* fell; and what should poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the days of villainy? thou seest, I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then you pickt my pocket?

*P. Henry.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: go make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacify'd, — still? — Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone.

[*Exit Hostess, weeping.*]

Now, *Hal*, to the news at Court for the robbery, lad: how is that answer'd?

*P. Henry.* O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

*P. Henry.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my Lord.

*P. Henry.* I have procured thee, *Jack*, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

*P. Henry.* *Bardolph*!

*Bard.* My Lord.

*P. Henry.* Go bear this letter to Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, to my brother *John*: this to my Lord of *Westmorland*. Go, *Peto*, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. *Jack*, meet me to-morrow in the *Temple-Hall* at two a clock in the



the afternoon, there shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,  
And either they, or we, must lower lye.

*Fal.* Rare words! brave world! hostess, my breakfast, come:  
Oh, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exeunt.*]

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

At SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, and Dowglas.

HOT-SPUR.

WELL said, my noble *Scot*; if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the *Dowglas* have,
As not a foldier of this season's stamp
Should go so gen'ral currant through the world.
By heav'n, I cannot flatter: I defie
The tongues of soothers. But a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than your self.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well ---- What letters hast thou there? ----
I can but thank you.

Mess. These come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord, he's grievous sick.

Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leisure to be sick

In

In such a juggling time? Who leads his power;
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, four days ere I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now? droop now? this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness ---
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn: nor thought he meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possessor
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom, and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dow.

Dow. 'Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion.
We now may boldly spend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meer dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For well you know, we of th' offending side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all fight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger glare to our great enterprise,
Than if the Earl were here: for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'er-turn it topsie-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dow. As heart can think; there is not such a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this term of fear.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin *Vernon*, welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earl of *Westmorland*, sev'n thousand strong,
Is marching hither, with Prince *John* of *Lancaster*.

Hot. No harm; what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too: where is his son?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daffe the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnisht, all in arms,
All plum'd like *Estridges*, and with the wind
Baiting like *Eagles* having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images;
As full of spirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the sun at *Midsummer*,
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young *Harry*, with his beaver up,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And^a witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in *March*,
This praise doth nourish agues; let them come.
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,

(a) Witch, for bewitch, charm.

All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
 The mailed *Mars* shall on his altar sit
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me like a thunder-bolt,
 Against the bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* shall, and horse to horse
 Meet, and ne'er part, 'till One drop down a coarse.
 Oh, that *Glendower* were come!

Ver. There is more news:
 I learn'd in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his pow'r this fourteen days.

Dow. That's the worst tidings that I hear of, yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,
 My father and *Glendower* being both away,
 The pow'r of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us take a muster speedily:
 Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Road to Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. **B** *Ardolph*, get thee before to *Coventry*; fill me a bottle of
 sack: our soldiers shall march through: we'll to *Sutton-*
colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coynage. Bid my lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain; farewell. [Exit.]

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a fowc'd gurnet: I have mis-us'd the King's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty foldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomens sons; enquire me out contracted batchelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banes: such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil, as a drum; such as fear the report of a culverin, worse than a struck Deer, or a hurt wild-fowl. I press me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins heads, and they have bought out their services: and now my whole charge consists of Ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers: revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fall'n, the cankers of a calm world and long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged, than an old-fac'd Ancient; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services; that you would think I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and prest the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stol'n from my host of St. *Albans*; or the red-nos'd Inn-keeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find linnen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown *Jack*? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal*? How now, mad wag, what a devil do'st thou in *Warwickshire*? My good Lord of *Westmorland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

West. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant, as a Cat to steal cream.

P. Henry. I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toss: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haste. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir *John*: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feast,

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

At SHREWSBURY.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. **W**E'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, *Dowglas*: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that lives.
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battel,
Which of us fears.

Dow. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; certain horse
Of my cousin *Vernon's* are not yet come up,
Your uncle *Worcester's* horse came but to-day,
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half, half of himself.

Hot.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay 'till all come in.

[The Trumpet sounds a parley.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well; and ev'n those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heav'n defend, but still I should stand so!
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed Majesty.
But to my charge. --- The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with interest:
And pardon absolute for your self, and these,
Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle, and my self,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:

And

And when he was not fix and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law, sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And when we heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal;
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the realm
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They more and less came in with cap and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages following him
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows it self,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at *Ravenspurg*:
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lay too heavy on the common-wealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fav'rites that the absent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the *Irish* war.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the King,

Soon

Soon after that depriv'd him of his life:
 And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state.
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman *March*,
 (Who is, if every owner were right plac'd,
 Indeed his King) to be encag'd in *Wales*,
 There, without ransom, to lye forfeited:
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence,
 Rated my uncle from the council-board,
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the Court,
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
 And in conclusion drove us to seek out
 This head of safety; and withal to pry
 Into his title too, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw a while:
 Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again;
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love!

Hot. It may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heav'n you do!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Archbishop of York's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michell.

York. **H**IE, good Sir *Michell*, bear this sealed brief
 With winged haste to the Lord Marshal,
 This to my cousin *Scroop*, and all the rest
 To whom they are directed: if you knew
 How much they do import, you wou'd make haste.

Sir Mich. My Lord, I guess their tenour.

York.

York. Like enough.

To-morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly giv'n to understand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I fear, Sir *Michell*,
What with the sickness of *Northumberland*,
Whose pow'r was in the first proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendower's* absence thence,
Who with them was a rated finew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies;
I fear the pow'r of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an instant tryal with the King.

Sir *Mich.* Why, my good Lord, there's *Dowglas*, and Lord
Mortimer.

York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.

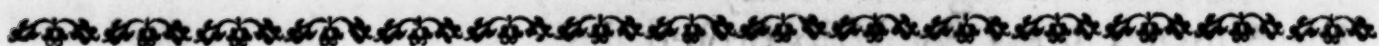
Sir *Mich.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*,
And there's my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And so there is: but yet the King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir *Mich.* Doubt not, my Lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

York. I hope no less: yet needful 'tis to fear.
And to prevent the worst, Sir *Michell*, speed;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us;
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir *Michell*!

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Camp near Shrewsbury.**Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.*

K. HENRY.

HOW bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest, and a blust'ring day.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. [*The trumpet sounds.*]

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

K. Henry. How now, my Lord of *Wor'ster*? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trusts,
And made us doff our easie robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-aborred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief, to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content

To

To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours: for I do protest,
I have not fought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not fought it, Sir? how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from my self, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends:
For you, my staff of office did I break
In *Richard's* time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I:
It was my self, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at *Doncaster*,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The feat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
To this we sware our aid: but in short space
It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming suff'rances that you had born,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Irish* wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the gen'ral sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at *Doncaster*;
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,

As that ungentle gull, the Cuckow's bird,
 Useth the Sparrow; did oppress our nest,
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That ev'n our love durst not come near your fight
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
 We were inforc'd for safety's sake to fly
 Out of your fight, and raise this present head:
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you your self have forg'd against your self,
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth,
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Henry. These things indeed you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents;
 Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
 Of hurly-burly innovation:
 And never yet did Infurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies there is many a soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
 If once they join in tryal. Tell your nephew,
 The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
 In praise of *Henry Percy*: By my hopes,
 (This present enterprize set off his head)
 I do not think a braver gentleman,
 More active, valiant, or more valued young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry,
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too.

Yet

Yet this before my father's Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Henry. And, Prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it: No, good *Wor'ster*, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are mis-led upon your cousin's part:
And will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and return me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair, take it advisedly. [*Exit Worcester, with Vernon.*]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The *Dowglas* and the *Hot-spur* both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence therefore, every leader to his charge.
For on their answer will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Manent Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. *Hal*, if thou see me down in the battel, and bestride me,
so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship:
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest heav'n a death. [*Exit Prince Henry.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his
day.

day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no: honour hath no skill in surgery then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? Air; a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that dy'd o' *Wednesday*. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a meer scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Percy's Camp.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. **O** No, my nephew must not know, *Sir Richard*,
The liberal kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King shou'd keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the Fox,
Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,

A hare-

A hare-brain'd *Hot-spur*, govern'd by a spleen :
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's. We did train him on,
And his corruption being ta'en from us,
We as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not *Harry* know,
In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

SCENE IV.

Enter Hot-spur and Dowglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd :
Deliver up my Lord of *Westmorland*.
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battel presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Westmorland*.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you then and tell him so.

Dow. Marry, I shall, and very willingly. [*Exit Dowglas.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any of him? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henry's* teeth :
And *Westmorland* that was ingag'd did bear it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* stept forth before the King,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,

And

And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning instantly.
There did he pause; But let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any Prince so wild in liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesie.
Arm, arm with speed! And fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

SCENE V.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O Gen-

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortness basely, 'twere too long
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die; brave death, when Princes die with us.
Now for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking: only this,
Let each man do his best. And here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now ^a *Esperance! Percy!* and so set on:
Sound all the lofty instruments of war;
And by that musick let us all embrace:
For (heav'n to earth) some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesie.

[The Trumpets sound. They embrace, then exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

*The King entreth with his power; Alarm to the battle. Then
enter Dowglas and Sir Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Do'st cross me? and what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

(a) This was the word of battle on Percy's side. See Hall's Chron. fol. 22.

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford*'s death.

Fight, Blunt is slain: then enter Hot-spur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathless lyes the King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglas*? no: I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Dow. Ah! fool go with thy soul whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Dow. Now by my sword, I will kill all his coats,
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Alarm, enter Falstaff solus.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at *London*, I fear the shot
here: here's no scoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou?
Sir *Walter Blunt*? there's honour for you; there's vanity: I am
as hot as moulted lead, and as heavy too: heav'n keep lead out
of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. I have
led my rag-o-muffians where they are pepper'd; there's not three
of

King HENRY IV.

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of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword; Many a noble man lyes stark and stiff Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Henry. He is indeed, and living to kill thee: I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword: but take my pistol if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal, 'tis hot. There's that will sack a city.

[The Prince draws out a bottle of Sack.]

P. Henry. What, is't a time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and exit.]

Fal. If Percy be alive, He'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VIII.

Alarm, Excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmorland.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, Harry, withdraw thy self, thou bleedest too much: Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I do beseech your Majesty make up, Left your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do so:

Z z 2

My

My Lord of *Westmorland*, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my Lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord! I do not need your help,
And heav'n forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of *Wales* from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lyes trodden on,
And rebels arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long; come, cousin *Westmorland*,
Our duty this way lyes, for heav'n's sake come.

P. Henry. By heav'n, thou hast deceiv'd me, *Lancaster*,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John*;
But now, I do respect thee as my foul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. Oh, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exeunt.*

Manet King Henry. Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? they grow like *Hydra's* heads:
I am the *Dowglas* fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitst the person of a King?

K. Henry. The King himself, who, *Dowglas*, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek *Percy* and thy self about the field;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily
I will assay thee: so defend thy self.

Dow. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I'm sure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee. [*They fight: the King being in danger,*

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never

Never to hold it up again: the spirits
Of *Sherly, Stafford, Blunt*, are in my arms;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay. [*They fight, Dowglas flyeth.*
Chearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawfey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: I'll to *Clifton* strait.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou hast redeem'd my lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O heav'n! they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
Th' insulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treach'rous labour of your son.

K. Henry. Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawfey*.
[Exit.

SCENE IX.

Enter Hot-spur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth*.

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

P. Henry. Then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of *Wales*; and think not, *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one *England* brook a double reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Nor shall it, *Harry*, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to heav'n
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Henry.

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [Fight.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*; to it, *Hal*. Nay, you shall find no boys' play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince wounds Hot-spur.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesie,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lyes on my tongue: no, *Percy*, thou art dust,
And food for ---- [Dies.

P. Henry. Worms, brave *Percy*. Fare thee well!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesie,
I should not make so great a show of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank my self
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heav'n;
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

[He sees Falstaff.
---- What!

--- What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? poor *Jack*, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a Deer to-day,
Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
'Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lye. [Exit.

SCENE X.

Falstaff rises.

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you
leave to powder me, and eat me to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time
to counterfeit, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paid me scot and
lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be
a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not
the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby
liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of
life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which
better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder
Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and
rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore
I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may
not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no
body fees me. Therefore, firrah, with a new wound in your thigh
come you along with me. [Takes Hot-spur on his back.

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry and Lord John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come, brother *John*, full bravely hast thou fleft
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But soft, whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Henry.

P. Henry. I did, I saw him dead,
And breathless on the ground: art thou alive,
Or is it Fancy plays upon our eye-sight?
I pr'ythee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I am
not *Jack Falstaff*, then am I a *Jack*: there is *Percy*; if your fa-
ther will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next *Percy*
himself. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my self, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying!
I grant you I was down, and out of breath, and so was he; but
we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewsbury*
clock: if I may be believed, so! if not, let them that should re-
ward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my
death I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive,
and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. [*A Retreat is sounded.*
The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to th' highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me,
heav'n reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll
purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.
[*Exit.*

S C E N E XII.

*The Trumpets sound: Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord
John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, with Worcester and
Vernon Prisoners.*

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited *Wor'ster*, did we not send grace,
Pardon,

Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble Earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If like a christian thou had'st truly born
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear *Worcester* to his death, and *Vernon* too.
Other offenders we will pause upon. [*Exe. Worcester and Vernon.*]
How goes the field?

P. Henry. The gallant *Scot*, Lord *Dowglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble *Percy* slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart.

P. Henry. Then, brother *John* of *Lancaster*, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Ev'n in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your Grace for this high courtesie,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Henry. Then this remains; that we divide our power.
You son *John*, and my cousin *Westmorland*,
Tow'ards *York* shall bend you, with your dearest speed,

To meet *Northumberland* and *Prelate Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
My self and my son *Harry* will tow'rs *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower* and the Earl of *Marche*.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave, 'till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE 18th FEB 80

My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours obedient servant,
J. H. [Signature]





J. Hayman inv.

H. Gravelot sculp.

II^d Part of KING HENRY IV. Act. 3. Sc. 5.

Dramatis Personae.

ALICE Henry the Fourth.
Thomas of Lancaster.
Thomas of Gloucestre.
Thomas of Clarence.
Northumberland.
The Archbishop of York.
Mowbray.
Hastings.
Lord Scrope.
Tray.
Morton.
Coleville.
Warwick.
Westmoreland.
Surrey.
Gower.
Harcourt.
Lord Chief Justice.
Ballard.
Boige.
Bartholp.
Bishop.
Page.
Shallow and Silence.
Dray.
Phang and Shave.

The SECOND PART of

H E N R Y IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE

C O R O N A T I O N

O F

King H E N R Y V.

Lord Northumberland.
Lord Percy.
Lord Douglas.
Lord Talbot.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fourth.

Prince Henry, afterwards crowned King Henry the Fifth.

Prince John of Lancaster,

Humphrey of Gloucester,

Thomas of Clarence,

Northumberland,

The Archbishop of York,

Mowbray,

Hastings,

Lord Bardolph,

Travers,

Morton,

Coleville,

Warwick,

Westmorland,

Surrey,

Gower,

Harcourt,

Lord Chief Justice,

Falstaff,

Poins,

Bardolph,

Pistol,

Peto,

Page,

Shallow and Silence, Country Justices.

Davy, Servant to Shallow.

Phang and Snare, two Serjeants.

Mouldy,

Shadow,

Wart,

Feeble,

Bulcalf,

Sons to Henry the Fourth, and Brethren to Henry the Fifth.

Opposites against King Henry the Fourth.

Of the King's Party.

Irregular Humorists.

Country Soldiers.

Lady Northumberland.

Lady Percy.

Hostess Quickly.

Doll Tear-sheet.

Drawers, Bedels, Grooms, &c.

The





The SECOND PART of
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

INDUCTION.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of Tongues.

OPEN your ears: for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud *Rumour* speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.

Upon my tongues continual flanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports:
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but *Rumour*, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big ear, swollen with some other griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? *Rumour* is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so eafie and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is *Rumour* here?

I run

I run before King *Harry's* victory,
 Who in a bloody field by *Shrewsbury*
 Hath beaten down young *Hot-spur* and his troops;
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Ev'n with the rebels blood. But what mean I
 To speak so true at first? my office is
 To noise abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
 Under the wrath of noble *Hot-spur's* sword;
 And that the King before the *Dowglas'* rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns,
 Between that royal field of *Shrewsbury*,
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
 Where *Hot-spur's* father, old *Northumberland*,
 Lyes crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumour's* tongues,
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E I.

Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Lord Bardolph; the Porter at the door.

Bard. **W**HO keeps the gate here, ho? where is the Earl?
Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
 That the Lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.

Port. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;
 Please it your honour knock but at the gate,
 And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.

North. What news, Lord *Bardolph*? ev'ry minute now
 Should

Should be the father of some stratagem.
The times are wild: Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from *Shrewsbury*.

North. Good, if heav'n will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my Lord your son,
Prince *Harry* slain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*; young Prince *John*,
And *Westmorland*, and *Stafford*, fled the field.
And *Harry Monmouth's* brawn, the hulk Sir *John*,
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not 'till now, to dignifie the times
Since *Cæsar's* fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewsbury*?

Bard. I spake with one, my Lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant *Travers*, whom I sent
On *Tuesday* last, to listen after news.

Bard. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

SCENE II.

Enter Travers.

North. Now, *Travers*, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My Lord, Sir *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and being better hors'd
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard

A gen-

A gentleman, almost fore-spent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
 He ask'd the way to *Chester*; and of him
 I did demand what news from *Shrewsbury*?
 He told me that rebellion had ill luck,
 And that young *Harry Percy's* spur was cold.
 With that he gave his able horse the head,
 And bending forward, struck his agile heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head, and starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

North. Ha? again:
 Said he young *Harry Percy's* spur was cold?
 Rebellion had ill luck?

Bard. My Lord, I'll tell you.
 If my young Lord your son have not the day,
 Upon mine honour, for a filken point
 I'll give my barony. Ne'er talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by *Travers*,
 Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?
 He was some hilding fellow, that had stol'n
 The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
 Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

S C E N E III.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
 Foretels the nature of a tragick volume:
 So looks the strond, whereon th' imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, *Morton*, did'st thou come from *Shrewsbury*?

Mort. I ran from *Shrewsbury*, my noble Lord,
 Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask

To

To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priam's* curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd:
But *Priam* found the fire, ere he his tongue;
And I, my *Percy's* death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou would'st say: your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus: so fought the noble *Dowglas*:
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with, brother, son, and all are dead!

Mort. *Dowglas* is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my Lord your son —

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath;
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from other eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, *Morton*, speak:
Tell thou thy Earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great, to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. You, for all this, say not that *Percy's* dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth: if he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news

Hath but a losing office: and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,
 Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my Lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I'm sorry I should force you to believe
 That, which I would to heav'n I had not seen.
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
 To *Henry Monmouth*; whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
 From whence, with life, he never more sprung up.
 In few; his death, whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
 Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
 From the best temper'd courage in his troops.
 For from his metal was his party steel'd;
 Which once in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
 And as the thing that's heavy in it self,
 Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed;
 So did our men, heavy in *Hot-spur's* loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field. Then was the noble *Wor'ster*
 Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious *Scot*,
 The bloody *Douglas*, whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,
 'Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight
 Stumbling in fear was took. The sum of all
 Is, that the King hath won: and hath sent out
 A speedy pow'r t' encounter you, my Lord,
 Under the conduct of young *Lancaster*,
 And *Westmorland*. This is the news at full.

North. For this, I shall have time enough to mourn.

In

In poison there is physick : and this news,
 That would, had I been well, have made me sick,
 Being sick, hath in some measure made me well.
 And as the wretch whose feaver-weaken'd joints
 Like strengthless hinges buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms ; ev'n so my limbs
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
 Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore, thou nice crutch,
 A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
 Must glove this hand. And hence, thou sickly quoif,
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which Princes flesh'd with conquest aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
 The rugged'st hour that time and spight dare bring,
 To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland* !
 Let heav'n kiss earth ! now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd ; let order die,
 And let this world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a ling'ring act :
 But let one spirit of the first-born *Cain*
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead !

Bard. This strained passion doth you wrong, my Lord ;
 Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health, the which if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast th' event of war, my noble Lord,
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you said
 Let us make head : it was your presumise,
 That in the dole of blows, your son might drop :
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er :
 You were advis'd his flesh was capable

Of wounds and scars; and that his forward spirit
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:
 Yet did you say, *Go forth*. And none of this,
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
 The stiff-born action. What hath then befall'n,
 Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
 More than that being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dang'rous seas,
 That if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
 And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
 Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
 And since we are o'er-set, venture again.
 Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and, my most noble Lord,
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth:
 The gentle Arch-bishop of *York* is up
 With well appointed powers: he is a man
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.
 My Lord, your son, had only but the corps,
 But shadows, and the shews of men to fight.
 For that same word, *rebellion*, did divide
 The action of their bodies from their souls;
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd
 As men drink potions, that their weapons only
 Seem'd on our side: but for their spirits and souls,
 This word, *rebellion*, it had froze them up,
 As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
 Turns insurrection to religion;
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind:
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
 Of fair King *Richard*, scrap'd from *Pomfret* stones;
 Derives from heav'n his quarrel and his cause;
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land
 Gasping for life, under great *Bolingbroke*:

And

And more, and less, do flock to follow him.
North. I knew of this before; but to speak truth,
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind,
 Go in with me, and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety and revenge:
 Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;
 Never so few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street in London.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. **S**irrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, Sir, the water it self was a good healthy water. But for the party that own'd it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded-clay, Man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my self, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelm'd all her litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whorson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an aglet 'till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel: The *Juvenil*, the Prince your master! whose chin is not yet fledg'd; I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek: yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. Heav'n may finish it when it will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor.

lor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Mr. *Dombledon* about the fatten for my short cloak and frops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than *Bardolph*: he would not take his bond and yours, he lik'd not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton, may his tongue be hotter! a whorson *Achitophel*, a rascally yea-forsooth-knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon *security*! the whorson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon *security*: I had as lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with *security*. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of fatten, as I am a true knight, and he sends me *security*. Well, he may sleep in *security*, for he hath the horn of abundance. And the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolph*?

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your Worship a horse.

Fal. I bought *him* in *Paul's*, and he'll buy me a horse in *Smithfield*. If I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

SCENE V.

Enter Chief Justice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolph*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. *Falstaff*, an't please your Lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my Lord. But he hath since done good service at *Shrewsbury*: and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord *John* of *Lancaster*.

Ch. Just. What, to *York*? call him back again.

Serv.

Serv. Sir *John Falstaff*!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the elbow. I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir *John*!

Fal. What! a young knave and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg, than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knight-hood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then set your knight-hood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? if thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd: you hunt-counter, hence; avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my Lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir *John Falstaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord! God give your Lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad; I heard say, your Lordship was sick. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by advice. Your Lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you: some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, I sent for you before your expedition to *Shrewsbury*.

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from *Wales*.

Ch.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highness is fall'n into this same whorson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heav'n mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your Lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whorson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of it in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fall'n into that disease: for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my Lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not list'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I be your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my Lord, but not so patient: your Lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wife may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed, a scruple it self.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my Counsel learned in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath mis-led me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at *Shrewsbury* hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on *Gads-bill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My Lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Ch. Just. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my Lord; all tallow: but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my Lord, your ill angel is light: but I hope he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go; ---- I cannot tell; Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-mongers days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit waisted in giving recknings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers, with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrowl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call your self young? fie, fie, fie, Sir *John*.

Fal. My Lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty : you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highness is fall'n into this same whorson apoplexy.

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Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Ch. Just. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A waffel candle, my Lord; all tallow: but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my Lord, your ill angel is light: but I hope he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go; --- I cannot tell; Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-mongers days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving recknings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers, with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrawl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call your self young? fie, fie, fie, Sir *John*.

Fal. My Lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my

voice, I have lost it with hallowing and singing of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding, and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the young Lion repents: marry, not in ashes and sack-cloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heav'n send the Prince a better companion!

Fal. Heav'n send the companion a better Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince *Harry*. I hear you are going with Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, against the Archbishop and the Earl of *Northumberland*.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it; but look you pray, all you that kiss my Lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day: for I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandish any thing but a bottle, would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever. --- but it was always the trick of our *English* nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you shou'd give me rest: I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and heav'n bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your Lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin *Westmorland*. [Exit.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a ^a three-man-beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young

(a) Three-man-beetle, i. e. a rammer big enough to require three men to lift it.

limbs and letchery : but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page. Sir.

Fal. What mony is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of *Lancaster*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Westmorland*, and this to old Mrs. *Ursula*, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout! or a gout of this pox! for the one or th' other plays the rogue with my great toe: it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: a good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.

Archbishop of York's Palace.

Enter Archbishop of York, Hastings, Thomas Mowbray (Earl Marshal) and Lord Bardolph.

York. **T**HUS have you heard our cause, and know our means:

Now, my most noble friends, I pray you all,

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes;

And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow th' occasion of our arms,

But gladly would be better satisfied

How in our means we should advance our selves,

To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the pow'r and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file

To five and twenty thousand men of choice:

And our supplies live largely in the hope

Of great *Northumberland*, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, Lord *Hastings*, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without *Northumberland*?

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Ay marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
'Till we had his assistance by the hand.
For in a theam so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, Lord *Bardolph*; for indeed
It was young *Hot-spur's* case at *Shrewsbury*.

Bard. It was, my Lord, who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flatt'ring himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his pow'rs to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war
Impede the instant act; a cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model
In fewer offices? or else, desist

To

To build at all? much more, in this great work,
 (Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,
 And set another up) should we survey
 The plot of situation, and the model;
 Consent upon a sure foundation,
 Question surveyors, know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite; or else,
 We fortifie in paper and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men;
 Like one that draws the model of a house,
 Beyond his pow'r to build it; who, half through,
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
 Should be still-born; and that we now possess
 The utmost man of expectation:
 I think we are a body strong enough,
 Ev'n as we are, to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord *Bardolph*.
 For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
 Are in three heads; one pow'r against the *French*,
 And one against *Glendower*; perforce a third
 Must take up us: so is the unfirm King
 In three divided; and his coffers sound
 With hollow poverty and emptiness.

York. That he should draw his sev'ral strengths together,
 And come against us in full puissance,
 Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
 He leaves his back unarm'd, the *French* and *Welsh*
 Baying him at the heels; never fear that.

Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of *Lancaster* and *Westmorland*:

Against

Against the *Welsh*, himself and *Harry Monmouth*.

But who is substituted 'gainst the *French*,

I have no certain notice.

York. Let us on :

And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice ;

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.

An habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond Many ! with what loud applause

Did'st thou beat heav'n with blessing *Bolingbroke*,

Before he was what thou would'st have him be !

And now being trim'd up in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,

That thou provok'st thy self to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton-bosom of the royal *Richard*,

And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,

And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times ?

They that, when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave :

Thou that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,

When through proud *London* he came fighting on

After th' admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,

Cry'st now ; O Earth, yield us that King again,

And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurs'd !

Past, and to come, seem best ; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids, be gone.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street in London.

Enter Hostess, with two Officers, Fang and Snare.

HOSTESS.

MR. Fang, have you enter'd the action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your yeoman? is he a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. Ay, ay, good Mr. Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Ay, good Mr. Snare, I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives: he will stab.

Host. Alas-the-day, take heed of him; he stab'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly; he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fift him once; if he come but within my^a vice.

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you he is an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Mr. Fang, hold him sure; good Mr. Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to *Pie-corner*, faving your manhoods, to buy a saddle: and he is indited to dinner to the *Lubbar's-head* in *Lombard-street* to Mr. *Smooth's* the *Silkman*. I pray ye, since my action is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have born, and born, and born: and have been

(a) Vice, or grasp, a metaphor taken from a smith's vice.

fub'd

fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an Ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falstaff, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, *Bardolph* with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Mr. *Fang* and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arrest you at the suit of Mrs. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away, varlets; draw, *Bardolph*: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the kennel.

Host. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou a hony-suckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? O thou a hony-seed rogue, thou art a hony-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph*.

Fang. A rescue, a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two; thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou, rogue? do, thou hempseed!

Fal. Away, you scullion, you rampallian, you fustilarian: I'll tickle your catastrophe.

S C E N E II.

Enter Chief Justice.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my Lord, be good to me. I beseech you stand to me.

Ch. Just. How now, Sir *John*? what, are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to *York*. Stand from him, fellow, wherefore hang'st thou on him?

(a) *She means to say, homicidal villain, and homicide rogue.*

Host.

Host. O my most worshipful Lord, an't please your Grace, I am a poor widow of *Eastcheap*, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my Lord, it is for all; all I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir *John*? fie, what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thy self and the money too. Thou didst swear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on *Wednesday* in *Whitsun-week*, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a singing-man of *Windsor*; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? did not good-wife *Keech* the butcher's wife come in then, and call me gossip *Quickly*? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? and didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me Madam? and didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it if thou canst.

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her; but for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner

manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you have practis'd upon the easie-yielding spirit of this woman. —

Host. Yes in troth, my Lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace; pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling mony, and the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sawciness: If a man will curt'sie and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my Lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak, as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect your reputation, and satisfie the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Aside.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Mr. Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower, what news?

Gower. The King, my Lord, and *Henry Prince of Wales* Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman — [*Aside to the Hostess.*]

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heav'nly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the *German Hunting* in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries: let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in *England*. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy
action:

action: come, thou must not be in this humour with me; come, I know thou wilt set on to this.

Host. Pr'ythee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty nobles, I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other shift; you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper: you'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? go with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have *Doll Tear-sheet* meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her. [*Exeunt Host. and Serjeants.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good Lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the King last night?

Gower. At *Basingstoke*, my Lord.

Fal. I hope, my Lord, all's well. What is the news, my Lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot five hundred horse

Are march'd up to my Lord of *Lancaster*,

Against *Northumberland* and the Arch-bishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble Lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently.

Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.

Fal. My Lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master *Gower*, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good Lord here.

I thank you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. Just. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you are to

take foldiers up in the countreys as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master *Gower*?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a fool that

taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my Lord, tap

for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Continues in London.**Enter Prince Henry and Poins.**P. Henry.* **T**Rust me, I am exceeding weary.*Poins.* Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.*P. Henry.* It doth me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me to desire small beer?*Poins.* Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.*P. Henry.* Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast! (*viz.* these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones;) or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use; but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linnen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countreys have made a shift to eat up thy holland. And God knows whether those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linnen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.*Poins.* How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly! tell me how many good young Princes should do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is.*P. Henry.* Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins*?*Poins.* Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.*P. Henry.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.*Poins.*

King HENRY IV.

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Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Henry. Thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and *Falstaff*, for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Henry. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what excites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have seem'd so lewd, and so much ingrafted to *Falstaff*.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worst they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and those two things I confess I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph*.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave *Falstaff*; he had him from me christian, and see if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

SCENE V.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bard. Save your Grace!

P. Henry. And yours, most noble *Bardolph*!

Bard.

Bard. Come, you virtuous asfs, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window; at last I spy'd his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the alewives new petticoat, and peep'd through.

Bard. Hath not the boy profited? Away, you whorson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally *Althea's* dream, away!

P. Henry. Instruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my Lord, *Althea* dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crowns-worth of good interpretation; there it is, boy. *[Gives him money.]*

Poins. O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! well, there is six pence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

P. Henry. And how doth thy master, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Well, my good Lord; he heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect; and how doth the *Martlemas*, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place: for look you how he writes.

[Gives Poins the letter.]

Poins reads. *John Falstaff, knight* — every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they say *there is some of the King's blood spilt*. How comes that? says he that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready

ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the King's poor cousin, Sir.*

P. Henry. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Japhet*. But to the letter ---

Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting. Why, this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace.

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.* Sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee and I love thee.* Be not too familiar with Poins, for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, Jack Falstaff with my familiars: John with my brothers and sisters: and Sir John with all Europe. My Lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat plenty of his words. But do you use me thus, *Ned*? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! But I never said so.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fool with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us: is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? doth the old Boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord, in *East-cheap*.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. *Ephesians*, my Lord, of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old Mrs. *Quickly*, and Mrs. *Dol Tear-sheet*.

P. Henry. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Henry. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town Bull. Shall we steal upon them, *Ned*, at supper?

Poins.

Poins. I am your shadow, my Lord, I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your master that I am yet come to town. There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well: go. This *Dol Tear-sheet* should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between *St. Albans* and *London*.

P. Henry. How might we see *Falstaff* bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not our selves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, like drawers.

P. Henry. From a God to a Bull, a heavy declension! It was *Jove's* case: from a Prince to a prentice, a low transformation! that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, *Ned*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I Pr'ythee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs.

Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to *Percy*, troublesome.

L. North. I have giv'n over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will: your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh, yet, for heav'n's sake, go not to these wars.
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it, than now;
When your own *Percy*, when my heart-dear *Harry*,

Threw

Threw many a northward look, to see his father
 Bring up his pow'rs: but he did look in vain!
 Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
 There were two honours lost; yours and your son's.
 For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it!
 For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
 In the grey vault of heav'n: and by his light
 Did all the chivalry of *England* move
 To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
 He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
 And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
 Became the accents of the valiant:
 For those that could speak low and tardily,
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
 To seem like him. So that in speech, in gait,
 In diet, in affections of delight,
 In military rules, humours of blood,
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashion'd others. And him, wond'rous him!
 O miracle of men! him did you leave
 To look upon the hideous God of war
 In disadvantage, to abide a field
 Where nothing but the sound of *Hot-spur's* name
 Did seem defensible: so you left him.
 Never, O, never do his ghost the wrong,
 To hold your honour more precise and nice
 With others, than with him. Let them alone:
 The Marshal and the Arch-bishop are strong.
 Had my sweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I (hanging on *Hot-spur's* neck)
 Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
 Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient over-fights,
 But I must go and meet with danger there;

Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

L. North. Fly to *Scotland*,
'Till that the Nobles and the armed Commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy. If they get ground and 'vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger. But for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son:
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow:
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heav'n,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:
I will resolve for *Scotland*; there am I,
'Till time and 'vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 Draw. **W**Hat the devil hast thou brought there? Apple-
Johns? thou know'st Sir *John* cannot endure
an Apple-*John*.

2 Draw. Mafs! thou say'st true; the Prince once set a dish
of Apple-*Johns* before him, and told him there were five more
Sir *Johns*; and, putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leave
of these fix dry, round, old, wither'd knights. It anger'd him to
the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw.

1 *Draw.* Why then cover, and set them down; and see if thou can'st find out *Sneak's* noise; Mrs. *Tear-sheet* would fain hear some musick. Dispatch! the room where they sup is too hot, they'll come in strait.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Master *Poins* anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir *John* must not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old *Utis*: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out *Sneak*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Hostess and Dol.

Host. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulfidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: but you have drank too much canary, and that's a marvellous searhing wine; and it perfumes the blood ere we can say what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem!

Host. Why, that was well said: a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in court ---- empty the jordan ---- and was a worthy King: how now, Mrs. *Dol*?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect, if they be once in a calm they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mrs. *Dol*.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, *Dol*; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

E e e 2

Dol.

Dol. Ay marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls and owches: for to serve bravely, is to come halting off; you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to furgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely ---

Dol. Hang your self, you muddy Conger, hang your self!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord; you are both, in good troth, as ^a rheumatick as two dry toasts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the goujeres! one must bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. [To *Dol.*

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead? there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bourdeaux* stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack*: thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is no body cares.

SCENE IX.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Ancient *Pistol* is below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in *England*.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith: I must live amongst my neighbours, I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best: shut the door, there comes no swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have swagging now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Do'st thou hear, hostess ---

Host. Pray you, pacifie your self, Sir *John*; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Do'st thou hear --- it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me, your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master *Tisick* the de-

(a) *She means to say splenetick.*

puty the other day; and as he said to me ---- it was no longer ago than *Wednesday* last ---- neighbour *Quickly*, says he; --- master *Domb* our minister was by then: ---- neighbour *Quickly*, says he, receive those that are civil; for, faith he, you are in an ill name: now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman; and well thought on, therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive, says he, no swaggering companions. ---- There come none here. You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroak him as gently as a puppey-grey-hound; he will not swagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering; I am the worse when one says *swagger*: feel, masters, how I shake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, as if it were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

S C E N E X.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph and Page.

Pist. Save you, Sir *John*!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient *Pistol*. Here, *Pistol*, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol proof, Sir, you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion! what? you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linnen mate; away, you mouldy rogue, away, I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress *Dorothy*.

Dol.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal, you filthy bung, away: by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps if you play the sawcy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal, you basket-hilt stale jugler you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two points on your shoulder? march!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more *Pistol*; I would not have you go off here: discharge your self of our company, *Pistol*.

Host. No, good captain *Pistol*: not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd captain? if captains were of my mind they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy house? he a captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress *Dol*.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damned lake, to the infernal deep, to *Erebus* and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I: down? down, dogs; down, fates: have we not *Hi-*
ren here?

Host. Good captain *Peefel*, be quiet, it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours indeed. "Shall pack-horses^b
And hollow-pamper'd jades of *Asia*,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with *Cæsar*, and with *Cannibal*,

(a) *A name he gives to his sword.*

(b) These lines are in part a quotation out of an old absurd fustian Play intitled *Tamburlain's Conquests* or *The Scythian Shepherd*.

And

And *Trojan Greeks*? nay, rather damn them with
King *Cerberus*, and let the welkin roar:
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hof. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl
anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins: have we not
a *Hiren* here?

Hof. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the
goujeres? do you think I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come, give me
some sack. *Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.*

Fear we broad sides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack: and, sweet-heart, lye thou there:

Come we to full points here, and are & *cetera*'s nothing?

Fal. *Pistol*, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: what! we have seen the
seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs, I cannot endure such a fustian
rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs? know we not galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a shove-groat shilling:
nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What shall we have incision? shall we embrew? then
death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days: why then let
grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds, untwine the sisters three: come,
Atropos, I say. [Drawing his sword.

Hof. Here's goodly stuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs. [Drawing, and driving *Pistol* out.

Hof. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forswear keeping house, be-
fore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murther, I warrant
now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked
weapons.

Dol.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, be quiet, the rascal is gone: ah, you whorson, little valiant villain you!

Hof. Are you not hurt i' th' groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, Sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue you: alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! come, let me wipe thy face ---- come on, you whorson chops ---- ah, rogue, I love thee ---- thou art as valorous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better than the nine worthies: a villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musick.

Page. The musick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, *Dol.* A rascal, bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quick-silver.

Dol. I' faith and thou follow'dst him like a church: thou whorson little tiny *Bartholomew* Boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foining on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

SCENE XI.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins disguis'd.

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*, do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say *Poins* hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon, his wit is as thick as
Tewks-

Tewksbury mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles end for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himself is such another: the weight of an hair will turn the scales between their *Averdupois*.

P. Henry. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiss me, *Dol*.

P. Henry. *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And look, whether the fiery *Trigon* his man be not clasping too his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper?

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on *Thursday*: Thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou wilt set me a weeping if thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress my self handsom 'till thy return --- Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, *Francis*.

P. Henry. Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's! and art not thou *Poins* his brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hof. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace! Welcome to *London*! Now heav'n bless that sweet face of thine! what, are you come from *Wales*?

Fal. Thou whorson mad compound of Majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Dol.*]

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whorson candle-myne you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Hof. 'Blessing on your good heart, and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me as you did when you ran away by *Gads-bill*, you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, *Hal*, on my honour, no abuse.

P. Henry. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, *Hal*.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, *Ned*, in the world; honest *Ned*, none. I disprais'd

prais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, *Hal*, none, *Ned*, none; no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now whether pure fear and entire cowardise doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honest *Bardolph*, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead Elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer's* privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast mault-worms: for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! for the other, I owe her mony; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so; what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole *Lent*?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman.

Dol. What says your Grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, *Francis*.

SCENE XII.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. *Peto*, how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at *Westminster*,
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts

F f f 2

Come

Come from the north; and as I came along,
~~I met and overtook a dozen captains,~~
 Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
 And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Henry. By heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,
 So idly to profane the precious time;
 When tempest of commotion, like the South
 Born with black vapour, doth begin to melt
 And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
 Give me my sword, and cloak: *Falstaff*, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we
 must hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the door?
 how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, Sir, presently: a dozen cap-
 tains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, Sirrah: farewell, hostess, farewell, *Dol*.
 You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after;
 the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on.
 Farewel, good wenches; if I be not sent away post, I will see you
 again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak; if my heart be not ready to burst ---
 well, sweet *Jack*, have a care of thy self.

Fal. Farewel, farewell!

[*Exit.*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty
 nine years, come pescod-time; but an honefter and truer-hearted
 man --- well, fare thee well!

Bard. Mrs. *Tear-sheet*!

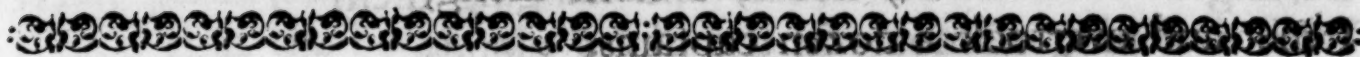
Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistress *Tear-sheet* come to my master.

Host. O run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol*.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT



A C T III S C E N E I.

The Palace in London.

Enter King Henry in his Night-gown, with a Page.

K. HENRY.

GO, call the Earls of *Surrey* and of *Warwick* :
But ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them : make good speed.

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs,
Upon uneasie pallets stretching thee,
And hush't with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull God, why ly'st thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case to a common 'larum-bell ?^a
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

(a) This alludes to the Watchman set in Garrison-towns upon some Eminence attending upon an Alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in case of fire or any approaching danger. He had a Case or Box to shelter him from Weather, but at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These Alarum-bells are mentioned in several other places in Shakspear.

Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slip'ry clouds,
 That with the hurly, death it self awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a King? then happy low! lye down;
 Uneasie lyes the head that wears a crown.

S C E N E II.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majesty!

K. Henry. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Henry. Why then good-morrow to you. Well, my Lords:
 Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my Liege.

K. Henry. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,
 How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
 And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,
 Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
 With good advice and little medicine;
 My Lord *Northumberland* will soon be cool'd.

K. Henry. Oh heav'n, that one might read the book of fate,
 And see the revolution of the times
 Make mountains level, and the continent,
 Weary of solid firmness, melt it self
 Into the sea; and, other times, to see
 The beachy girdle of the ocean
 Too wide for *Neptune's* hips; how chances mock
 And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors: O, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth viewing his progress through,

What

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
 Wou'd shut the book, and sit him down and die.
 'Tis not ten years since *Richard* and *Northumberland*
 Did feast together; and in two years after
 Were they at wars. It is but eight years since
 This *Percy* was the man nearest my soul,
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
 And laid his love and life under my foot;
 Yea, for my sake ev'n to the eyes of *Richard*
 Gave him defiance. Which of you was by?
 (You, cousin *Nevil*, as I may remember,) [To *Warwick*.
 When *Richard* with his eye brim-full of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy.
Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;
 (Though then, heav'n knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss)
The time shall come, (thus did he follow it,)
The time will come, that foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption: so went on,
 Fore-telling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesie,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lye intreasur'd.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
 And by the necessary form of this,
 King *Richard* might create a perfect guess,
 That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

K. Henry.

K. *Henry*. Are these things then, my Lord, necessities?
 Then let us meet them like necessities;
 And that same word even now cries out on us:
 They say the Bishop and *Northumberland*
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be:
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
 The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your Grace
 To go to bed. Upon my life, my Lord,
 The pow'rs that you already have sent forth
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
 A certain instance that *Glendower* is dead.
 Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
 And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
 Unto your sickness.

K. *Henry*. I will take your counsel:
 And were these inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear Lords, unto the holy-land.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Justice Shallow's Seat in Gloucestershire.

*Enter Shallow and Silence, with Mouldy, Shadow, Wart,
 Feeble, and Bull-calf.*

Shal. **C**ome on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir;
 an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good
 cousin *Silence*?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow; and your
 fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen*?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my cousin *William* is be-
 come a good scholar; he is at *Oxford* still, is he not?

Sil.

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the Inns of Court shortly: I was once of *Clement's-Inn*; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty *Shallow* then, cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordshire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squele* a *Cotswold* man, you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falstaff*, (now Sir *John*), a boy and page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*.

Sil. This Sir *John*, cousin, that comes hither anon about Soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir *John*, the very same: I saw him break *Schogan's* head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very same day I did fight with one *Sampson Stockfish*, a fruiterer, behind *Gray's-Inn*. Oh the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure: death (as the *Pfalmist* saith) is certain to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of *Bullocks* at *Stamford* fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! see, see, he drew a good bow: and dead? he shot a fine shoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! He would have clapt in the clowt at twelve score, and carried you a fore-hand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Bardolph and Page.**Sir.* Here come two of Sir *John Falstaff's* men, as I think.*Shal.* Good-morrow, honest gentlemen!*Bard.* I beseech you, which is Justice *Shallow*?*Shal.* I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Esquire of this county, one of the King's Justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?*Bard.* My captain, Sir, commends him to you: my captain Sir *John Falstaff*; a tall gentleman, by heav'n! and a most gallant leader.*Shal.* He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my Lady his wife doth?*Bard.* Sir, pardon, a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.*Shal.* It is well said, Sir; and it is well said indeed, too: better accommodated — it is good, yea, indeed is it; good phrases surely are, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated — it comes of *Accommodo*; very good, a good phrase.*Bard.* Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? by this day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Falstaff.**Shal.* It is very just: look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your hand, give me your worship's good hand: trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*!*Fal.*

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master *Robert Shallow*: Master *Sure-card*, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my cousin *Silence*; in commission with me.

Fal. Good master *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen; have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we, Sir: will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so: yea, marry, Sir. *Ralph Mouldy*: let them appear as I call: let them do so, let them do so. Let me see, where is *Mouldy*?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir *John*? a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldy*?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent i' faith. Things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good. Well said, Sir *John*, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, *Mouldy*, you shall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace: stand aside: know you where you are? for the other, Sir *John*. Let me see: *Simon Shadow*!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold foldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so indeed, but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John*?

Fal. *Shadow* will serve for a summer; prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. *Thomas Wart*!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John*?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble*!

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, *Feeble*?

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battel, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor; well said, courageous *Feeble*: thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful Dove, or most magnanimous Mouse. Prick the woman's tailor well, master *Shallow*, deep, master *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private foldier,

soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. *Peter Bulcalf* of the green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see *Bulcalf*.

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow. Come prick me *Bulcalf*, 'till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my lord captain!

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prickt?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his coronation day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy cold, and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you must have but four here, Sir; and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master *Shallow*.

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint *George's* fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master *Shallow*, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Jane Night-work* alive?

Fal. She lives, master *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me!

Fal. Never, never: she would always say she could not abide master *Shallow*.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart: she was then a *Bona-roba*. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot chuse but be old; certain

tain she's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement's-Inn*.

Sil. That's fifty five years ago.

Shal. Hah, cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seen that, that this knight and I have seen! hah, Sir *John*, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir *John*, we have: our watch word was, hem, boys! Come, let's to dinner; Oh the days that we have seen! come, come.

Bul. Good master corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend, and here is four *Harry* ten shillings in *French* crowns for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for mine own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather because I am unwilling, and for mine own part have a desire to stay with my friends, else, Sir, I did not care for mine own part so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake stand my friend: she hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and she's old and cannot help her self: you shall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death. I will never bear a base mind: if it be my destiny, so. if it be not, so. No man is too good to serve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Faith, I will bear no base mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*.

Fal. Go to: well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalf*, *Feeble* and *Shadow*.

Fal.

Fal. *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*: for you, *Mouldy*, stay at home 'till you are past service: and for your part, *Bulcalf*, grow 'till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not your self wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master *Shallow*, how to chuse a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big semblance of a man? give me the spirit, master *Shallow*. Here's *Wart*, you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow *Shadow*, give me this man, he presents no mark to the enemy, the fo-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: and, for a retreat, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the woman's tailor, run off. O give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into *Wart*'s hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold, *Wart*, traverse: thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver: so, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot. Well said, *Wart*, thou art a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End-Green*, when I lay at *Clement's Inn*, I was then Sir *Dagenet* in *Arthur's* shew, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: rah, tah, tah, would he say; bounce, would he say, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well. Master *Shallow*, God keep you; farewell, master *Silence*. I will not use many words with you; fare you well, gentlemen both! I thank you, I must a dozen mile to-night. *Bardolph*, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance

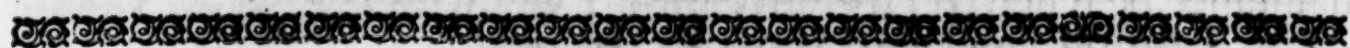
quaintance be renewed : peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to: I have spoke at a word. Fare you well! [*Exit.*

Fal. Fare you well, gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*, lead the men away. As I return I will fetch off these Justices: I do see the bottom of Justice *Shallow*. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! this same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prated to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about *Turnbal-street*; and every third word a lie, more duly paid to the hearer than the *Turk's* tribute. I do remember him at *Clement's* Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When he was naked he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife. He was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible. He was the very *Genius* of famine, yet lecherous as a Monkey, and the whores call'd him Mandrake: he came ever in the rereward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutcht hufwives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his *Fancies*, or his *Good-nights*. And now is this Vice's dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John of Gaunt* as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crouding among the Marshal's men. I saw it, and told *John of Gaunt* he beat his own name, for you might have truss'd him and all his apparel into an Eel-skin: the case of a treble hoboy was a mansion for him; and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young Dace be a bait for the old Pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Colevile.

YORK.

What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis *Gaultree* forest.

York. Here stand, my Lords, and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,

I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd

New-dated letters from *Northumberland*;

Their cold intent, tenour and substance thus:

Here he doth wish his person, with such powers

As might hold fortance with his quality,

The which he could not levy; whereupon

He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,

To *Scotland*: and concludes in hearty prayers,

That your attempts may over-live the hazard

And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

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H h h

Mowb.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

S C E N E II.

Enter Westmorland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of *Westmorland*.

West. Health and fair greeting from our General,
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaster*!

York. Say on, my Lord of *Westmorland*, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my Lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like it self, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appear'd
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble Lords,
Had not been here to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, my Lord Arch-bishop,
Whose See is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The Dove and very blessed Spirit of peace;
Wherefore do you so ill translate your self,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to glaives, your ink to blood,
Your pens to launces, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

York. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.

Briefly

Briefly to this end: we are all diseas'd,
 And with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
 Have brought our selves into a burning feaver,
 And we must bleed for it: of which disease
 Our late King *Richard* being infected, dy'd.
 But, my most noble Lord of *Westmorland*,
 I take not on me here as a phyfician:
 Nor do I as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men:
 But rather shew a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
 And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are inforc'd from our most quiet sphere,
 By the rough torrent of occasion;
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
 Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
 And might by no suit gain our audience.
 When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
 We are deny'd access unto his person,
 Ev'n by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The danger of the day's but newly gone,
 Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet-appearing blood; and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, present now,
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
 Wherein have you been galled by the King?

H h h 2

What

What Peer hath been fuborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine?

York. My brother General, the common-wealth
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say, indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Or from the King, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk's* seigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him.
And then, when *Henry Bolingbroke* and he
Being mounted and both rowled in their seats,
Their neighing courfers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through fights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have staid
My father from the breast of *Bolingbroke*;
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;

Then

Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,
That by indictment or by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under *Bolingbroke*.

West. You speak, Lord *Mowbray*, now, you know not what.
The Earl of *Hereford* was reputed then
In *England* the most valiant gentleman,
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had born it out of *Coventry*,
For all the country in a general voice
Cry'd hate upon him; all their prayers and love
Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And bless'd and grac'd indeed more than the King.
But this is meer digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely General,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off
That might so much as mark you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. *Mowbray*, you over-ween to take it so:
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For lo! within a ken our army lyes;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battel is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full commission,

In

In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the General's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.

York. Then take, my Lord of *Westmorland*, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed into this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present executions of our wills,
To us, and to our properties confirm'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the General. Please you, Lords,
In fight of both our battels, we may meet;
And either end in peace, which heav'n so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

York. My Lord, we will do so. [Exit *West.*

SCENE III.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute,
As our conditions shall insist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That ev'ry slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, ev'ry idle, nice and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action.
That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,

That

That ev'n our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my Lord, note this; the King is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion;
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to unfix an enemy
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his pow'r, like to a fangless Lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good Lord Marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of *Westmorland*.

Enter Westmorland.

West. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship
To meet his Grace, just distance 'tween our armies?

Mowb.

Mowb. Your Grace of *York* in God's name then set forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace; my Lord, we come.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster.

Lan. You're well encounter'd here, my cousin *Mowbray*;
 Good day to you, my gentle Lord Arch-bishop,
 And so to you, Lord *Hastings*, and to all!
 My Lord of *York*, it better shew'd with you,
 When that your flock assembled by the bell
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence
 Your exposition on the holy text;
 Than now to see you here an iron man,
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
 That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
 And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,
 Would he abuse the count'nance of the King,
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
 In shadow of such greatness? With you, Lord Bishop,
 It is ev'n so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
 To us, the speaker in his parliament;
 To us, th' imagin'd voice of heav'n it self;
 The very opener, and intelligencer
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heav'n,
 And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
 But you misuse the rev'ence of your place,
 Employ the countenance and grace of heav'n,
 As a false favourite doth his Prince's name,
 In deeds dishon'rabl? you've taken up,
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
 The subjects of his substitute, my father;
 And both against the peace of heav'n and him
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

York.

York. Good my Lord of *Lancaster*,
I am not here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my Lord of *Westmorland*,
The time mis-order'd doth in common sense
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-son of war is born,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desire;
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of Majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them.
And so^a success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
While *England* shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, *Hastings*, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My Lord, these griefs shall be with speed redrest;
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your pow'rs unto their several counties,
As we will ours; and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;

(a) Success here is to be understood in the same sense as Succession.

That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

York. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you; and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain. [*Exit Colevile.*

York. To you, my noble Lord of *Westmorland*.

West. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall shew it self more openly hereafter,

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle cousin *Mowbray*!

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am on the sudden something ill.

York. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, Coz, since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, *Some good thing comes to-morrow.*

York. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts.*

Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they shout.

Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my Lord,
And let our army be discharged too. [*Exit West.*

And, good my Lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good Lord *Hastings*:
And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [*Exit Hast.*

Lan. I trust, Lords, we shall lye to-night together. SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Westmorland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-Enter Hastings.

Hast. My Lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful Steers unyok'd, they took their course
East, west, north, south: or like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord *Hastings*; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, Lord Arch-bishop, and you, Lord *Mowbray*,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

York. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd you none:

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heav'n and not we have safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Alarm, Excursions.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Falstaff and Colevile.

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir: and my name is *Colevile* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place, the dale. *Colevile* shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough: so shall you still be *Colevile* of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir *John Falstaff*?

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, who e'er I am: do ye yield, Sir, or shall I sweat for you? if I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rowze up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir *John Falstaff*, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name: an I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in *Europe*: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmorland.

Lan. The heat is past, follow no farther now,
Call in the pow'rs, good cousin *Westmorland*. [Exit West.
Now, *Falstaff*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallow's back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my Lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I speeded hither with the very extreamest inch of possibility. I have founder'd
nine-

ninescore and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir *John Colevile* of the dale, a most furious Knight and valorous enemy: but what of that? he saw me and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome*, I came, saw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courtesie than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me; and I in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good Lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name *Colevile*?

Cole. It is, my Lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, *Colevile*.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my Lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thy self away *gratis*; and I thank thee, for thee.

SCENE VII.

Enter Westmorland.

Lan. Now have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send *Colevile* then with his confederates

To

To *York*, to present execution.

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

[*Ex. with Colevile.*

And now dispatch we tow'rd the Court, my Lords;

I hear the King, my father, is fore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his Majesty,

Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him:

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through *Glo'stershire*; and when you come to Court, 'pray, stand in your good report, my Lord.

Lan. Fare you well, *Falstaff*; I, in my condition, shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it; it ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish, dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, in the tongue, which is the birth, become excellent wit. The second property of your excellent Sherris, is the warming of the blood; which before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardise; but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart; who great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of Sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing

nothing without Sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a meer hoard of gold kept by a devil, 'till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertil Sher-
ris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph*?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through *Glo'stershire*, and there will I visit master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

The Palace at Westminster.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloucester.

K. Henry. **N**OW, Lords, if heav'n doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lyes level to our wish:
Only we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, 'till these rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yolk of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your Majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. *Humphry*, my son of *Gloucester*,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my Lord, at *Windsor*.

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my Lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, *Thomas* of *Clarence*, with him?

Glou. No, my good Lord, he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my Lord and father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence*.
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, *Thomas*;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
For he is gracious if he be observ'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,
As humourous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.^a
His temper therefore must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But being moody, give him line and scope,
'Till that his passions, like a Whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,

(a) Alluding to the opinion of some Philosophers that the Vapours being congealed in the Air by Cold (which is most intense towards the morning) and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the Sun, occasion those sudden impetuous gusts of wind which are call'd Flaws.

That

That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As *Aconitum*, or rash gun-powder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at *Windsor* with him, *Thomas*?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in *London*.

K. Henry. And how accompanied? can'st thou tell that?

Cla. With *Poins*, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds:
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is over-spread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches it self beyond the hour of death.

The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape
In forms imaginary th' unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his head-strong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
Oh, with what wings shall his affection fly
Tow'rd's fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious Lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your Highness knows, comes to no farther use,
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The Prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his Grace must mete the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Henry. 'Tis feldom, when the Bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion. ---- Who's here? *Westmorland*?

S C E N E IX.

Enter Westmorland.

West. Health to my Sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that, which I am to deliver!
Prince *John*, your son, doth kiss your Grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop *Scroop*, *Hastings*, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive ev'ry where.
The manner how this action hath been born,
Here at more leisure may your Highness read,
With every course, in his particular.

K. Henry. O *Westmorland*, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heav'n keep your Majesty!
And when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolph*,
With a great pow'r of *English* and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sh'riff of *Yorkshire* overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food;
(Such are the poor in health) or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; such the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

I should

I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my fight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill.

Glou. Comfort your Majesty!

Cla. Oh, my royal father!

West. My sovereign Lord, cheer up your self, look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air: he'll strait be well.

Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs;
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glou. The people fear it; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk (time's doting chronicles)
Say it did so a little time before
That our great Grandfire *Edward* sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some flow and favourable hand
Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the musick in the other room.

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

S C E N E X.

*Enter Prince Henry.**P. Henry.* Who saw the Duke of *Clarence*?*Cla.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.*P. Henry.* How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the King?*Glou.* Exceeding ill.*P. Henry.* Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.*Glou.* He alter'd much upon the hearing it.*P. Henry.* If he be sick with joy,
He'll recover without physick.*War.* Not so much noise, my Lords; sweet Prince, speak low;
The King, your father, is dispos'd to sleep.*Cla.* Let us withdraw into the other room.*War.* Will't please your Grace to go along with us?*P. Henry.* No; I will sit, and watch here by the King.[*Exeunt all but P. Henry.*]

Why doth the crown lye there upon his pillow,
 Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?
 O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
 To many a watchful night: --- he sleeps with't now,
 Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
 As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
 Snores out the watch of night. --- O Majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
 There lyes a downy feather which stirs not:
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move. My gracious Lord! my father!
 This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
 That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd

So

So many *English* Kings. Thy due from me
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives it self to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which heav'n shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.]

SCENE XI.

Enter Warwick, Gloucester, and Clarence.

K. Henry. *Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!*
Cla. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Majesty? how fares your Grace?
K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my Lords?
Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.
K. Henry. The Prince of *Wales*! where is he? let me see him!
War. The door is open, he is gone this way.
Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.
K. Henry. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.
K. Henry. The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death? find him, my Lord of *Warwick*,
And chide him hither strait; this part of his
Conjoins with my disease, and helps to end me.
See, sons, what things you are! how quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object!
For this, the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry: for this engross'd

The

The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold:
 For this, they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
 When, like the Bee, culling from ev'ry Flow'r,
 Our thighs all packt with wax, our mouths with honey,
 We bring it to the hive, and like the Bees
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yield his engrossments to the dying father.

Enter Warwick.

Now where is he, that will not stay so long,
 'Till his friend, Sickness, hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
 That Tyranny, which never quafft but blood,
 Would by beholding him have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, *Harry*.
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. [*Exe. Lords.*]

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, *Harry*, to that thought:
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours,
 Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
 Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
 That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
 Thou hast stol'n that, which after some few hours
 Were thine without offence; and at my death
 Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

Thy

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
 And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
 What! can'st thou not forbear me half an hour?
 Then get thee gone and dig my grave thy self,
 And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
 Let all the tears that should bedew my herse
 Be drops of balm to sanctifie thy head;
 Only compound me with forgotten dust,
 Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees:
 For now a time is come to mock at form.
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, vanity,
 Down, royal state. All you sage counsellors, hence!
 And to the *English* Court assemble now
 From ev'ry region, apes of idleness:
 Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your scum;
 Have you a ruffian that will swear? drink? dance?
 Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall give him office, honour, might:
 For the Fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom! sick with civil blows:
 When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with Wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. *Henry*. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling*.
 (The moist impediments unto my speech,)
 I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,

Ere

Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your Crown,
And he that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! if I affect it more,
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to shew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my Liege, to think you were)
I spake unto the Crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold;
Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, royal Liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Henry.

K. Henry. O my son!
 Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, *Harry*, sit thou by my bed,
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my son,
 By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
 I met this Crown; and I my self know well
 How troublesome it fate upon my head.
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation:
 For all the foil of the atchievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
 But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
 And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances,
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-shed,
 Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
 Thou seest with peril I have answered.
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument: And now my death
 Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort.
 So thou the garland wear'st successively:
 Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid
 I cut them off, and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the Holy land;
 Left rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my *Harry*,

Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence born out,
 May waste the memory of former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the Crown, O, God forgive!
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Henry. My gracious Liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right must my possession be;
 Which I with more than with a common pain
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster and Warwick.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my *John of Lancaster*.

Lan. Health, peace and happiness to my royal father!

K. Henry. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son *John*;
 But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
 From this bare, wither'd trunk. Upon thy sight
 My worldly business makes a period.
 Where is my Lord of *Warwick*?

P. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*!

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jerusalem*, my noble Lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to God! ev'n there my life must end.

It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,

I should not die but in *Jerusalem*:

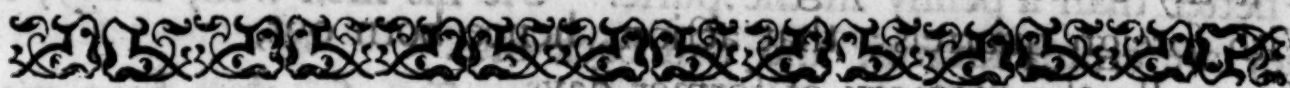
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy land.

But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lye:

In that *Jerusalem* shall *Harry* die.

[Exeunt.]

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Shallow's Seat in Glo'stershire.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, Page and Davy.

SHALLOW.

BY cock and pye, Sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say.

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused. Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall serve: you shall not be excus'd. Why, Davy!

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, Davy, let me see; William Cook, bid him come hither. — Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: those precepts cannot be serv'd; and again, Sir, shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William Cook; are there no young Pidgeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir. — Here is now the Smith's note for shoeing, and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid — Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had. And, Sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it. Some Pidgeons, Davy, a couple of short-legg'd Hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws: tell William Cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' th' Court

is better than a penny in the purse. Use his men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worse than they are bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy business, *Davy*.

Davy. I beseech you, Sir, to countenance *William Visor* of *Wincot* against *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, *Davy*, against that *Visor*; that *Visor* is an arrant knave on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, Sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, Sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, Sir, therefore I beseech your worship let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to, I say he shall have no wrong: look about, *Davy*. Where are you, Sir *John*? come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, master *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all mine heart, kind master *Bardolph*; and welcome, my tall fellow: [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir *John*.

[*Exe. Shal. Sil. &c.*]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master *Robert Shallow*. *Bardolph*, look to our horses. — If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded-hermites-staves as master *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his mens spirits and his: they by observing of him do bear themselves like foolish justices; he by conversing with them is turn'd into a justice-like serving man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction, with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent like so many wild Geese. If I had a suit to master *Shallow*, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: If to his men, I would curry with master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that
either

either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms or two actions, and he shall laugh without *Intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do, with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O, you shall see him laugh, 'till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. Sir *John*!

Fal. I come, master *Shallow*; I come, master *Shallow*.

[*Within.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Court in London.

Enter the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. **H**OW now, my Lord Chief Justice, whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature,
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him.
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm my self

To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantasie.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, Gloucester and Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead *Harry*:

O, that the living *Harry* had the temper

Of

Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen :
How many Nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike fail to spirits of vile sort !

Ch. Just. Alas, I fear all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, cousin *Warwick*.

Glou. Clar. Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember ; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy !

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

Glou. O, good my Lord, you've lost a friend indeed,
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Tho' no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier : would 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir *John Falstaff* fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul ;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocence fail me,
I'll to the King my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

SCENE III.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Just. Heav'n save your Majesty !

P. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment, Majesty,
Sits not so easie on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear !
This is the *English*, not the *Turkish* Court,

Not

Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* succeeds,
 But *Harry, Harry*. Yet be sad, good brothers,
 For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:
 Sorrow so royally in you appears,
 That I will deeply put the fashion on,
 And wear it in my heart. Why then be sad,
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
 Than a joint-burthen laid upon us all.
 For me, by heav'n, I bid you be assur'd,
 I'll be your father and your brother too:
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares;
 Yet weep that *Harry's* dead, and so will I.
 But *Harry* lives that shall convert those tears
 By number into hours of happiness.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majesty.

P. Henry. You all look strangely on me; and you most.
 You are, I think, assur'd I love you not. [To the *Ch. Just.*

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
 Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

P. Henry. No! might a Prince of my great hopes forget
 The great indignities you laid upon me?
 What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
 Th' immediate heir of *England*! was this easie?
 May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
 The image of his pow'r lay then in me:
 And in th' administration of his law,
 While I was busie for the common-wealth,
 Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and pow'r of law and justice,
 The image of the King whom I presented;
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment:
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To

To have a son set your decrees at nought :
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench :
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person :
 Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;
 Be now the father, and propose a son ;
 Hear your own dignity so much prophan'd ;
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted ;
 Behold your self so by a son disdain'd :
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your pow'r soft silencing your son.
 After this cold confid'rance, sentence me ;
 And as you are a King, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my Liege's sovereignty.

P. Henry. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well ;
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 'Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did :
 So shall I live to speak my father's words.
Happy am I, that have a man so bold
That dares do justice on my proper son ;
And no less happy having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hand of Justice. You committed me ;
 For which I do commit into your hand
 Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear,
 With this remembrance that you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents

To

To your well-practis'd wife directions.
 And, Princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
 My father's gone into his grave, and in
 His tomb lye all my wild affections;
 For with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectations of the world,
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raise out
 Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
 After my seeming. Tho' my tide of blood
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity 'till now;
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the floods of state,
 And flow henceforth in formal Majesty.
 Now call we our high Court of Parliament,
 And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
 That war or peace, or both at once may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us,
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[To Lord Chief Justice.

Our coronation done, we will accite
 (As I before remember'd) all our state,
 And (heav'n consigning to my good intents)
 No Prince nor Peer shall have just cause to say,
 Heav'n shorten *Harry's* happy life one day!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Shallow's Seat in Glo'cestershire.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. **N**AY, you shall see mine orchard, where in an arbour
 we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting,
 with a dish of carraways, and so forth: come, cousin *Silence*; and
 then to bed.

VOL. III.

M m m

Fal.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: beggars all, beggars all, Sir *John*: marry, good air. Spread, *Davy*, spread, *Davy*, well said, *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir *John*. By th' Mass, I have drank too much sack at supper. A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, firrah, quoth-a,

We shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing.

And praise heav'n for the merry year;

When flesh is cheap and females dear,

And lusty lads roam here and there;

So merrily, and ever among, so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good master *Silence*. I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Mr. *Bardolph* some wine, *Davy*.

Davy. Sweet Sir, fit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet Sir, fit. Master Page, fit: good Master Page, fit: proface! What you want in meat we'll have in drink; but you must bear; the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry, master *Bardolph*, and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,*

For women are shrews, both short and tall;

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,

And welcome merry Shrovetide.

Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think master *Silence* had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

Shal. *Davy!*

Davy. Your worship — I'll be with you straight. A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [Singing.] *A cup of wine,*
That's brisk and fine,

And

*And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.*

Fal. Well said, master *Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master *Silence*.

Sil. Fill the cup and let it come. I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest *Bardolph*, welcome; if thou want'st any thing and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart! Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed too: I'll drink to master *Bardolph*, and to all the cavileroes about *London*.

Davy. I hope to see *London*, ere I die.

Bard. If I might see you there, *Davy*, —

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? ha, will you not, master *Bardolph*?

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee; the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, Sir. [One knocks at the door.]

Shal. Why, there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at door there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me Knight, ' Samingo.*
Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? why then say an old man can do somewhat.

Davy. If it please your worship there's one *Pistol* come from the Court with news.

Fal. From the Court? let him come in.

SCENE V.

Enter Pistol.

How now, *Pistol*?

Pist. Sir *John*, save you, Sir.

(a) He means to say San Domingo.

M m m 2

Fal.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Pistol*?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man good, sweet Knight: thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think he be, but Goodman *Puff* of *Barson*.

Pist. *Puff*?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir *John*, I am thy *Pistol* and thy friend;

And helter skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A footra for the world and worldlings base!

I speak of *Africa* and golden joys.

Fal. O base *Assyrian* Knight, what is thy news?

Let King ^a *Cophetua* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And *Robin-hood*, *Scarlet*, and little *John*.

Pist. Shall dunghil curs confront the *Helicons*?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then *Pistol* lay thy head in fury's lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If you come with news from the

Court, I take it there are but two ways, either to utter them, or

to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under which King? *Bexonian*, speak or die.

Shal. Under King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine office!

Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kin now is King,

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

When *Pistol* lies, do this, and fig me like

The bragging *Spaniard*.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

(a) This hath reference to an old ballad of King *Cophetua* and the beggar-maid.

Fal. Away, *Bardolph*, saddle my horse. Master *Robert Shallow*, chuse what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master *Silence* to bed: master *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh, sweet *Pistol*! away, *Bardolph*: come, *Pistol*, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thy self good. Boot, boot, master *Shallow*. I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses: the laws of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and wo to my Lord Chief Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

Where is the life that late I led, say they?

Why, here it is, welcome this pleasant day. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

A Street in London.

Enter Hostess Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet, and Bedels.

Host. NO, thou arrant knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Bed. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie: come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal, if the child I go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O that Sir *John* were come! he would make this a bloody

(a) *These are words of an old song.*

day

day to some body. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

Bed. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead that you and *Pistol* beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer; I will have you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue; you filthy famish'd correctioner, if you be not swindg'd I'll forswear half-kirtles.

Bed. Come, come, you she-Knight-arrant, come!

Hof. O, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Hof. Yes, come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Hof. Thou Atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you rascal.

Bed. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A publick place near Westminster-Abby.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 Groom. **M**ore rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 Groom. It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation; dispatch, dispatch! [*Exeunt Grooms.*]

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Fal. Stand here by me, master *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. Bless thy lungs, good Knight!

Fal. Come here, *Pistol*, stand behind me. O, if I had had time

time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matter, this poor shew doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shews my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*; for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so indeed.

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage.

Thy *Dol* and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts

Is in base durance and contagious prison;

Haul'd thither by mechanick dirty hands.

Rowze up revenge from Ebon den, with fell *Alecto's* snake,

For *Dol* is in. *Pistol* speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pist. There roar'd the sea; and trumpet-clangour sounds.

S C E N E VIII.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the King and his train.

Fal. God save thy Grace, King *Hal*, my royal *Hal*!

Pist. The heav'ns thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I speak to thee, my heart!

King.

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers!
 How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
 I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
 So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
 But being awake, I do despise my dream.
 Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace,
 Leave gormandizing. Know, the grave doth gape
 For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
 Presume not that I am the thing I was:
 For heav'n doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turn'd away my former self,
 So will I those that kept me company.
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots;
 'Till then I banish thee, on pain of death,
 As I have done the rest of my mis-leaders,
 Not to come near our person by ten miles.
 For competence of life, I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
 And as we hear you do reform your selves,
 We will according to your strength and qualities
 Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my Lord,
 To see perform'd the tenour of our word.
 Set on. [Ex. King, &c.]

S C E N E IX.

Fal. Master *Shallow*, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay marry, Sir *John*, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your doublet and

and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I fear that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner: come, lieutenant *Pistol*, come, *Bardolph*. I shall be sent for soon at night.

Enter Chief Justice and Prince John.

Ch. Just. Go carry Sir *John Falstaff* to the *Fleet*, Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak, I will hear you soon. Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.* [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lancaster and Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's. He hath intent his wonted followers Shall all be very well provided for; But they are banish'd, 'till their conversations Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his Parliament, my Lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire, We bear our civil swords and native fire As far as *France*. I heard a bird so sing, Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King. Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sie; last, my speech. My fear is your displeasure; my court'sie, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what indeed I should say will I doubt prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean indeed to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment to dance out of your debt: but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more I beseech you; if you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Catharine of France; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions: for ^a Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and so kneel down before you; but indeed to pray for the Queen.

(a) This alludes to the first play, in which Sir John Oldcastle was put for Falstaff.

KING HENRY V

Henry. This more, lies me over to time, and a hot summer,
and to I shall catch the his your cousin in the latter end, and the
and to I shall catch the his your cousin in the latter end, and the

Henry. As love is, my love, before it loves
Henry. As love is, my love, before it loves
Henry. As love is, my love, before it loves

Henry. As love is, my love, before it loves
Henry. As love is, my love, before it loves
Henry. As love is, my love, before it loves

Henry. As love is, my love, before it loves
Henry. As love is, my love, before it loves
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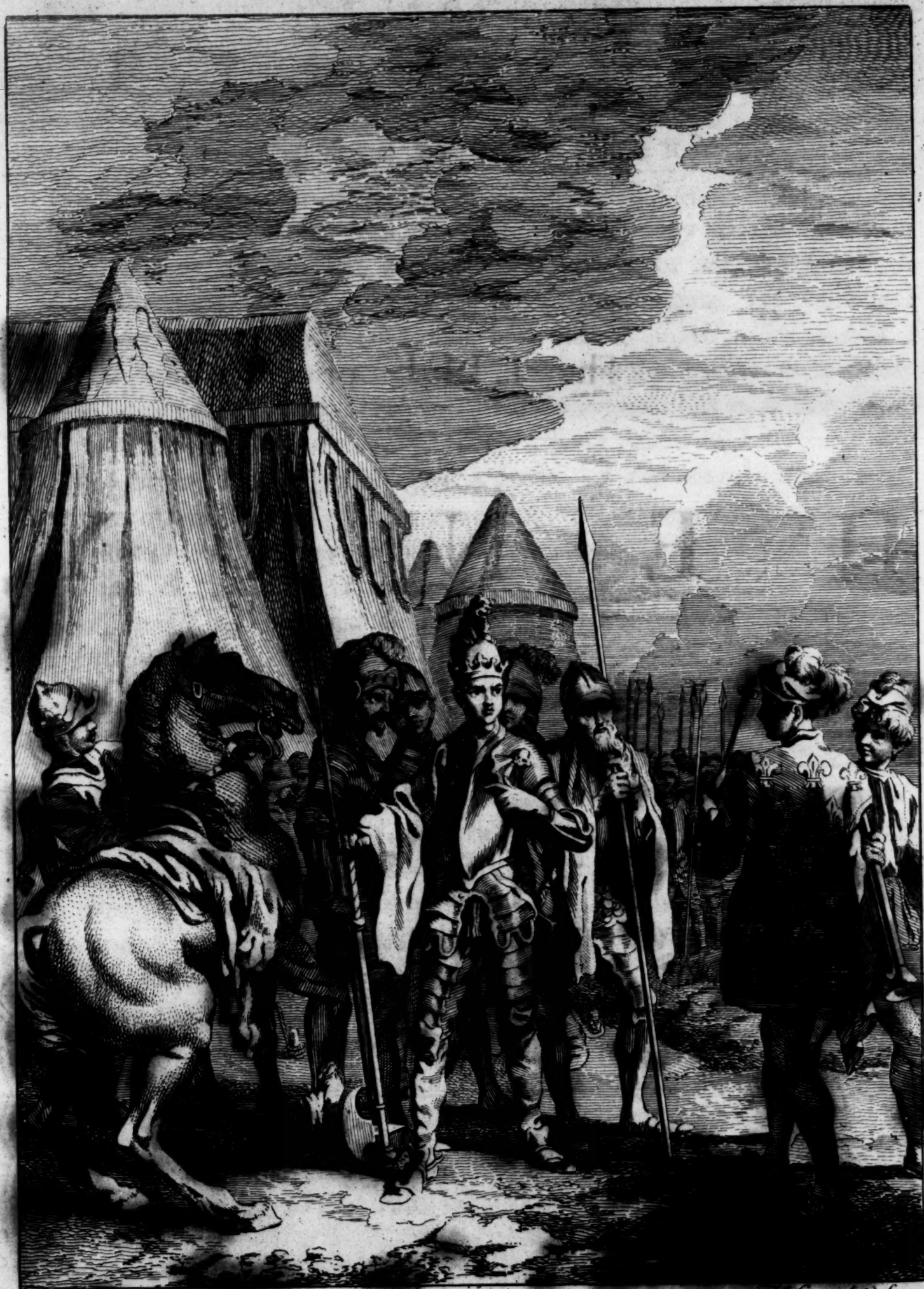
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King HENRY, V. Ac, 4. Sc, 7.

E. P. I. C. L. O. G. U. E.

The LIFE of

H E N R Y

T H E

F I F T H.

PROLOGUE

O For a Muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention,
 A kingdom for a stage, Princes to act,
 And Monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels,
 Leash'd in his bound, should famine, sword and fire,
 Crouch for employment. Pardon, gentlemen all,
 The here unwielded spirit that hath dar'd
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
 So great an object. Can this Cock-pit hold
 The costly field of France? or may we cram
 Within this wooden O, the very scene
 That did affright the air, at Agincourt?
 O, pardon; since a crooked figure may
 Attest in little place a million;
 And let us, ciphers to this great account,
 On your imaginary forces work.
 Suppose within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two hundred monarchies;
 Whose high up-reared, and climbing fronts
 The partition'd narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance.
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth.
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
 Carry them here and there, jumping o'er our canopies
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
 Admit me *Chorus* to this history;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to bear, kindly to judge, our Play.

PROLOGUE.

O For a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels,
Leasht in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employments. Pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this Cock-pit hold
The vasty field of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O, the very casques
That did affright the air, at Agincourt?
O, pardon; since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
Whose high up-reared, and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our Play.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fifth.

Duke of Gloucester,

Duke of Bedford,

Duke of Clarence,

Duke of York,

Duke of Exeter,

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Westmorland.

Earl of Warwick.

Arch-Bishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,

Lord Scroop of Masham,

Sir Thomas Gray,

Sir Thomas Erpingham,

Gower,

Fluellen,

Mackmorris,

Jamy,

Nym,

Bardolph,

Pistol,

Boy,

Bates,

Court,

Williams,

Brothers to the King.

Uncles to the King.

Conspirators against the King.

Officers in King Henry's Army.

Formerly Servants to Falstaff, now Soldiers in the King's Army.

Soldiers.

Charles, King of France.

The Dauphin.

Duke of Burgundy.

Constable,

Orleans,

Rambures,

Bourbon,

Grandpree,

Governor of Harfleur.

Mountjoy, a Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

Isabel, Queen of France.

Catharine, Daughter to the King of France.

Alice, a Lady attending on the Princess Catharine.

Hostess Quickly, Pistol's Wife.

Lords, Messengers, French and English Soldiers, with other Attendants.

*The Scene at the beginning of the Play lyes in England,
but afterwards wholly in France.*

The



The LIFE of
^a KING HENRY V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antichamber in the English Court.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Arch-Bishop of CANTERBURY.

MY Lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year o' th' last King's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us past,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my Lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on: if it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possessions:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the Church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus;
As much as would maintain to the King's honour,
Full fifteen Earls and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to relief of lazars and weak age
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supply'd;

(a) This Play was writ (as appears from a passage in the Chorus to the fifth Act), at the time of the Earl of Essex's commanding the forces in Ireland, in the reign of Q. Elizabeth; and not till after Henry the Sixth had been play'd; as may be seen by the conclusion of this Play.

And

And to the coffers of the King beside
A thousand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not;
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
T' envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady current, scow'ring faults:
Nor ever *Hydra*-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and fall at once,
As in this King.

Ely. We're blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd say, it hath been all in all his study.
Lift his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battel render'd you in musick.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honied sentences:
So that the art and practic part of life

Must

Must be the mistress to his theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness, which no doubt
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good Lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majesty
Incline to it or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent:
Or rather swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us.
For I have made an offer to his Majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my Lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
(As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done)

The several and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain Dukedoms,
And generally to the crown of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward* his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The *French* ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is come
To give him hearing. Is it four a-clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embassie:
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the *Frenchman* speaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Presence-Chamber.

*Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick,
Westmorland, and Exeter.*

K. Henry. **W** Here is my gracious Lord of *Canterbury*?
Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Henry. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my Liege?

K. Henry. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and *France*.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Henry. Sure we thank you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,

Or

Or should, or should not bar us in our claim.
 And God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
 That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
 Or nicely charge your understanding soul
 With opening titles miscreate, whose right
 Sutes not in native colours with the truth!
 For God doth know how many now in health
 Shall drop their blood, in approbation
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
 How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
 We charge you in the name of God take heed.
 For never two such kingdoms did contend
 Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a fore complaint
 'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
 That make such waste in brief mortality.
 Under this conjuration, speak, my Lord;
 For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
 That what you speak is in your conscience washt,
 As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you Peers,
 That owe your lives, your faith, and services,
 To this imperial throne. There is no bar
 To make against your Highness' claim to *France*,
 But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
No woman shall succeed in Salike land:
 Which *Salike* land the *French* unjustly glos
 To be the realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
 That the land *Salike* lyes in *Germany*,
 Between the floods of *Sala* and of *Elve*:
 Where *Charles* the great having subdu'd the *Saxons*,
 There left behind and settled certain *French*:
 Who holding in disdain the *German* women,

For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish't then this law; to wit, no female
 Should be inheritrix in *Salike* land:
 Which *Salike*, as I said, 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
 Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meisen*.
 Thus doth it well appear, the *Salike* law
 Was not devised for the realm of *France*.
 Nor did the *French* possess the *Salike* land
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
 (Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,)
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty six; and *Charles* the great
 Subdu'd the *Saxons*; and did seat the *French*
 Beyond the river *Sala*, in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerick*,
 Did as heir general (being descended
 Of *Blithild*, which was daughter to King *Clotbair*)
 Make claim and title to the crown of *France*.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
 Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain* sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of *Charles* the great,
 To fine his title with some shews of truth,
 (Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught)
 Convey'd himself as heir to th' Lady *Lingare*,
 Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the son
 To *Lewis* th' Emperor, which was the son
 Of *Charles* the great. Also King *Lewis* the ninth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper *Capet*,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience
 Wearing the crown of *France*, 'till satisfy'd
 That fair Queen *Isabel* his grandmother
 Was lineal of the Lady *Ermengere*,
 Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of *Lorain*:
 By the which match the line of *Charles* the great

Was

Was re-united to the crown of *France*;
 So that as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King *Pepin's* title, and *Hugh Capet's* claim,
 King *Lewis* his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female.
 So do the Kings of *France* until this day:
 Howbeit they would hold up this *Salike* law,
 To bar your Highness claiming from the female;
 And rather chuse to hide them in a net,
 Than openly imbare their crooked titles,
 Usurpt from you and your progenitors.

K. Henry. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread Sovereign!
 For in the book of *Numbers* it is writ,
 When the son dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious Lord,
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
 Look back into your mighty ancestors;
 Go, my dread Lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great uncle *Edward* the black Prince,
 Who on the *French* ground play'd a Tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full pow'r of *France*:
 While his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling, to behold his Lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of *French* Nobility.
 O noble *English*, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pow'r of *France*,
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats!
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
 The blood and courage that renowned them,
 Runs in your veins, and my thrice-puissant Liege
 Is in the very *May-morn* of his youth,

Ripe

Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse your self,
As did the former Lions of your blood.

West. They know your race hath had cause, means, and might;
So hath your Highness; never King of *England*
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in *England*,
And lye pavillion'd in the fields of *France*.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right!
In aid whereof we of the spirituality
Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the Clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Henry. We must not only arm t' invade the *French*,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the *Scot*, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those Marches
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Henry. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his unfurnisht kingdom
Came pouring like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim-fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That *England*, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my Liege;
For hear her but exempl'd by her self;

When

When all her chivalry hath been in *France*
 And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,
 She hath her self not only well defended,
 But taken and impounded as a stray,
 The King of *Scots*; whom she did send to *France*,
 To fill King *Edward's* fame with prisoner Kings;
 And make his chronicle as rich with praise,
 As is the ouzy bottom of the sea
 With funken wreck and sumless treasuries.

Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
 For once the Eagle *England* being in prey;
 To her unguarded nest the Weazel *Scot*
 Comes sneaking, and so fucks her princely eggs,
 Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
 To spoil and havock more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the Cat must stay at home;
 Yet that is not o' course a necessity;
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 Th' advised head defends it self at home:
 For government, though high, and low, and lower
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
 Congruing in a full and natural close,
 Like musick.

Cant. Therefore heaven doth divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion:
 To which is fixed as an aim or butt,
 Obedience; for so work the honey Bees;
 Creatures that by a ruling nature teach
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a King and officers of sorts,
 Where some like magistrates correct at home:
 Others like merchants venture trade abroad:

Others,

Others, like soldiers armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds:
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their Emperor:
 Who busied in his Majesty, surveys
 The singing mason building roofs of gold,
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
 The poor mechanick porters crowding in
 Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:
 The sad-ey'd Justice with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
 That many things having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrariously:
 As, many arrows loosed several ways
 Come to one mark, and ways meet in one town;
 As, many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
 As, many lines close in the dial's center;
 So may a thousand acts at once a-foot
 End in one purpose, and be all well born
 Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege!
 Divide your happy *England* into four,
 Whereof take you one quarter into *France*,
 And you withal shall make all *Gallia* shake:
 If we with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried, and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Henry. Call in the messengers sent from the *Dauphin*.
 Now are we well resolv'd, and by God's help
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces. There we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample empery
 O'er *France* and all her almost kingly Dukedoms;
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,

Tomb-

Tomblefs, with no remembrance over them.
 Either our hiftory fhall with full mouth
 Speak freely of our acts; or elfe our grave,
 Like *Turkifh* mute, fhall have a tonguelefs mouth,
 Not worfhipt with a waxen epitaph.

S C E N E III.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our fair coufin *Dauphin*; for we hear
 Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
 Freely to render what we have in charge;
 Or fhall we fparingly fhew you far off
 The *Dauphin's* meaning and our embaffie?

K. Henry. We are no tyrant, but a christian King,
 Unto whole grace our paffion is as fubject,
 As are our wretches fetter'd in our prifons:
 Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainnefs,
 Tell us the *Dauphin's* mind.

Amb. Thus then in few.
 Your Highnefs lately fending into *France*,
 Did claim fome certain Dukedoms in the right
 Of your great predeceffor, *Edward* the third.
 In answer of which claim, the Prince our mafter
 Says that you favour too much of your youth,
 And bids you be advis'd: there's nought in *France*
 That can be with a nimble galliard won;
 You cannot revel into Dukedoms there:
 He therefore fends you (meeter for your fpirit)
 This tun of treasure; and in lieu of this,
 Defires you let the Dukedoms that you claim
 Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* fpeaks.

K. Henry. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.

K. Henry. We're glad the *Dauphin* is so pleasant with us.
 His present and your pains we thank you for.
 When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
 We will in *France*, by God's grace, play a set
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
 Tell him h'ath made a match with such a wrangler,
 That all the Courts of *France* will be disturb'd
 With chaces. And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valu'd this poor seat of *England*,
 And therefore living here, did give our self
 To barb'rous licence; as 'tis ever common,
 That men are merriest when they are from home.
 But tell the *Dauphin* I will keep my state,
 Be like a King, and shew my fail of greatness,
 When I do rowze me in my throne of *France*.
 For that I have laid by my Majesty,
 And plodded like a man for working days;
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,
 That I will dazle all the eyes of *France*,
 Yea, strike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.
 And tell the pleasant Prince this mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his soul
 Shall stand fore charged for the wastful vengeance
 That shall fly with them: many thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down:
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
 That shall have cause to curse the *Dauphin's* scorn.
 But this lyes all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal, and in whose name
 Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace, and tell the *Dauphin*

His

His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare ye well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Henry. We hope to make the sender blush at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
For we have now no thoughts in us but *France*,
Save those to God that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftneſs add
More feathers to our wings: for, God before,
We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now all the youth of *England* are on fire,
And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lyes:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all christian Kings,
With winged heels, as *English Mercuries*.
For now fits expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry* and his followers.
The *French*, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the *English* purposes.
O *England*! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart;

What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! *France* hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which she fills
 With treach'rous crowns; and three corrupted men,
 One, *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, and the second
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Masbam*, and the third
Sir Thomas Gray Knight of *Northumberland*,
 Have for the gilt of *France* (O guilt indeed!)
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful *France*,
 And by their hands this grace of Kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for *France*. Then in *Southampton*
 Linger your patience on, and well digest
 Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play.
 The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
 The King is set from *London*, and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to *Southampton*:
 There is the play-house now, there must you sit,
 And thence to *France* shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back: charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass; for if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But when the King comes forth, and not 'till then,
 Unto *Southampton* do we shift our scene. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Corporal Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolph.

BARDOLPH.

Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good-morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym.

Nym. For my part I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve there shall be ---- [*Smiles.*] but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron; it is a simple one, but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to *France*: let it be so, good Corporal *Nym*.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly*, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, things must be as they may; men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges: it must be as it may; though patience be a tir'd dame, yet she will plod; there must be conclusions; well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Quickly.

Bard. Here comes Ancient *Pistol* and his wife; good Corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host *Pistol*?

Pist. Base tyke, call'st thou me host? now by this hand, I swear I scorn the term, nor shall my *Nel* keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. O welliday lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, *Island* dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of *Island*.

Quick. Good Corporal *Nym*, shew thy valour and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

Pist.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog! O viper vile;
 The *solus* in thy most marvellous face,
 The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
 And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
 And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
 I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
 For I can take, and *Pistol's* cock is up
 And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbafon*, you cannot conjure me: I have an
 humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with
 me, *Pistol*, I will scour you with my rapier as I may, in fair terms.
 If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good
 terms as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
 The grave doth gape, and groaning death is near;
 Therefore exhale!

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first
 stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts as I am a soldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
 Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
 Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that
 is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe a gorge*, that is the word. I defie thee again.
 O hound of *Crete*, think'st thou my spouse to get?
 No, to the spittle go,
 And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
 Fetch forth the lazar Kite of *Cressid's* kind,
Dol Tear-sheet, she by name, and her espouse.
 I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly*
 For th' only she; and *pauca*, there's enough,
 Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host *Pistol*, you must come to my master, and you,
 hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good *Bardolph*, put
 thy

thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan :
'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a pudding one of these
days ; the King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come home
presently. [Exit Quick.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends ? we must to France
together : why the devil should we keep knives to cut one ano-
ther's throats ?

Pist. Let floods o'erflow, and fiends for food howl on.

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have ; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound, push home. [Draw.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill
him ; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal *Nym*, an thou wilt be friends, be friends ; an
thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too ; pr'ythee,
put up.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have and present pay,
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine and brotherhood.
I'll live by *Nym*, and *Nym* shall live by me.
Is not this just ? for I shall Suttler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble ?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir
John : ah poor heart, he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian ter-
tian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to
him.

Nym.

Nym. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must be as it may; he passeth some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the Knight; for, lambkins! we will live.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to Southampton.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmorland.

Bed. 'F^Ore God, his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms fate,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty!

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bed-fellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should for a foreign purse so sell
His Sovereign's life to death and treachery! [Trumpets sound.]

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, and Gray.

K. Henry. Now fits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Masbam*,
And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the pow'rs we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of *France*;
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege; if each man do his best.

K. Henry. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded

We

We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours :
And leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your Majesty ; there's not a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Gray. True ; those that were your father's enemies
Have steeped their galls in honey, and observe you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh it self with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.

K. Henry. We judge no less. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person : we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security :
Let him be punish'd, Sovereign, lest example
Breed by his suff'rance more of such a kind.

K. Henry. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Gray. You shew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Henry. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults proceeding on distemper
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us ? we'll enlarge that man,

Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop* and *Gray*, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. Now to our *French* causes;
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my Lord,
Your Highness bad me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.

Gray. And I, my Sovereign.

K. Henry. Then, *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours, Lord *Scroop* of *Masbam*; and Sir Knight,
Gray of *Northumberland*, this same is yours;
Read them, and know I know your worthiness.
My Lord of *Westmorland* and uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen?
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? look ye how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I confess my fault,
And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.

Gray. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Henry. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare for shame to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn upon your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
These *English* monsters! my Lord *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of *France*
To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight no less for bounty bound to us

Than

Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
 What shall I say to thee, Lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
 Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
 May it be possible, that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
 That though the truth of it stand off as gross
 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose;
 Working so closely in a natural cause,
 That admiration did not whoop at them.
 But thou 'gainst all proportion didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder:
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so prepost'rously,
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
 All other devils that suggest by-treasons
 Do botch and bungle up damnation,
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetcht
 From glist'ring semblances of piety:
 But he that temper'd thee bad thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his Lion-gate walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty *Tartar* back,
 And tell the legions, I can never win
 A soul so easie as that *Englishman's*.
 Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
 Why so didst thou: or seem they grave and learned?

Why so didst thou: come they of noble family?
 Why so didst thou: seem they religious?
 Why so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
 Constant in spirit, nor swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
 Such, and so finely boulded didst thou seem.
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man, the best-endu'd,
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee,
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man ---- Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the law,
 And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of *Henry* Lord *Scroop* of *Masbam*.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of *Thomas* *Gray*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
 And I repent my fault more than my death;
 Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of *France* did not seduce,
 Although I did admit it as a motive
 The sooner to effect what I intended;
 But God be thanked for prevention,
 Which I in suff'rance heartily rejoice for,
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Gray. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er my self,
 Prevented from a damned enterprize:

My

My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign!

K. Henry. God quit you in his mercy! hear your sentence;
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge,
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three fought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence. [Exeunt.

Now, Lords, for *France*, the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not
But every rub is smoothed in our way:
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it strait in expedition.
Chearly to sea the signs of war advance;
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Changes again to London.**Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostess.*

Host. **P**R'ythee, honey, sweet husband, let me bring thee to
Staines.

Pist. No, for my manly heart doth yern.

Bardolph, be blith: *Nym,* rouze thy vaunting veins:

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for *Falstaff* he is dead,

And we must yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

Host. Nay, sure he's not in hell; he's in *Arthur's* bosom, if ever man went to *Arthur's* bosom. He made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' th' tide: For after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babled of green fields. How now, Sir *John*? quoth I: what, man? be o' good cheer: so a' cried out, God, God, God, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: so a' bad me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a stone: then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes that he did, and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. A' could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy.

Boy. He said once, the deule would have him about women.

Host. He did in some sort indeed handle women; but then he was rheumatick and talk'd of the whore of *Babylon*.

Boy. Do you not remember he saw a Flea stick upon *Bardolph's* nose, and said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shogg? the King will be gone from *Southampton*.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips:
Look to my chattels, and my moveables;
Let senses rule; the word is pitch and pay;
Trust none, for oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my Duck,
Therefore *Caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to *France*, like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

Boy. And that is but unwholsome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth and march. Come!

Bard. Farewel, hostess.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu!

Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewel; adieu! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the French King's Palace.

*Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy,
and the Constable.*

Fr. King. **T**HUS come the *English* with full power upon us,
And more than carelessly it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry* and of *Bretagne*,

Of

Of *Brabant* and of *Orleans*, shall make forth,
 And you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all swift dispatch;
 To line and new repair our towns of war
 With men of courage, and with means defendant:
 For *England* his approaches makes as fierce
 As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
 It fits us then to be as provident
 As fear may teach us out of late examples,
 Left by the fatally neglected *English*
 Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
 For peace it self should not so dull a kingdom,
 (Tho' war, nor no known quarrel were in question)
 But that defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
 As were a war in expectation.
 Therefore I say 'tis meet we all go forth,
 To view the sick and feeble parts of *France*:
 And let us do it with no shew of fear;
 No, with no more than if we heard that *England*
 Were busied with a *Whitfund*' morris-dance:
 For, my good Liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her scepter so fantastickly born,
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince *Dauphin*!
 You are too much mistaken in this King:
 Question your Grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassie,
 How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and withal
 How terrible in constant resolution:
 And you shall find his vanities fore-spent
 Were but the out-side of the *Roman Brutus*,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;

As

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord high Constable.
But tho' we think it so, it is no matter:
In causes of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* strong;
And, Princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When *Cressy*-battel fatally was struck,
And all our Princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, *Edward* the Prince of *Wales*:
While that his mounting fire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroick seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by *French* fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and force of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from *Harry* King of *England*
Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,

Take up the *English* short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my Liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

S C E N E V.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother *England*?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majesty:
He wills you in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest your self, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely the crown,
And all the wide-stretch'd honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of *France*. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd;
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative,
Willing you over-look his pedigree; [*Gives the King a paper.*
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake like a *Jove*:
That if requiring fail, he may compell.
He bids you in the bowels of the Lord,

Deliver

Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; upon your head
Turning the widows tears, the orphans cries,
The dead mens blood, the pining maidens groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controverſie.
This is his claim, his threatning, and my meſſage;
Unless the *Dauphin* be in preſence here,
To whom expreſſy I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us we will conſider of this further:
To-morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother *England*.

Dau. For the *Dauphin*,
I ſtand here for him; what to him from *England*?

Exe. Scorn and defiance, flight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſays my King; and if your father's Highneſs
Do not in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you ſent his Maſteſty;
He'll call you to ſo hot an answer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of *France*
Shall chide your trefpaſs, and return your mock
In ſecond accent to his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is againſt my will; for I deſire
Nothing but odds with *England*; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris Louvre* ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſs-court of mighty *Europe*:
And be aſſur'd you'll find a difference,
As we his ſubjects have in wonder found,
Between the promiſe of his greener days
And theſe he maſters now; now he weighs time

Even to the utmost grain, which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in *France*.

Fr. King. To-morrow you shall know our mind at full! *[Flourish.]*

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our King
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed King at *Hampton* Peer
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With filken streamers the young *Phœbus* fanning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing,
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Born with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestic,
Holding due course to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow.
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your *England*, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandfires, babies and old women,
Or past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance:
For who is he whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to *France*?

Work,

Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose th' ambassador from France come back
Tells Harry, that the King doth offer him
Catharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms:
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With lynstock now the devilish cannon touches,
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

^a ACT III. SCENE I.

FRANCE. Alarm, and Cannon go off.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester; Soldiers
with scaling-ladders as before Harfleur.

K. HENRY.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded base,

(a) This whole act (and also the rest of the play) very much enlarged and improved by the author since the editions of 1600, and 1608.

Swill'd

Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. Now on, you noblest *English*,
 Whose blood is fetcht from fathers of war-proof;
 Fathers, that, like so many *Alexanders*,
 Have in these parts from morn 'till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in *England*, shew us here
 The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes;
 I see you stand like Greyhounds on the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot:
 Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
 Cry, God for *Harry*, *England*, and *St. George*.
 [*Exeunt King and Train. Alarm, and Cannon go off.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nym. 'Pray thee, Corporal, stay, the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just; for humours do abound:
 Knocks go and come: God's vassals drop and die;
 And sword and shield, in bloody field, doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Wou'd I were in an ale-house in *London*, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I; if wishes would prevail,

I wou'd

I wou'd not stay, but thither would I hye.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs; avaunt, you cullions!

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould,
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Good bawcock, bate thy rage, use lenity, sweet chuck.

Nym. These be good humours; your honour wins bad humours.

[Exeunt.]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all the three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such anticks do not amount to a man. For *Bardolph*, he is white liver'd and red fac'd, by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not. For *Pistol*, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For *Nym*, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men, and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest he should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds, for he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing and call it purchase. *Bardolph* stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. *Nym* and *Bardolph* are sworn brothers in filching; and in *Calais* they stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with mens pockets as their gloves or their hand-kerchers, which makes much against my manhood; for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine, it is plain pocketting up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service; their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[Exit Boy.]

Enter Gower, and Fluellen.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of *Gloucester* would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the Duke it is not so goot to come
to

to the mines; for look you the mines are not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the Duke, look you) is dig'd himself four yards under the countermines; by *Cheshu*, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not petter directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Gloucester*, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an *Irish* man, a very valiant gentleman i' faith.

Flu. It is captain *Mackmorris*, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Flu. By *Cheshu*, he is an *Afs*, as in the orld; I will verifie as much in his peard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the *Roman* disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris, and Captain Jamy.

Gower. Here he comes, and the *Scots* captain, captain *Jamy* with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by *Cheshu*, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I say gudday, captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your worship, good captain *James*.

Gower. How now, captain *Mackmorris*, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mack. By *Chrish* law, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so *Chrish* save me law, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the *Roman* wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly

partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It shall be very good, good faith, good captains both, and I shall quit you with good leave, as I may pick occasion; that shall I, marry.

Mack. It is no time to discourse, so Christ save me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the King and the Duke; it is not time to discourse, the town is beset; and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and by Christ do nothing, 'tis shame for us all; so God save me 'tis shame to stand still, it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there is nothing done, so Christ save me law.

Jamy. By the mass, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber aile do good service, or aile lie in the ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that shall I surely do, the brief and the long; marry, I would full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation ---

Mack. Of my nation? what is my nation? is a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? what is my nation? who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain *Mackmorris*, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man as your self both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack. I do not know you so good a man as my self, so Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au, that's a foul fault.

[A Parley sounded.]

Gower. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorris*, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I'll be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war, and there's an end.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter King Henry and his Train before the Gates.

K. Henry. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
 This is the latest parle we will admit;
 Therefore to our best mercy give your selves,
 Or like to men proud of destruction
 Defie us to our worst; as I'm a soldier,
 (A name that in my thoughts becomes me best)
 If I begin the batt'ry once again,
 I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*,
 'Till in her ashes she lye buried.
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war,
 Array'd in flames like to the Prince of fiends,
 Do with his smircht complexion all fell feats,
 Enlinkt to waste and desolation?
 What is't to me, when you your selves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 We may as bootless spend our vain command
 Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
 As send our precepts to th' *Leviathan*
 To come a-shoar. Therefore, you men of *Harfleur*,
 Take pity of your town and of your people,
 While yet my soldiers are in my command,
 While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
 O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil and villainy.

If

If not; why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most rev'rend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds; as did the wives of Jewry,
At Herod's bloody hunting slaughter-fed.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or guilty in defence be thus destroy'd?

Enter Governor.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The *Dauphin*, of whom succours we entreated,
Returns us, that his pow'rs are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your gates: come, uncle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter *Harfleur*, there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the *French*:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we'll retire to *Catalis*.
To-night in *Harfleur* we will be your guest,
To-morrow for the march we are address'd.

[*Flourish, and enter the Town.*]

(a) ----- are address'd.

[*Flourish, &c.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Catharine and an old Gentlewoman.

Cath. *Alice*, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parlois bien la language.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Cath. Je te prie de m'enseigner, il faut que j'apprenne a parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main, il est appelé, de hand.

Cath. De hand. Et le doigt?

Alice. Le doigt, ma foy je oublie le doigt, mais je me souviendrai le doigt, je pense qu'ils ont appelé des fingers, ouy de fingers.

SCENE IV.

The French Court.

*Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon,
the Constable of France, and others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river *Some*.
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my Lord,
Let us not live in *France*; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
(The emptying of our fathers luxury,)
Our Syens, put in wild and savage stocks,
Sprout up so suddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters?

Cath. La main, de hand; le doit, le fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement, comment appellez vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles, les appellons de nayles.

Cath. De nayles. Escoutez: dites moy, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nayles.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame, il est fort bon Anglois.

Cath. Dites moy en Anglois le bras.

Alice. De arme, madame.

Cath. Et le coude.

Alice. D'elbow.

Cath. D'elbow: je m'en fais la repetition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris des a present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Cath. Excuse moy, Alice, escoute, d'hand, de fingre, de nayles, d'arme, de bilbow.

Alice. D'elbow, madame.

Cath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie d'elbow; comment appellez vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Cath. De neck; & le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Cath. De fin: le col, de neck: le menton, de fin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verité vous prononciés les mots aussi droit, que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Cath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas desja oublié ce que je vous ay enseigné?

Cath. Non, je reciteray a vous promptement d'hand, de fingre, de nayles, de arme.

Alice. De nayles, madame.

Cath. De nayles, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur d'elbow.

Cath. Ainsi dis-je d'elbow, de neck, de fin: comment appellez vous les pieds & de robe.

Alice. Le foot, madame, & le count.

Cath. Le foot, & le count: O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont des mots mauvais, corruptible, & impudique, & non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde! il faut le foot, & le count, neanmoins. Je reciteray un autrefois ma leçon ensemble, d'hand, de fingre, de nayles, d'arme, d'elbow, de neck, de fin, de foot, de count.

Alice. Excellent, madame.

Cath. C'est assez pour une fois, allons nous en disner.

SCENE ----

[Exeunt.
Bour.

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards.

Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my Dukedom,
To buy a foggy and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten Isle of *Albion*.

Con. *Dieu de Batailles!* why, whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? can sodden water,
A drench for sur-reyn'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? Oh! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen Ificles
Upon our house-tops, while more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields,
Poor, we may call them, in their native Lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our Madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of *English* youth,
To new-store *France* with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the *English* dancing-schools,
And teach *Lavalta's* high and swift *Curranto's*;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is *Mountjoy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet *England* with our sharp defiance.
Up, Princes, and with spirit of honour edg'd
Yet sharper than your swords, hie to the field!
Charles Delabreth, high Constable of *France*;
You Dukes of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanson, *Brabant*, *Bar* and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Roussie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestrale*, *Bouciqualt*, and *Charoloys*,

Bour.

High

High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords and Knights;
 For your great seats now quit you of great thames:
 Bar *Harry England*, that sweeps through our land
 With penons painted in the blood of *Harsleur*;
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the vallies, whose low vassal seat
 The *Alps* doth spit and void his rheum upon.
 Go down upon him, you have pow'r enough,
 And in a captive chariot into *Roan*
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the Great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famisht in their march:
 For I am sure when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And for atchievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on *Mountjoy*,
 And let him say to *England*, that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.
 Prince *Dauphin*, you shall stay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 Now forth, Lord Constable, and Princes all;
 And quickly bring us word of *England's* fall. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

The English Camp.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. **H**OW now, captain *Fluellen*, come you from the bridge?
Flu. I assure you there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*,
 and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart,
 and

and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not, Got be praised and blessed, any hurt in the orld; he is maintain the pridge most valiantly with excellent discipline. There is an Ancient lieutenant there, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as *Mark Antony*, and he is a man of no estimation in the orld, but I did see him do gallant services.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd Ancient *Pistol*.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praise Got, and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a soldier firm and sound of heart
And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That Goddes blind that stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Ancient *Pistol*: Fortune is painted with a muffler pefore her eyes, to signifie to you that fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signifie to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutabilities and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rowles and rowles and rowles; in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolph's* foe, and frowns on him;
For^a he hath stol'n a *Pix*, and hanged must a' be; damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate;
But *Exeter* hath given the doom of death
For *Pix* of little price. Therefore go speak,
The Duke will hear thy voice;

(a) This is conformable to history, a soldier (Hall tells us Hen. 5. year 3. fol. 14.) being hang'd at this time for such a fact.

And

And let not *Bardolph's* vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Pistol*, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore!

Flu. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my prother, I would desire the Duke to use his goot pleasure and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of *Spain* ---

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Flu. Very goot.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal, I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, he utter'd as prave ords at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day; but it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into *London*, under the form of a soldier. Such fellows are perfect in the great commanders names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-turned oaths: And what a beard of the General's cut, and a horrid sute of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain *Gower*; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat I will tell him my mind; hear you, the King is coming and I must speak with him from the pridge.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poor Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your Majesty!

K. Henry. How now, *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majesty: the Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry th'athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is master of the pridge: I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. Henry. What men have you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great; marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majesty know the man: his face is all bu-buckles and wheelks and knobs, and flames of fire, and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed and his fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have such offenders so cut off,
And give expresse charge that in all our march
There shall be nothing taken from the villages
But shall be paid for, and no *French* upbraided
Or yet abused in disdainful language;
When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,
The gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my habit.

K. Henry. Well then, I know thee; what shall I know of thee?

Mount. My master's mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mount. Thus says my King: say thou to *Harry England*,
Although we seemed dead, we did but sleep:
Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.

Tell him, we could at *Harfleur* have rebuk'd him,
 But that we thought not good to bruise an injury
 'Till it were ripe. Now speak we on our cue,
 With voice imperial: *England* shall repent
 His folly, see his weakness, and admire
 Our suff'rance. Bid him therefore to consider
 What must the ransom be, which must proportion
 The losses we have born, the subjects we
 Have lost, and the disgrace we have digested;
 To answer which, his pettiness would bow under.
 First for our loss, too poor is his Exchequer;
 For the effusion of our blood, his army
 Too faint a number; and for our disgrace,
 Ev'n his own person kneeling at our feet
 A weak and worthless satisfaction.
 To this, defiance add; and for conclusion,
 Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
 Whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
 My King and master; and so much my office.

K. Henry. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. Mountjoy.

K. Henry. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
 And tell thy King, I do not seek him now,
 But could be willing to march on to *Calais*
 Without impeachment; for to say the sooth,
 (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
 My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
 Almost no better than so many *French*;
 Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
 I thought upon one pair of *English* legs
 Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus; this your air of *France*
 Hath blown that vice in me I must repent.
 Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;

My

My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;
 My army but a weak and sickly guard:
 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though *France* himself and such another neighbour
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, *Mountjoy*.
 Go bid thy master well advise himself:
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour; and so, *Mountjoy*, fare you well!
 The sum of all our answer is but this;
 We would not seek a battle as we are,
 Yet as we are, we say we will not shun it:
 So tell your master.

Mount. I shall deliver so: thanks to your Highness. [Exit.

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs:
 March to the bridge; it now draws toward night;
 Beyond the river we'll encamp our selves,
 And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

The French Camp near Agincourt.

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans,
 Dauphin, with others.*

Con. **T**UT, I have the best armour of the world.

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse
 have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of *Europe*.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of *Orleans* and my Lord high Constable, you
 talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any Prince in the
 world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns; he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; when I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air, the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of a nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for *Pensées*; he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him; he is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys, his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey; it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all; 'tis a subject for a Sovereign to reason on, and for a Sovereign's Sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus, *Wonder of nature*—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well, which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a *Kerne* of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trousseurs.

Con.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then; they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lieve have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, & la truie lavée au boubier*; thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my Lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Ev'n as your horse bears your praises, who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert. Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with *English* faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the *English*.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty *English* prisoners?

Con. You must first go your self to hazard ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis mid-night, I'll go arm my self. [Exit.

Orl. The *Dauphin* longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *English*.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my Lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself, and he said he car'd not who knew it.^a

SCENE VIII.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the *English* lye within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas poor *Harry* of *England*, he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the *English* had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That Island of *England* breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

(a) ----- who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lacquey; 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will abate.

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with, *There is flattery in friendship.*

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the devil his due.*

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with, *A pox of the devil,*

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much. *A fool's bolt is soon shot.*

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

SCENE -----

Orl.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a *Russian* Bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant Flea that dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a Lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay; but these *English* are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

Orl. 'Tis two a clock; but (let me see) by ten We shall have each a hundred *Englishmen*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixt centinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battel sees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With busie hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And the third hour of drowfie morning's nam'd.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty *French*
For the low-rated *English* play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,

Who

Who like a foul and ugly witch does limp
 So tediously. The poor condemned *English*,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger: and their gesture sad
 In wasted lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry, praise and glory on his head!
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night:
 But freshly looks and over-bears attaint,
 With cheerful semblance and sweet Majesty:
 That ev'ry wretch pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largess universal like the sun
 His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then mean and gentle all
 Behold (as may unworthiness define)
 A little touch of *Harry* in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battel fly:
 Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 (Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
 The name of *Agincourt*. Yet fit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mock'ries be. [Exit.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. HENRY.

G Lo'ster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good-morrow, brother *Bedford*: God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good-morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of *France*.

Erping. Not so, my Liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

K. *Henry.* 'Tis good for men to love their present pain
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsie grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh celerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir *Thomas*: brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our camp:

Do my good-morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. Henry. No, my good Knight,
Go with my brothers to my Lords of *England*:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in heaven blefs thee, noble *Harry*! [*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. God-a-mercy old heart, thou speak'st chearfully.

S C E N E II.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Henry. A friend.

Pist. Discufs unto me, art thou officer,
Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Henry. Ev'n so: what are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the King.

Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Henry. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy!* a *Cornish* name: art thou of *Cornish* crew?

K. Henry. No, I am a *Welshman*.

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen*?

K. Henry. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon *St. David's* day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day,
lest he knock that about yours.

Pist.

Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Henry. And his kinsman too.
Pist. The *Figo* for thee then!
K. Henry. I thank you: God be with you.
Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd. [Exit.
K. Henry. It forts well with your fierceness.
[Manet King Henry.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen.
Flu. So; in the name of *Chefshu Christ*, speak fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the universal orld, when the true and ancient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of *Pompey* the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in *Pompey's* camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobrieties of it, and the modesty of it to be otherwise.
Gow. Why, the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.
Flu. If the enemy is an *Afs* and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an *Afs* and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience now?
Gow. I will speak lower.
Flu. I pray you and beseech you, that you will, [Exeunt.
K. Henry. Tho' it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this *Welshman*.

SCENE III.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?
Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

U u u 2

Will.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day; but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Henry. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir *Thomas Erpingham*.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you what thinks he of our estate?

K. Henry. Even as men wreck'd upon a land, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. Henry. No; nor is it meet he should: for though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shews to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and tho' his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears as we do, his fears out of doubt be of the same relish as ours are; yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the *Thames* up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and many poor mens lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this to feel other mens minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs and arms and heads chop'd off in a battel shall join together at the latter day, and cry all *We dy'd at such a place*; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon; some upon their wives left poor behind them; some upon the debts they owe; some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument? now if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Henry. So if a son that is sent by his father about merchandize, do fall into some lewd action and miscarry, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation; but this is not so: the King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if these men have defeated the law, and out-run native punishment; though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his bedel, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punish'd for former breach of the King's laws in the King's quarrel now: where they feared the death, they have born life away, and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's, but every subject's soul is his own.

There-

Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was well spent wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the King is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry. I my self heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight chearfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a Monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather: you'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Henry. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say after to-morrow, *This is my glove*; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you *English* fools, be friends; we have *French* quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. [Exeunt Soldiers.]

SCENE IV.

K. Henry. Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children and
Our sins, lay on the King; he must bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of ev'ry fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-ease must Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy! and what have Kings
That privates have not too, save ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers.
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O Ceremony, tell me but thy worth:
What is thy shew of adoration?
Art thou ought else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great Greatness,
And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?

(a)-----SCENE IV.

K. Henry. Indeed the *French* may lay twenty *French* crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them upon their shoulders; but it is no *English* treason to cut *French* crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper.
Upon the King! -----

Will

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a King's repose;
 I am a King that find thee; and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the scepter and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farfed title running 'fore the King,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shoar of this world;
 No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
 Not all these laid in bed majesticall,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of *Phæbus*; and all night
 Sleeps in *Elysium*; next day after dawn
 Doth rise, and help *Hyperion* to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave:
 And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a King:
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

S C E N E V.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Henry.

King HENRY V.

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K. Henry. Good old Knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my Lord.

[Exit.]

K. Henry. O God of battels! steel my soldiers hearts,
Possess them not with fear: take from them now
The sense of reck'ning of th' opposed numbers
Which stand before them! Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd heaven to pardon blood: and I have built
Two chauntries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Tho' all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. My Liege!

K. Henry. My brother Glo'ster's voice?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The French Camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures and Beaumont.

Orl. **T**HE sun doth gild our armour, up, my Lords.
Con. To horse, you gallant Princes, strait to horse!

(a) ----- up, my Lords.

Dau. Monte Cheval: my horse, valet, lacquay: ha!

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X x x

Orl.

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
 And your fair shew shall suck away their souls,
 Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
 There is not work enough for all our hands,
 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
 To give each naked coutelas a stain,
 That our *French* gallants shall to-day draw out,
 And sheath for lack of sport. Let's but blow on them,
 The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
 'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, Lords,
 That our superfluous lacqueys and our peasants,
 Who in unnecessary action swarm
 About our squares of battel, were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding foe;
 Tho' we upon this mountain's basis by
 Took stand for idle speculation:
 But that our honours must not. What's to say?
 A very little, little, let us do;
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets found
 The tucket-sonuance, and the note to mount:
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That *England* shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of *France*?

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via! les eaux & la terre.*

Orl. *Rien puis! le air & feu.*

Dau. *Ciel, Cousin Orleans.*

Enter Constable.

Now, my Lord Constable!

Con. Hark how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them and make incision in their hides,
 That their hot blood may spin in *English* eyes,
 And daunt them with superfluous courage: ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses blood?
 How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The *English* are embattell'd, you *French* Peers.

Con. To horse -----

Yon

Yon Island-carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big *Mars* seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, drooping the hide and hips :
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes ;
 And in their pale dull mouths the ymold bitt
 Lyes foul with chaw'd grafs, still and motionless ;
 And their executors the knavish crows
 Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit it self in words,
 The life of such a battle to demonstrate,
 In life so liveless as it shews it self.

Con. They've said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go fend them dinners and fresh futes,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them ?

Con. I stay but for my guard : on to the field ;
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come away,
 The sun is high, and we out-wear the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

The English Camp.

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all the Host,
 Salisbury and Westmorland.*

Glou. **W**Here is the King ?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their battel.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

X x x 2

Exe.

Exe. There's five to one, besides they are all fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, Princes all; I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet 'till we meet in heav'n,
Then joyfully, my noble Lord of *Bedford*,
My dear Lord *Glo'ster*, and my good Lord *Exeter*,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewel, kind Lord: fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour. [*Exit Sal.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness,
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in *England*
That do no work to-day!

K. Henry. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin *Westmorland*? no, my fair cousin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
By *Jove* I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yerns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my Lord, wish not a man from *England*:
God's peace, I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more:
Rather proclaim it (*Westmorland*) through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let

Let him depart, his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of *Crispian*:
 He that out-lives this day and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouze him at the name of *Crispian*:
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say to-morrow is Saint *Crispian*:
 Then will he strip his sleeve and shew his scars:
 Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember with advantages
 What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouth as household words,
Harry the King, *Bedford*, and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glo'ster*,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son:
 And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne'er go by
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition.
 And gentlemen in *England* now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon St. *Crispian's* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sov'reign Lord, bestow your self with speed:
 The *French* are bravely in their battels set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from *England*, cousin?

West. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone
Without more help could fight this royal battel!

K. Henry. Why, now thou hast unwish'd twelve thousand men:
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

S C E N E VIII.

A Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Thus in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields; where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lye and fester.

K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now?

Mount. The Constable of *France*.

K. Henry. I pray thee, bear my former answer back.
Bid them atchieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the Lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in bras of this day's work.
And those that leave their valiant bones in *France*,
Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghils,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n,

Leaving

Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in *France*.^a
 Let me speak proudly; tell the Constable,
 We are but warriors for the working day;
 Our gayness and our gilt are all be-smirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful field.
 There's not a piece of feather in our host;
 Good argument I hope we will not fly:
 And time hath worn us into slovenry.
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes, for they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the *French* soldiers heads,
 And turn them out of service. If they do,
 (As if God please they shall) my ransom then
 Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thy labour.
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald,
 They shall have none I swear but these my joints:
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall leave them little, tell the Constable.

Mount. I shall, King *Harry*: and so fare thee well.
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.

Enter York.

York. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave *York*. Now, soldiers, march away.
 And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [Exeunt.

(a) ----- a plague in *France*.
 Mark then abounding valour in our *English*:
 That being dead, like to the bullet's graving,
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse of mortality.
 Let me speak proudly; &c.

SCENE IX.

The Field of Battle.

Alarm, Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality calmy culture me, art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a gentleman: Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark; O Signieur Dewe, thou diest on point of fox, Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O prenez misericorde, ayez pitié de moy.*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys; or I will fetch thy rym out at thy throat, in drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brads, cur?

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, offer'st me brads?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys? Come hither, Boy, ask me this slave in *French*, What is his name.

Boy. *Escoute, comment estes vous appelé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is Mr. *Fer*.

Pist. Mr. *Fer*! I'll fer him and ferk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *ferk*.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez prest, car*

car ce soldat icy est disposé tout a cette heure de couper vostre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppelle gorge parmafoy pesant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns: or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu me pardonner, je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison, gardéz ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life, he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier: neantmoins pour les escus que vous luy promettez, il est content de vous donner la liberté de franchise.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne milles remerciemens, & je me estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres estimé Seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and esteems himself happy, that he hath fall'n into the hands of one as he thinks the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.
Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez le grand capitain.* [*Ex. Pist. and Fr. Sol.*
I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the song is true, *The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.* *Bar-dolph* and *Nym* had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' th' old play; every one may pair his nails with a wooden dagger: yet they are both hang'd, and so would this be if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lacqueys with the luggage of our camp; the *French* might have a good prey of us if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boys.

[*Exit.*

SCENE X.

*Another part of the Field of Battle.**Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin and Rambures.*Con. **O** *Diablo!*Orl. *O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu.*Dau. *Mort de ma vie, all is confounded, all!*

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.

[*A short alarm.*]*O meschante fortune!* do not run away.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. *O perdurable shame, let's stab our selves:*

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die instant ---- once more back again!

The man that will not follow *Bourbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base pander hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field

To smother up the *English* in our throngs,

If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now, I'll to the throng;

Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

*Alarum. Enter the King and his Train, with Prisoners.*K. Henry. **W**ell have we done, thrice valiant country-men,
But all's not done, the *French* yet keep the field.*Exe.*

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the spur all bleeding o'er.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier! doth he lye
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side
(Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lyes.

Suffolk first dy'd, and York all haggled over
Comes to him where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, Tarry, my cousin Suffolk,
My soul shall thine keep company to heav'n:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry.

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up;
He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe says, Dear my Lord,
Commend my service to my Sovereign;
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kist his lips,
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd,
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not;
For hearing this I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

[Alarum.

But hark, what new alarum is this same?
The French have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men:

Y y y 2

Then

Then every soldier kill his prisoners.
Give the word through.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.

Alarms continued; after which enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms; 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be desir'd in your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran away from the battel ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd ev'ry soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O'tis a gallant King!

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, captain *Gower*; what call you the town's name where *Alexander* the pig was porn?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think *Alexander* the Great was born in *Macedon*, his father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porn: I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the orld, I warrant that you shall find in the comparisons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in *Macedon*, there is also a river at *Monmouth*: it is called *Wye* at *Monmouth*, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander's* life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth's* life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. *Alexander*, Got knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations; and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend *Clytus*.

Gow.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in figures and comparisons of it; as *Alexander* kill'd his friend *Clytus* being in his ales and his cups; so also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great pelly-doublet; he was full of jests and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Flu. That is he: I tell you there is goot men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

SCENE XIII.

Alarum. Enter King Henry with Bourbon and others prisoners,
Lords and Attendants. Flourish.

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to *France*,
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our fight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old *Assyrian* slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the *French*, my Liege.

Glow. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now, what mean'st thou, herald? know'st
thou not,
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mount.

Mount. No, great King:
 I come to thee for charitable licence
 That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
 To book our dead, and then to bury them:
 To sort our Nobles from our common men;
 For many of our Princes (woe the while!)
 Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
 In blood of Princes, while their wounded steeds
 Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
 Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
 Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
 To view the field in safety, and dispose
 Of their dead bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, herald,
 I know not if the day be ours or no;
 For yet a many of your horsemen peer
 And gallop o'er the field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. Henry. Praised be God and not our strength for it!
 What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mount. They call it *Agincourt*.

K. Henry. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
 Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great uncle *Edward* the plack Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in *France*.

K. Henry. They did, *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true: if your Majesties is remember'd of it, the *Welshmen* did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majesty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon *St. Tavia's* day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour:

For

For I am *Welsh*, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in *Wye* cannot wash your Majesty's *Welsh* plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless and preserve it as long as it pleases his Grace and his Majesty too!

K. Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By *Chestu*, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it: I will confes it to all the orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be Got, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

K. Henry. God keep me so!

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him,
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Ex.* Mountjoy.]

S C E N E XIV.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An *Englishman*?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a rascal that fwagger'd with me last night, who if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear, (if alive) I will strike it out foundly.

K. Henry. What think you, captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your Majesty, in my conscience.

K. Henry. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great fort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he

he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jackfawce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience law.

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, foldier.

Will. I will, my Liege.

[*Exit.*]

K. Henry. Here, *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap; when *Alanson* and my self were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanson* and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him if thou dost love me.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself agriev'd at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, an please Got of his Grace that I might see.

K. Henry. Know'st thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Henry. Pray thee, go seek him and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*]

K. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick* and my brother *Glo'ster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heels:

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear.

It is the soldier's; I by bargain should

Wear it my self. Follow, good cousin *Warwick*:

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word;

Some sudden mischief may arise of it:

For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,

And

And touch'd with choler hot as gunpowder,
And quickly he'll return an injury.
Follow and see there be no harm between them.
Come you with me, uncle of *Exeter*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XV.

Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I Warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I pefeech you now come apace to the King: there is more goot toward you peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*]

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal orld, in *France* or in *England*.

Gow. How now, Sir? you villain.

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain *Gower*, I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majesty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of *Alanfon's*.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praised be Got for it, a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Henry. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of *Alanfon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, peggary, lowlie knave it is; I hope your Majesty is pear me testimonies, and witnesses, and avouchments, that this is the glove of *Alanfon* that your Majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy glove, soldier; look, here is the fellow of it: 'twas me indeed thou promised'st to strike, and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the orld.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine that might offend your Majesty.

K. Henry. It was our self thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like your self; you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow, And wear it for an honour in thy cap, 'Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns: And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough
in

in his pody; hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and diffentions, and I warrant you it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your mony.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes; come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot; 'tis a goot filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

SCENE XVI.

Enter Herald.

K. Henry. Are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd *French.*

K. Henry. What prisoners of good fort are taken, uncle?

Exe. ^a *Charles Duke of Orleans*, nephew to the King;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord *Bouchiqualt*;

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and 'Squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Henry. This note doth tell me of ten thousand *French*

Slain in the field; of Princes in this number,

And Nobles bearing banners, there lye dead

One hundred twenty six; added to these,

Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights;

So that in these ten thousand they have lost,

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries:

The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their Nobles that lye dead,

Charles Delabreth, high Constable of *France*;

Jaques of Chatilion, Admiral of *France*;

The Master of the cross-bows, Lord *Rambures*;

Great Master of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin*;

John Duke of Alanfon, *Anthony Duke of Brabant*

(a) This list is copied from Hall.

The brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*;
 And *Edward* Duke of *Bar*; Of lusty Earls,
Grandpree and *Roussie*, *Faulconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Lestrale*.
 Here was a royal fellowship of death!
 Where is the number of our *English* dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,
Sir Richard Ketley, *Davy Gam* Esquire;
 None else of name; and of all other men,
 But five and twenty.

K. Henry. O God, thy arm was here!
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone
 Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
 But in plain shock and even play of battel,
 Was ever known so great and little loss
 On one part and on th' other? take it, God,
 For it is only thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Henry. Come, go we in procession to the village:
 And be it death proclaimed through our host,
 To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
 Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how many
 is kill'd?

K. Henry. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
 That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Henry. Do we all holy rites;
 Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*:
 The dead with charity enclos'd in clay.
 And then to *Calais* and to *England* then,
 Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy men. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
 That I may prompt them; and to such as have,

I hum-

I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life
 Be here presented. Now we bear the King
 Tow'rd *Calais*: grant him there; and there being seen,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
 Athwart the sea: behold the *English* beach
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
 Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King
 Seems to prepare his way; so let him land,
 And solemnly see him set on to *London*.
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
 You may imagine him upon *Black-heath*:
 Where that his Lords desire him to have born
 His bruised helmet and his bended sword
 Before him through the city; he forbids it;
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride:
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
 Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
 How *London* doth pour out her citizens.
 The Mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
 Like to the senators of antique *Rome*,
 With the *Plebeians* swarming at their heels,
 Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Cæsar* in.
 As by a low, but loving likelihood,
 * Were now the General of our gracious Empress
 (As in good time he may) from *Ireland* coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword;
 How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him! much more (and much more cause)
 Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him.
 Pass o'er the lamentation of the *French*
 In thought, the King of *England's* stay at home,

(a) The Earl of Essex, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*
 To order peace between them; and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
 'Till *Harry's* back return again to *France*:
 There must we bring him; and my self have play'd
 The int'rim, by remembring you 'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
 After your thoughts, strait back again to *France*. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The English Camp in France.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

GOWER.

NAY, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day?
 St. *David's* day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore
 in all things; I will tell you as a friend, captain *Gower*; the ras-
 cally, scauld, peggary, lowsie, praggng knave *Pistol*, which you
 and your self and all the orld know to be no petter than a fellow
 (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me
 pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek; it
 was in a place where I could preed no contentions with him; but
 I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap 'till I see him once again,
 and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, nor his turkey-cocks. Got
 plesse you, Aunchient *Pistol*: you scurvy lowsie knave, Got plesse
 you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base *Trojan*,
 To have me fold up *Parca's* fatal web?
 Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, fcurvy low fe knave, at my defires and my requests and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek, be-
caufe, look you, you do not love it, and your affections and your
appetites and your digeftions does not agree with it; I would de-
fire you to eat it.

Pift. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you, [Strikes him.]
Will you be fo goot, fcauld knave, as eat it?

Pift. Bafe *Trojan*, thou fhalt die.

Flu. You fay very true, fcauld knave, when Got's will is: I
will defire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals;
come, there is fawce for it --- [Strikes him.] You call'd me yester-
day mountain-Squire, but I will make you to-day a Squire of low
degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can
eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain, you have aftonish'd him.

Flu. I fay I will make him eat fome part of my leek, or I will
peat his pate four days and four nights. Pite, I pray you, it is goot
for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Pift. Muft I bite?

Flu. Yes out of doubt and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pift. By this leek, I will moft horribly revenge; I eat and
fwear ---

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have fome more fawce to your
leek? there is not enough leek to fwear by.

Pift. Quiet thy cudgel, thou doft fee I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, fcauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray
you throw none away, the fkin is goot for your proken coxcomb:
when you take occasions to fee leeks hereafter, I pray you mock
at 'em, that's all.

Pift. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot; hold you, there is a groat to heal
your pate.

Pift. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily and in truth you fhall take it, or I have another
leek in my pocket which you fhall eat.

Pift.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels, you shall be a woodmonger, and puy nothing of me but cudgels; Got pe wi' you and keep you, and heal your pate! [Exit.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave: will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak *English* in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an *English* cudgel; you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a *Welsh* correction teach you a good *English* condition: fare you well! [Exit.

Pist. Doth fortune play the hufwife with me now? News have I that my *Dol* is dead of malady of *France*, And there my rendezvous is quite cut off: Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn, And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand: To *England* will I steal, and there I'll steal; And patches will I get unto these scars, And swear I got them in the *Gallia*-wars. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The French Court.

Enter at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, Princess Catharine, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Henry. **P**EACE to this meeting, wherefore we are met:
Unto our brother *France*, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin *Catharine*;
And

And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of *Burgundy*.

And Princes *French* and Peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face;
Most worthy brother *England*, fairly met!
So are you, Princes *English*, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother *England*,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes:
Your eyes, which hitherto have born in them
Against the *French* that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:

The venom of such looks we fairly hope
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Henry. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You *English* Princes all, I do salute you.

Burg. My duty to you both on equal love,
Great Kings of *France* and *England*! That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial Majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your Mightinesses on both parts can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted: let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view

What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from *France* too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lye on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
 Unpruned lyes; her hedges even-pleach'd,
 Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
 Do root upon; while that the culter rusts,
 That should deracinate such savagery:
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility;
 And all our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.
 Even so our houses, and our selves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country;
 But grow like savages (as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood)
 To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour
 You are assembled; and my speech intreats
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace
 Should not expel these inconveniences,
 And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Henry. If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the peace,
 Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
 Which you have cited; you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands:
 Whose tenours and particular effects
 You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
 There is no answer made.

K. Henry. Well then; the peace.

Which

Which you before so urg'd, lyes in his answer.

Fr. King. I have as yet but with a cursory eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaseth your Grace
T' appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us, once more with better heed
To re-survey them; we will suddenly
Pass, or accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Henry. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick and *Huntington*, go with the King;
And take with you free pow'r to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the Princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Henry. Yet leave our cousin *Catharine* here with us;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Manent King Henry, Catharine and a Lady.

K. Henry. Fair *Catharine*, most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a Lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majesty shall mock at me, I cannot speak your
England.

K. Henry. O fair *Catharine*, if you will love me soundly with
your *French* heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly
with your *English* tongue. Do you like me, *Kate*?

Cath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is *like me*.

A a a a 2

K. Henry.

K. Henry. An angel is like you, *Kate*, and you are like an angel.

Cath. *Que dit-il, que je suis semblable à les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy vrayment (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit-il.*

K. Henry. I said so, dear *Catharine*, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Cath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Henry. What says she, fair one? that tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princes.

K. Henry. The Princess is the better *English* Woman. I' faith, *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy understanding; I am glad thou canst speak no better *English*, for if thou could'st thou would'st find me such a plain King, that thou would'st think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say I love you; then if you urge me further than to say, do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer, i' faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain; how say you, Lady?

Cath. *Sauf vostre bonneur*, me understand well.

K. Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, *Kate*, why, you undid me; for the one I have neither words nor measure; and for the other I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a Lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back; under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth sun-burning; that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there; let thine

eye

eye be thy cook. I speak plain soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear *Kate*, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into Ladies favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What? a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, *Kate*, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would'st have such a one, take me; take a soldier; take a King: and what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of *France*?

K. Henry. No, it is not possible that you should love the enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me you should love the friend of *France*; for I love *France* so well that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it all mine; and, *Kate*, when *France* is mine and I am yours, then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Cath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Henry. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in *French*, (which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off) *quand j'ay le possession de France, & quand vous avés le possession de moi* (let me see, what then? *St. Dennis* be my speed!) *Donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more *French*: I shall never move thee in *French*, unless it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Henry. No, 'faith, is't not, *Kate*; but thy speaking of my tongue and I thine, most truly falsly, must needs be granted to be much

much at one. But, *Kate*, dost thou understand thus much *English*? canst thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, *Kate*? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, *Kate*, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between St. *Dennis* and St. *George*, compound a boy half *French*, half *English*, that shall go to *Constantinople* and take the *Turk* by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair Flower-de-luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise; do but now promise, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of such a boy; and for my *English* moiety take the word of a King and a batchelor. How answer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deesse*?

Cath. Your Majestee ave fause *Frenche* enough to deceive de most sage damoisel dat is *en France*.

K. Henry. Now fie upon my false *French*; by mine honour, in true *English* I love thee, *Kate*; by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo Ladies I fright them; but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that old age (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair *Catharine*, will you have

have me? Put off your maiden blushes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empress, take me by the hand and say, *Harry of England*, I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, *England* is thine, *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who tho' I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best Kings, thou shalt find the best King of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken musick; for thy voice is musick and thy *English* broken: therefore, Queen of all, *Catharine*, break thy mind to me in broken *English*, wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is as it shall please *le roy mon pere*.

K. Henry. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*.

Cath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Cath. *Laissez, mon Seigneur, laissez, laissez, ma foy: je ne veus point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une vostre indigne serviteur, excusez moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

K. Henry. Then I will kiss your lips, *Kate*.

Cath. *Les dames and damoisels pour estre baisée devant leur noces il n'est pas le coutume de France.*

K. Henry. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour le Ladies of France*; I cannot tell what is *baiser* en *English*.

K. Henry. To kiss.

Lady. Your Majesty *entendre better que moy*.

K. Henry. Is it not a fashion for the maids in *France* to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy vrayment*.

K. Henry. O *Kate*, nice customs curt'sie to great Kings. Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, *Kate*; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice fashion of your country

try in denying me a kiss; therefore patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, *Kate*; there is more eloquence in a touch of them than in the tongues of the *French* council; and they should sooner persuade *Harry of England* than a general petition of Monarchs. Here comes your father.

S C E N E IV.

Enter the French King and Queen with French and English Lords.

Burg. God save your Majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our Princess *English*?

K. Henry. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good *English*.

Burg. Is she apt?

K. Henry. Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not smooth; so that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked seeing self? it were, my Lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Henry. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Henry. Then, good my Lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning. Maids well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at *Bartolomew*-tide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer;
and so I shall catch the flie your cousin in the latter end, and she
must be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my Lord, before it loves.

K. Henry. It is so; and you may some of you thank love for
my blindness, who cannot see many a fair *French* city, for one fair
French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my Lord, you see them perspectively; the cities
turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that
war hath never enter'd.

K. Henry. Shall *Kate* be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Henry. I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may
wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall
shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Henry. Is't so, my Lords of *England*?

West. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter first; and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Majesty demands, That the King of *France* having
occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness
in this form, and with this addition in *French*: *Nostre tres cher*
filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France; and thus in
Latin: *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ & hæres*
Franciæ.

Fr. King. Yet this I have not (brother) so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Henry. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that these contending Kingdoms
England and *France*, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,
 May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
 Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
 In their sweet breasts, that never war advance
 His bleeding sword 'twixt *England* and fair *France*.

Lords. Amen!

K. Henry. Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witness all,
 That here I kiss her as my Sovereign Queen. [Flourish.

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
 Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
 As man and wife being two are one in love,
 So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
 That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
 Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
 Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
 To make divorce of their incorporate league!
 That *English* may as *French*, *French Englishmen*,
 Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Henry. Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
 My Lord of *Burgundy*, we'll take your oath
 And all the Peers, for surety of our leagues.
 Then shall I swear to *Kate*, and you to me,
 And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! [Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus far with rough and all-unable pen
 Our bending author hath pursu'd the story,
 In little room confining mighty men,
 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
 Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
 This star of *England*. Fortune made his sword;
 By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
 And of it left his son imperial Lord.

Henry

King HENRY V.

563

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

The End of the THIRD VOLUME.



...the sixth, in silent hands crown'd King
...and ... the ...

Whose name is ... the ...
... the ... and ...
... the ... the ...



In ... the ...
... the ...

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

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